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TOLEDO
WEEKLY
BLADE

U. S.
P. A.

SEE FIFTH PAGE.

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Poetry.

CLEVER.

GEORGE HORTON.

'Mongst all the silly phrases known
To human apes of fashion,
There's one that always makes me groan
Or throws me in a passion.
You've heard it, and you know the wight
Who fails to murmur never
At any noble thought or sight,
"By Jove, I call that clever!"

If you the wretch have failed to meet,
Go write a feeling ditty,
A song so tender, true and sweet
It melts the heart to pity.
Then read it to him in a way
Like that of Ellen Terry,
He'll smile when you have done and say,
"Now that was clever, very."

Go paint a picture. Dip your brush
In hearts with anguish crying,
And mix your colors with the hush
Of twilight softly dying.
Yea, paint the very sense and sound
Of church bells tolling ever,
Then hang it, and this judge profound
Will cry, "I call that clever!"

Or write an epic, grand, sublime,
Put all your life into it,
And let the soul and fire of Time
Flame up and thunder through it,
Dream o'er it, till at last you grow
A hopeless visionary;
Then print it and he'll praise you so:
"Old man, that's clever, very!"

Leap headlong in the boiling flood
To save a fellow mortal,
Or with the sword's point write in blood
Your name beside Death's portal:
Do anything to challenge fame
By one supreme endeavor,
Some brainless parrot will exclaim,
"D——n me, I call that clever."

Oh! for a little honest praise
To cheer the honest worker,
To save him from the ass that brays,
The addle-brain, the shirker!
Should some worm turning on this elf
His thread of being sever,
I'd be the first to shout myself,
"By Jove, 'twas very clever!"

A WATER CURE.

I saw her lead the German,
Gowned all in dusky lace,
With poppies in her corsage
And conquest in her face.
The night's sea-scented darkness
And all the stars that were
But seemed to me as lending
Their gloom and grace to her.

She lost no least suspicion
Of beauty bright and rare
When on the beach she lingered
With sunshine in her hair.
So nymph-like was her seeming,
In blowing white bespread,
I looked for cleft, small footprints—
Forgetting Pan is dead.

In bathing garb I saw her
Stand poised a breathing space
Before the green waves caught her
Within their soft embrace.
A nautical sweet vision
All darkly blue and white,
She briefly gleamed and faded
Upon the ravished sight.

Once more—aye, once more only—
She crossed my consciousness,
A being most bedraggled
From Neptune's wild caress.
Alas! that curls and blushes
In brine may not endure!
That love's most ardent anguish
Yields to a water cure.
—EVA WILDER MCGLASSON.

A PLEASANT SURROUNDING.

A maiden who,
Had none to woo
Her waiting heart's affection,
Upon her face
Displayed a trace
Of sadness and dejection.

"What charms," said I,
"Around us lie
In field and wood," her forehead
Put on a scowl,
I heard her growl:
"I think the place is horrid."

But later on
Across the lawn
I saw the self-same pouter,
With features gay
In gladness stray—
A lover's arm about her.

"Oh, is this not
A pleasant spot?"
I earnestly propounded;
With blushes red
She sweetly said:
"I'm pleasantly surrounded."
—[Chicago Post.

Misellany.

ALLEGHENY JOE.

How He Betrayed His Partner to the Prosecuting Attorney.

Allegheny Joe, a pocket-miner, went down to San Francisco with a bag filled with "dust," got drunk, hired a carriage, bought a silver dog collar, thrashed a bartender, and ten hours after his arrival was arrested on a charge of murder—he had killed, or helped to kill, a man in an alley leading from Montgomery street—one of the principal thoroughfares.

The victim was Harry Peabody, a well-known and aggressive temperance crank, who had been heard vigorously upraiding Allegheny Joe.

The struggling of the men had attracted some stragglers, and when they arrived they saw Joe, bloody and panting, raising from the body. At the same moment a figure was seen running in a crouching manner from the scene of the murder; but it was quickly lost among the men who were passing along the street.

Allegheny Joe was taken to jail. He was much sobered, but he declared his innocence and swore that the friend who was with him was the slayer and had made the assault because Peabody kicked him. Joe asserted that he himself had taken very little part in the fight, and had just succeeded in separating the combatants when the crowd came up. His friend had sneaked away and left him in the lurch. There was slight corroboration of this but not enough to save Joe. He refused to betray his friend, who was the greater criminal, and thus he gained sympathy. Finally it was decided to try Joe alone.

This was his opportunity.

"Will yer let me off if I blow on my friend?" he asked the district attorney with apparent fear.

"Yes, if you'll surrender him."

"Gimme that in writin. Thanks. Now call the sheriff an' I'll take yer to 'im."

They stepped outside the jail.

Joe whistled.

A big, dangerous-looking dog bounded eagerly toward him, rattling a new silver collar.

"That's him," said Allegheny Joe. "No man ever kicked him twicet."—[From Short Stories.

Playing Cards of Human Skin.

Capt. E. W. Kingsbury, of this city, is at home for a short stay from the San Carlos Indian reservation, where he is a post trader. The San Carlos reservation is a valley 100 miles square, situated at the junction of the San Carlos and Gila rivers in Arizona. About 5,000 Indians are cared for by the government on this reservation. As soon as poor Lo gets his hands on a week's provisions or extra blanket he sits down on the ground and proceeds to gamble them away.

"By the way," said Capt. Kingsbury, "did you ever see their playing cards?" and with the remark he handed out a deck which he said had been made by Indians. The faces and spots were copied after the Mexican monte playing cards, and were put on with some bright, durable paint. They looked as if made of mica, or possibly thin bone, but Capt. Kingsbury being asked as to the material, said: "Well, you know an Indian makes everything durable, and you know what a varied use he makes of rawhide."

The listener, who had been gracefully shuffling the cards, suddenly held them between a finger and thumb.

"Now, you see," continued Capt. Kingsbury, "horse hide or beef hide would be too thick, and it is reported that such things are manufactured from the exterior covering of prisoners—in other words, tanned white men's skin.—[Kansas City Times.

Reasonable.

"He shouldn't say shoulder arms to those cavalrymen."

"Why not?"

"They have nothing but swords. He ought to say shoulder blades."—[N. Y. Sun.

MATTIE'S HEROIC MEASURE.

The Servant Entertained the Guests Until the Bread Came.

A lady from Kansas who was visiting a family on Walnut street, West Philadelphia, a week or more ago, told a Philadelphia *Press* reporter a wonderfully clever story of a woman's wit.

When my husband was a candidate for the state senate we lived on a farm two miles from our nearest neighbor and four miles from town. One day just as we were sitting down to dinner a wagon drove up containing four of my husband's political friends. They were influential and expected to dine with us. To my horror the Irish maid who lived with us informed me as we had all assembled that there was just break enough for our own dinner, and there was no flour in the house for biscuits. Here was a terrible and unusual quandary. Four able-bodied men and bread enough for only two of them. Only a woman with her husband's interests at stake can appreciate my feelings. I called my oldest son out of the room, put him on a horse, with a bag over his arm, and told him to ride on a gallop to Mrs. B—'s, our nearest neighbor, and borrow all the bread she had, explaining my predicament. As Bob rode away my servant, Mattie, said: "Sure, ma'am, the bread will all be gone intirely before the lad raches B—'s. But just lave it till me," she added with a grin, "Don't worry your swate sowl about it; we'll have it in time."

I went back to the dining room and my heart dropped as I saw that only four or five slices of bread were left on the plate, though there was an abundance of meat and vegetables. Suddenly Mattie's head was stuck in the door, and in a voice of consternation, with terror written on her face, she fairly yelled: "Plaze, mum, the shtable's on fire."

In an instant the dining-room was deserted. Our guests sprang to their feet and, headed by my husband, rushed from the room. Sure enough, there were volumes of bluish smoke pouring out of the stable door and through the cracks in the boards. There was a frantic rush for water-buckets and the well and a long chase out to the barn. But somehow Mattie was there first with a bucket of water, and had the fire nearly extinguished by the time the others arrived. It took fifteen minutes to get order restored, and by that time Bob had arrived with the bread. Mattie had started the fire in an old vinegar barrel with some straw. It was a risky piece of business, I thought, until the sharp-witted girl told me that she had dampened the straw so that it would make a heavy smoke, and afterward had covered the barrel with pieces of loose boards thoroughly dampened.

TEA-TABLE SMILES.

Castles in the air do not bring in any rent.—[Galveston News.

The man who lives a dual life will kill himself sooner or later.—[Elmira Gazette.

The summer girl is beautiful and a joy forever—at least for all summer.—[Troy Press.

The receiver is as bad as the thief, but neither of them feels as bad as the loser.—[Denver Road.

Most men will follow suit, if it is tailor-made and on a pretty girl.—[Burlington Free Press.

It is simple enough to be a great man; keep your mouth shut, and when you see a dollar, grab it.—[Atchison Globe.

The motto of a man who mixes his drinks is similar to that of the unscrupulous schemer—anything to get ahead.—[Philadelphia Press.

"I am tired of looking at brick and mortar. I want to get out into the country and feast my vision on green fields." "In other words, you want to let your eye-browse."—[Terre Haute Express.

Pupil—"Why does the avoirdupois system have no scruples?" Prof. Rudder—"Because, my boy, it's used to weigh coal and ice."—[Harper's Bazar.

When M. Antony ejaculated, "What a fall was there, my countrymen!" he was probably referring to an autumn when the peach crop was a failure.—[Binghamton Leader.

"Why this sudden determination of yours to become a lawyer?" "Well, my rich uncle's will is to be contested, and as I am not one of the heirs I will take the case and get some of the money."—[Epoch.

A Useful Cat.

"How did you sleep, dear?" inquired the landlady severely of the young lady boarder, as she dished out some oatmeal for her.

"Not very well. There seemed to be some sort of trouble with the cats in the yard. I never heard anything like it."

"Did you hear it?" asked the landlady, passing the sugar; "it was my yellow cat Tom's fault. He sat down on the kitchen window-sill last evening, and the fly-paper stuck to his tail. He jumped out before we could pull it off, and there seemed to be trouble all night, but this morning he came in with the paper still on him, and there were four different colors of fur, a piece of soap, and a slipper stuck on besides."

"Did you get the paper off?" inquired the young lady boarder with much interest.

"Certainly not. I gummed the upper side, and he is out now waiting for the other slipper."—[New York Tribune.

Very Deficient.

Canvasser—I have here Professor Blank's latest and most complete "History of the United States."

Business Man (examining it)—Do I understand you to say that this is a complete history of our country up to the present day?

Canvasser—Yes, sir.

Business Man—Then it is very deficient. Some of the most important events in the history of the development of this glorious nation have been completely ignored!

Canvasser—What, for instance?

Business Man—I can see nothing in it regarding the Sullivan-Kilrain fight, the world's championship games, nor in fact any of the recent important happenings. Indeed, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Kilrain, Anson, Comiskey and a number of other men whose names should go down to posterity are not even mentioned. I do not care for your book. Good day, sir.—[Munsey's Weekly.

Lawyers Temporarily Out of a Job.

A Maine judge recently intervened to prevent a waste of words. He was sitting in chambers, and seeing from the piles of papers in the lawyers' hands that the first case was likely to be hardly contested, he asked:

"What is the amount in question?"

"Two dollars," said the plaintiff's counsel.

"I'll pay it," said the judge, handing over the money. "Call the next case."

He had not the patience of the taciturn Sir William Grant, who, after listening for a couple of days to the arguments of counsel as to the construction of an act, quietly observed when they had done: "That act has been repealed."—[Lewiston Journal.

Not So Stupid As He Looks.

Jane—You seem to be unhappy, Emma.

Emma—Yes, I have been deceived in my husband. When I married him I supposed that it was not my money, but myself that he loved.

"And now you have found out that it was not you at all, but only your money he was after."

"Alas! that is what I know now for a certainty."

"Well, there is one consolation for you, and that is that your husband is not as stupid as he looks."—[Texas Siftings.

Wasted Sweetness.

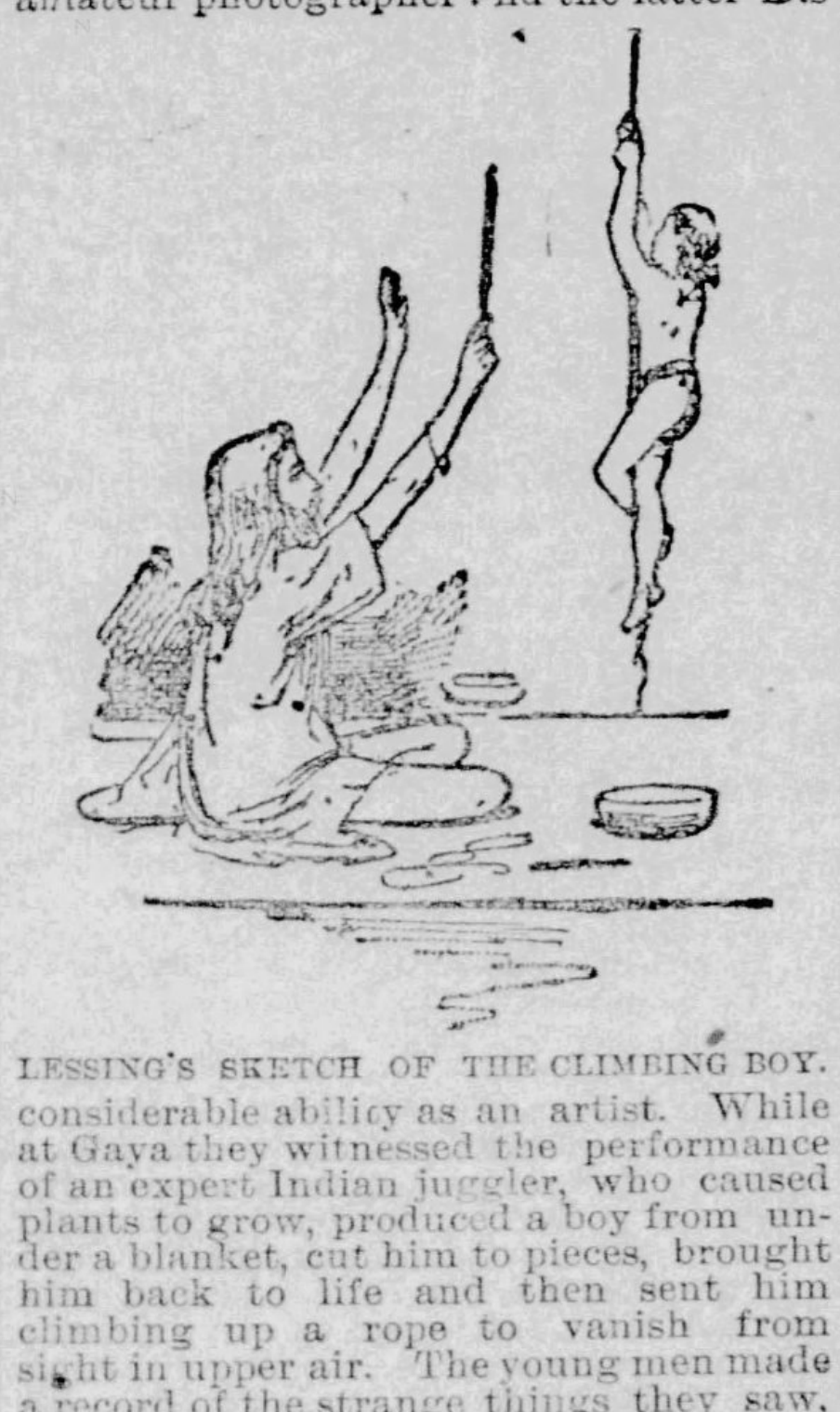
"You see that girl over there—" she began, when the other answered: "Yes, she lives opposite us. She's deaf and dumb, poor thing."

"The idea. And there I sat behind her in the street car for four blocks and made remarks about that dowdy hat she has on, all for nothing."—[Terre Haute Express.

COULD'NT FOOL THE CAMERA

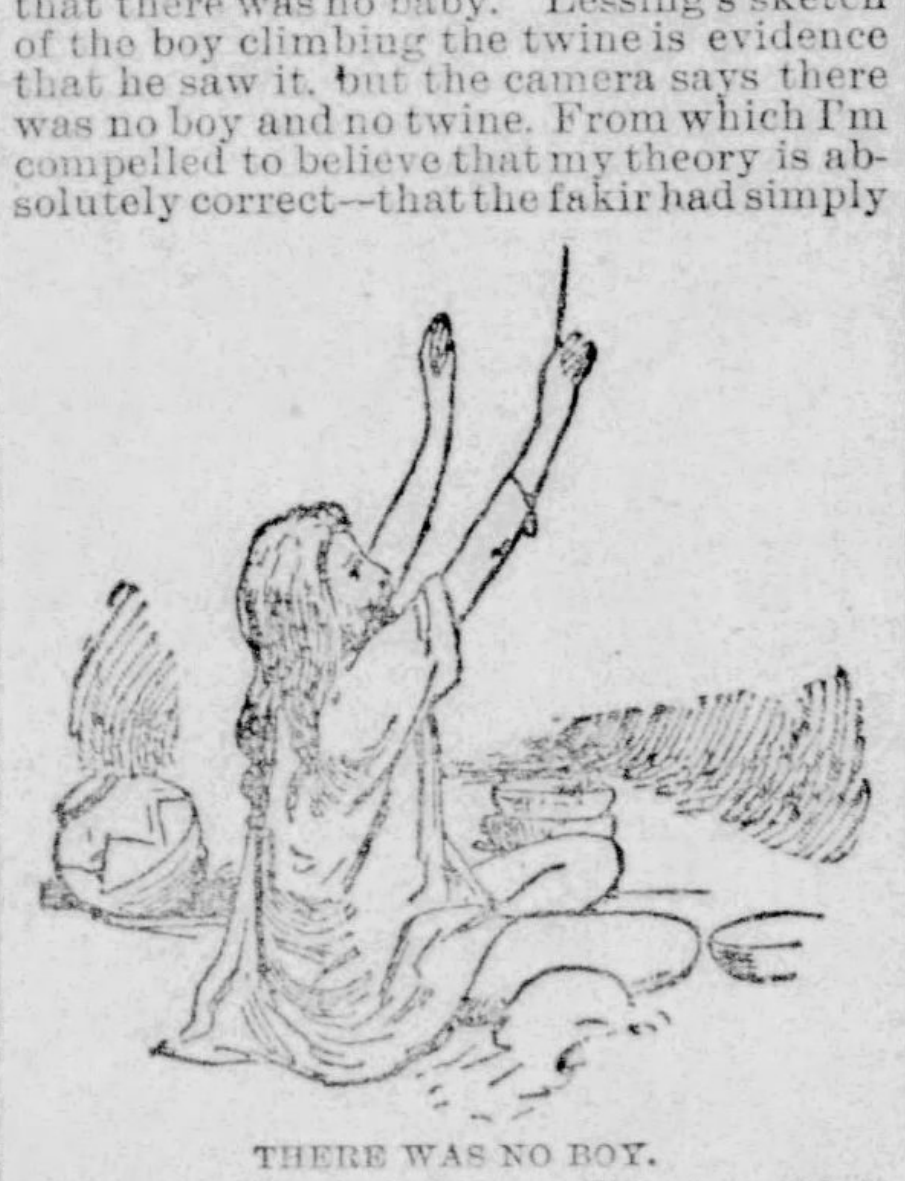
A Probable Clue to the Juggling of the Indian Fakirs.

A year or so ago Mr. Frederick S. Ellmore, of Chicago, visited India accompanied by a college classmate, Mr. George Lessing, of New York. The former is an amateur photographer and the latter has considerable ability as an artist. While at Gaya they witnessed the performance of an expert Indian juggler, who caused plants to grow, produced a boy from under a blanket, cut him to pieces, brought him back to life and then sent him climbing up a rope to vanish from sight in upper air. The young men made a record of the strange things they saw, Mr. Lessing using his pencil and Mr. Ellmore his camera. When the artist and photographer compared results they found that what their eyes had seen the camera refused to record. Said Mr. Ellmore in a recent chat with a Chicago Tribune reporter:



LESSING'S SKETCH OF THE CLIMBING BOY.

"Lessing's sketch shows the tree grown from the bush, while the camera shows there was no bush there. Lessing saw a baby, and so did I, and he has got it in his sketch, but the camera demonstrates that there was no baby. Lessing's sketch of the boy climbing the twine is evidence that he saw it, but the camera says there was no boy and no twine. From which I'm compelled to believe that my theory is absolutely correct—that the fakir had simply hypnotized the whole crowd, but couldn't hypnotize the camera. I'm going to write out a history of the affair and have copies made of the pictures and forward them to the London Society for Psychical Research. I have no doubt it will make good use of them."



THERE WAS NO BOY.

Hypnotism.

It is a significant fact that hypnotism has proved the principal subject of discussion at the congress of the British Medical association at Birmingham. The professional carelessness accorded its development in successive stages from "animal magnetism," so called, through mesmerism and kindred phases, is now, in the light of present progress, abandoned to make way for a thorough study of the science. Even the country physician is beginning to recognize the importance of investigating the subject, and the study of hypnotism, in consequence of the new interest, is enjoying as great a popularity as though it were an authorized society "fad." Whatever be the results of the present attention which the new science attracts, and it is inevitable that medical practice shall gain in the increased knowledge concerning it, the rise of hypnotism must prove beneficient in widening the professional horizon. There is much old-fashioned method in medicine of great value, no doubt, but there is much conservatism that borders on fogyism, also, and thus anything is valuable which broadens the established view. The advent of hypnotism as a subject for scientific study brings with it to many physicians the beginning of an era of personally progressive ideas; with others it strengthens the habit of advanced investigation all ready established. The action of the British congress referred to is interesting. The association dealt with three propositions, namely: Has hypnotism really the characteristics ascribed to it by its practicers? Does it injuriously affect those who are subjected to its influence? Is it likely to prove of use either as a curative agent or as an anaesthetic? Regarding the first of these propositions the answer was decisive, the phenomena presented as evidence by the practicers being accepted as facts. As to the second question, the after effects were declared to be most serious. The third query received a reply less definite, but it was agreed that the evidence in hand is sufficient to warrant further experimentation. These decisions are noteworthy, for they come from an association of whose authority to speak there can be no doubt. Hypnotism as a scientific study is here for the present, at least, and physicians generally will do well to investigate its remarkable phenomena so far as their limitations will permit.—[Providence Journal.

Getting Out of Bad Company.

"Good morning, madam," said the publisher, laying down his book.

"Good morning," replied the blue-eyed vision who had drifted into his office like a ray of tropic sunshine. "I have the manuscript of a sketch, or story you may call it, that I would be pleased to have you look over at your leisure." Then she laid the manuscript on the publisher's desk, and the "Kreutzer Sonata"—for that was the title of the book he had been perusing—gathered up its skirts, turned up its nose and slid disgustedly to the other end of the desk.—[Terre Haute Express.

She Catches Half Either Way.

"I think you may send me a quart of huckleberries," said the landlady to the marketman, as she looked about for bargains in wilted eggplants.

"Have you many boarders this summer, ma'am?" he asked, mildly.

"Nine."

"Isn't a quart of berries rather—rather light, for nine?" he ventured.

"Not with me," she snapped. "Four of my boarders don't eat huckleberries for breakfast and five don't eat bananas, so I alternate and ketch half either way."—[N. Y. Tribune.

Interested in Natural History.

"Where's Edward?" asked her mother, coming in.

"He's taken up his natural history studies again, mother. He told me he was going down town to see the elephant and while he was about it, also take a shy at the tiger."—[Philadelphia News.

The Formality Omitted.

"My brethren," said Dr. Saintly, as he mounted the reading desk, "on account of the fair which was held in the church last evening no collection will be taken up to-day. Let us all sing," etc.—[Oakland Echoes.

Might Carry Him Off.

Old Gentleman—Laura, if that young man persists in staying so late, I'm going to unchain the dog.

Laura—He wouldn't mind that; he's a professional dog catcher.—[Boston Herald.

PAID OFF IN HIS OWN COIN.

How a Smart Boston Druggist Overreached Himself.

A remarkable case of "diamond cut diamond" occurred in Boston recently, not far from the Providence railroad station. A druggist had fitted up a neat corner store and had established at once a fine trade. One day another druggist entered his store and said: "I want to buy you out. How much will you take?" "I do not want to sell," was the reply. "I expected that answer," said the encroaching person, "and I am prepared for it. Now, if you don't sell out to me I will open a drug store in opposition on the opposite corner. How much will you take?"

The druggist, offended at this species of brow beating, said he would sleep on it and report the next morning. At the appointed hour the aspirant was in the store and a large price was named. The bargain was bound. The druggist who had been thus ousted from a corner which he had fitted up with a view to years of peace and profit sought the owners of the opposite corner, which had been held out to him as a threat, secured from them a long lease, worked night and day, and now has a drug store in which any community might take satisfaction and repose confidence. What is more, he is doing a better business than he did in the former locality.—[Boston Saturday Gazette.

A SEPTETTE OF FUNNY ONES.

"Will you pass the butter, Mr. Bronson?" "Not if I see it in time to turn and go the other way, madam."—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

The average lie has to walk on crutches within a week. You have never yet seen the truth in a drug store trying to buy an artificial limb.—[Milwaukee News.

He—"Why do you never bathe, Miss Bond? Salt water, you know, ought to agree with the salt of the earth." She—"Perhaps, Mr. Marigold, those who are too fresh need it most."—[Munsey's Weekly.

Morgan—"What brand of cigars does Maxwell smoke?" Dorgan—"They call them the 'Riot Act.'" Morgan—"Why?" Dorgan—"Because they never fail to scatter the crowd."—[Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Fond Mother—"My dear, did you refuse Mr. Foster last night? I heard you say 'No, no. Never!' in quite an an agonized tone." Daughter—"Pshaw! that was nothing. George was just asking me if he made me tired."—[New York Herald.

Mamma—"Um—ah—my dear. This young man who is calling on you so constantly—do you think he has any intentions?" Laura—"He doesn't know whether he has or not. I am the only one whose attentions are going to cut any figure in this deal."—[Terre Haute Express.

"Well, Uncle Israel, how did you get on with your farming this year?" Uncle Israel—"I didn't make nothin', marster. You see, me an' de boss was workin' orn sheers. I 'greed to do de farmin' for harf de crap, an' I didn't make but harf a crap dis year, and so, in course, I didn't git nothin'."—[Harper's Weekly.

That Was All.

Old truths are all the time receiving new illustrations. Here, for example, is a philosopher's story, to show that great effects often proceed from seemingly insufficient causes:

"It was in the old days of the wet-plate method," said a photographer, "when an exposure of twenty seconds was necessary, and a sitter had to be absolutely quiet. I had my subject as I wanted him, and took off the cap.

"I left the room for a moment, and on returning found everything all right, apparently. Apparently, I say, but when I went into the dark room and developed the plate, I found it was terribly blurred. It looked as if the sitter had turned a handspring or thrown a somersault. When I went back I was angry.

"'What did you do?' I asked.

"'Nothing,' was the innocent answer. 'Why?'

"'Look at that plate,' I said, 'and then tell me you didn't move.'

"Here my sitter began to laugh at his picture. 'Well, I declare I wouldn't 'a' thought that just going over to the window a minute would have done all that. I sat right down again.'"

Had to Have the Dogs.

A long, lean and cadaverous looking individual came into the city clerk's office this morning, leading two pinched and starved looking children by the hand. One of the little ones picked a half-eaten, scrawny apple from the floor and gnawed at it vociferously. Behind the trio leaped and barked a pack of sleek appearing dogs of all ages and breeds.

"Say," said the man, laying down twelve silver dollars, "give me twelve licenses for dogs as quick as you can."

The clerk obeyed, but appeared to be reluctant about the task. The man lives on the South side, and while his dogs are said to live on the choicest of food the children suffer for bread and meat.—[Cleveland World.

Hope Long Deferred.

Prominent Kansan (cautiously).—Gimme—Gimme—

Original Package Dealer.—How many bottles will it be to-day?

Kansan.—Do I haf to swear it's fer the ague or general debility, or—

Dealer.—Nope! Just pay, and take all you want.

Kansan.—Don't haf to let down no string through a hole in the ceilin' or sneak in the back way, or call fer soap suds, or swear afterward that I didn't know what I was drinkin', or—

Dealer.—No! No! You buy just the same as you would potatoes or flour.

Kansan.—This is too good to be true! I—I—Whoop! The end uv the world is at hand! Who-o-o-op!!! (Goes insane.)—Puck.

Gave It a Fair Trial.

At the gospel tent meeting on Niagara street a member had just ceased speaking about a cure of asthma effected by prayer when a lank individual arose and asked for the privilege of the floor.

"If you have any experience you may speak, brother," said the presiding officer.

"I have had experience. My father was sick with the asthma for fifteen years, and he was finally brought to pray for his recovery. [Intense interest manifested among hearers.] He prayed fifty years, and [emphatically] he died of the asthma."

Hysterical laughter among urchins on rear seats, and consternation among the leaders.—[Buffalo Courier.

Valor and Discretion.

Mamma—It is very wrong for you, Johnnie, to quarrel in this way.

Johnnie (who has just had a fight with his brother Tom)—Well, I got wild, and had to do something.

Mamma—But you must not let your temper carry you away in that manner. I will tell you a good rule: When you are angry always count twenty before you strike.

Tommy (the victor in the recent unpleasantness)—Yes, and he'd better count forty before he strikes a fellow that can whip him.—[New York Ledger.

For the Prosecution.

Counsel (to witness)—Are you closely acquainted with the prisoner?

Witness—Certainly, we once worked together in a counting-house.

Counsel—And when was that?

Witness—About 3 o'clock one morning last spring, when none of the other merchant's employees were present.

Counsel asked no further questions.—[Petit Journal peur Rine.

A Witness.

Aunt (severely)—As I glanced into the parlor last evening I saw you with a young man's arms round you.

Niece (calmly)—Yes, aunty, I was waiting for you to pass the door and see us. Young men are very slippery nowadays, and one can't have too many witnesses.—[Judy.

The Unlucky Thirteen.

Wickwire—Do you believe in the superstition as to thirteen at the table being an unlucky number?

Uncle Hiram—Well, yes, sorter. The nighest I ever come in my life to turnin' up my toes was once w'en I was a chunk of a boy, an' et thirteen roas'n'ears at one settin'.—[Terre Haute Express.

Our Serial Story.

Written Expressly for THE BLADE. Copyright 1890.

UNCLE SAM IN 1894;

A TALE OF OUR IMMEDIATE FUTURE.

"The best of prophets of the Future is the Past."—*Byron.*

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

"Yes, indeed," replied Brackett; "it may sound romantic to you, Hester, but when I was a mere boy I used to console my mother by saying that as soon as I became a man I would get money and buy the old plantation back. She died without seeing her wish realized, and I am determined that I will accomplish it. My home shall be that which sheltered my mother through her childhood."

"Indeed, Wheeler, I can fully enter into your feelings—for don't you see I have the same wish for myself? Only yours is far easier of fulfillment than mine. You are a man, and can conquer fortune; I am only a weak girl, and even if the way were open for me to buy my mother's old home, I would not know where to look for it!"

"Well, Hester, it certainly is in existence somewhere. Even if the house is gone, the land is there; and it can surely be found. Why, you can advertise for it!"

"Advertise as they do in the daily papers—'Lost—a plantation?'" said Hester, smiling.

"Hardly after that model; but an advertisement asking for the location of 'a plantation belonging to a Mr. Garnier, just before the war,' would certainly bring a reply."

"What's the use of talking about it?" exclaimed Hester, despairingly. "How could I buy it, even if it were for sale?"

"Would not your father buy it?"

"Papa? Oh, no! He does not like the South; says there is no push and enterprise down there, and that he wouldn't live there for the finest plantation in the old slave states. And that is just what I would want to do—dwell where my mother was a child, in the old Southern style, with a retinue of black servants, like a lady of the Middle Ages in her castle, surrounded by her faithful retainers."

"That dream is not impossible of realization," responded Brackett, "even if Mr. Ingham will not carry it out. Some day you will marry; and your husband will find that lost plantation, buy it, and—"

"As the fairy stories always end, 'live happily ever after.' That is a long way in the future, though, even should it ever happen."

"Not further than the realization of my own dream. I have to earn the money first."

And as the Scud drifted dreamily along over the summer sea, Brackett discussed his own future.

"I will be through with my studies next year," said he, "and then comes the question, where shall I settle myself? I am to be a civil engineer, as you know; and I want to go back to the South—to my home—and establish myself there. That section has a great future before it, and there are plenty of opportunities for a young man to rise. But I am offered a position with a firm in Cleveland as soon as I finish my studies—and I don't know what to do."

"Oh, don't go away and leave me—leave us all, I mean, Wheeler! It would be so lonesome without you! I don't know what I should do if you went away!"

Brackett gazed earnestly upon his companion. Again the thought came to him that in the future he had planned for himself, his happiness might depend on having a wife like this dark eyed girl to share it with him. But it would not do to speak of that now. She was too young; and he had no right to speak of love and marriage to any woman until he had made himself a place in the world wherein he would not be dependent upon his uncle Walthall.

"There is no immediate danger of my going away, Hester," he replied. "I must finish my schooling first, at any rate. And when that is done, I shall certainly accept the offer that has been made me here, unless the very improbable event happens of my being offered a better one somewhere else."

"Of course you will want to do the best you can for yourself," the girl returned, "and I would be the last person to ask you to sacrifice your prospects—but we have had very pleasant times together in the dear old Scud, haven't we?"

"Indeed, yes!"

"And you will never forget them?"

"I am not likely to forget the pleasantest part of my school life in the North—nor you, who have shared it with me."

"I wonder, Wheeler, whether we shall live near each other in the South, if both our dreams are realized?"

"I hope so; and from what I have heard of your mother's story, I imagine that the 'lost plantation' must be in the same part of the state as my grandfather's."

"When you go South, Wheeler, won't you try to find where it is? Papa does not care—nor mamma either, I imagine. But I want to know; for though it is but a dream that I may ever live there, I should love dearly to see it—and a visit to the place is not beyond the bounds of possibility."

"I will, Hester. And when I have a home in the South I hope you and your mother—and your father, too, if he will—will come and visit it, and we will seek for the 'lost plantation' together!"

And as the Scud gently grated her side against the little dock, the two clasped hands over the promise.

CHAPTER VII.

A RAILWAY LOVE-CHASE.

CHICAGO, in the midst of the Presidential year of 1892; the city all agog with preparations for the Columbian centennial, to open the following spring; and with the Presidential campaign absorbing all the attention the busy people of the marvelous metropolis of the West, soon to be the metropolis of the Western hemisphere, could spare from their other occupations.

Two young men stepped out upon Clark street from the florid portal of the Grand Pacific hotel. One carried a valise, and had a light coat thrown over his arm; evidently he was starting on a journey. His companion was a well-knit young fellow of some twenty-three years, with light hair, bluish-gray eyes that had in them the glint of steel, and a face showing the bright glow of health beneath the light tan, the kiss of the summer's sun. He wore a stylish, well-fitting suit of light gray, with a neat straw hat, and altogether he was a typical American young gentleman in appearance. They stood a moment to inhale the fresh air of the morning, for a gentle breeze from off Lake Michigan was blowing, and the sky was cloudless.

"Bright morning, Kynett, isn't it?" remarked the second.

"Yes. A fine day for travelling."

"Will you ride?"

"Not worth while, Dick. It's not three blocks to the depot."

"I'm with you then, old man. Come on, it's nearly train time," and the two friends started briskly off.

The Van Buren street depot was thronged. Passengers who had just arrived by suburban trains were hurrying out, intent on reaching their places of business without loss of time, and a stream of outward-bound passengers besieged the ticket-office, hurrying hither and thither to find their respective trains, the individuals acting, as men in such crowds always do, as if they had lost their senses temporarily.

Kynett received his ticket, and he and Dick Felton stood chatting until the conductor of that particular train called "all aboard!" Good-byes were exchanged, and with a hearty grasp of the hands the two friends separated.

Dick stood watching the train till it rolled out of the depot, and then turning, carelessly surveyed the hurrying throngs in the depot, with an amused expression. What was the use of all this rush? Why not take matters coolly, instead of worrying and hurrying with needless anxiety, as the great majority were doing?

If some one had remarked to him that within a few minutes he would be rushing madly about in hot haste, he would have deemed the prophet insane. But so it turned out. The young man was at one of the great turning-points of his life, and did not know it.

He stopped a moment to buy a flower for his button-hole, and then turned to leave the depot. Amid the throng he came upon a family party—and stopped to look.

They were a middle-aged couple, and a young girl, just budding into womanhood, evidently their daughter. The latter riveted Dick's attention at once.

She was rather slight in build, but it was due to uncompleted growth; for she was one of those in whom growth is early, yet long, and who do not wholly mature until nearly middle life. Her head was perfect, not less in proportion than in its carriage upon her round throat. Its coronal of dark hair was covered by a neat hat, but underneath its edge little curling tendrils escaped, fringing her white brow. Her eyes were deep, dark orbs, that could shine like stars with pleasure, or be tender as a doe's with her passing mood. Their long lashes drooped over cheeks in which dwelt the delicate hue of the wild rose. The nose was Greek in outline, the upper lip short, and the mouth small, but drawn in the outline of Cupid's bow.

Dick Felton gazed at her as the party stood for a moment, awaiting the opening of the gate through which they must pass to the train. He had never met a girl who filled his ideal until now. For all men have their ideals—and happy is he who is mated with his own!

The gate opened; the three moved on. Dick still stood, watching her graceful figure passing down the platform. Then he was roused to action.

"I must know more of that girl! She is peerless! and I—I almost love her, though I have seen her but an instant!"

A few words with the gate-keeper, and he was allowed to pass through. Dick had a way of carrying by storm such small obstacles as routine put in his way. He glanced down the platform; evidently the party had entered the car. Two trains stood there; which had they taken?

He passed rapidly down the platform, glancing at every window, first on this side, then on that; but she was not to be seen.

The conductor of one train called out "All aboard!" and it began to move. Was the unknown on that train, or the one which remained?

As the last car passed him, he saw her. She stood at the rear door, looking out. He made an impulsive move to run after the train, but checked himself.

"No use, I couldn't catch it; but it is a Lake Shore train. Now where is she going?"

He hurried out to prosecute his inquires at the ticket office. Handing his card to the ticket seller he said:

"A gentleman has just left on the Lake Shore train, whom I must comunicate with. He bought three tickets. Will you tell me to what point he bought them?"

"You can telegraph to him on the train," was the unsatisfactory reply.

"That will not do; I must see him personally. If you can tell me where he is going, I can take the next train."

"H'm! Three tickets over the Lake Shore? Let me see.—Four-twenty, ma'am," and he turned to wait on a lady who had just come up, while Dick raged inwardly. Then the official turned to him again.

"I think I remember selling three tickets to one gentleman—to Cleveland."

"To Cleveland? Thanks!" and Dick turned away. "That don't do me much good. I can't overtake that train, and how am I to find her in Cleveland?"

Dick was scanning a time table on the wall as this reflection passed through his mind. Suddenly his face lighted up.

This is what he happened to remember: The Lake Shore road's original line runs from Toledo northwesterly through Southern Michigan, and then curves southward again to the busy little town of Elkhart, Indiana. Years afterward, in order to shorten the running time between New York and the West, a second line was built, running in a direct line from Toledo to Elkhart. Both lines are used—the one being called the "old road," and the newer the "air line."

Dick had just discovered that the train bearing his unknown divinity was one running over the old road. Hence it might be possible to overtake that train before it reached Cleveland.

The train had left at 8 o'clock. A few minutes' inspection of the time-table showed Dick that he could leave on an express train at half-past 9, and overtake the other train at Toledo, shortly after 5 o'clock in the afternoon.

He had a little over an hour to make his preparations. "That's enough, and to spare," was his thought as he frantically rushed out and leaped into the nearest cab.

An hour later, the same cab, whose driving had been as furious as that of Jehu the son of Nimshi, dashed up to the depot again, and Dick descended. Leaving a liberal gratuity in the hands of his driver, he hurried to find a seat in the cars.

It was with a feeling of exultation that he felt the train begin to move. It rolled out of the station into the sunshine, and then, gathering speed, darted along the double line of steel. Every revolution of the wheels brought him nearer to the object of his chase!

Once or twice he began to plan a line of action when he had overtaken the train; but he soon dismissed such speculations as useless, resolving to depend upon circumstances. Dick was a thorough believer in himself, and he had never found himself in a position from which his own talents could not extricate him with credit. He possessed the qualities of the typical Chicago man—a superb self-reliance and a perseverance that would not quail at any obstacle.

Dick Felton was Ohio born, but his father, when Dick was a mere child, had "gone West," as so many of Ohio's sons have done, and finding congenial opportunities for "getting on" in Chicago, had settled there and gone into business. Energetic and tireless himself, the opportunities he there found and utilized had brought him ample reward. Receiving a very advantageous offer to dispose of his business, he had done so a few years before, and had traveled extensively, first in this country, and then in Europe, with Dick, just then out of school, as his companion. A year before the events here narrated he had returned home, and settled down to enjoy life for a while, until Dick should decide what career he would pursue. "Not that there is any pressing need that Dick should work," said the senior Felton to a friend, "but because it ruins a young fellow to have idle time and plenty of money. My Dick is a gentleman, and I want him to remain one—not become a milksop aristocrat, looking down upon me, his father, because I worked to amass a fortune for him. There's nothing like work to steady a boy."

It is doubtful whether Dick would ever have turned out as his father dreaded. He was made of better stuff, and he inherited from his New England ancestry a strong nature and a clear head. His father had an interest in a firm engaged in the grain commission business, and was anxious that Dick should eventually take his place in the firm; and though the young man's preference would have led into quite another career, he obeyed the wish, and entered the office.

The day passed tediously on the train. Growing tired of communing with his own thoughts, Dick went forward into the smoker, and met there two Chicago acquaintances, who were discussing politics with considerable intensity. They both hailed him joyfully.

"Sit down here, and help me settle this mugwump!" said one as he made room for the young man at his side.

"Mugwump, indeed!" retorted the other, scornfully. "I am a Democrat; who ever heard of a Democratic mugwump?"

"I thought the mugwump was an extinct species of mule?" was Dick's comment.

"Not since Grover Cleveland has been renominated for the Presidency by the Democrats," returned the first speaker, whose name was Evans. "His nomination in 1884 caused the birth of the mugwump; his renomination, after four years of private life, has brought a new variety into being. Eh, Swift?"

The gentleman addressed as Swift responded: "It was not Cleveland's nomination in 1884 that caused the mugwump outcrop. They were men of your own party—Republicans—who thought themselves too holy to support Blaine—I will say, a better man than any one of them, even though I am a Democrat."

"It's a pity Blaine wouldn't take the nomination this year," said Dick.

"Didn't Harrison deserve it? What's he done that he should not have a renomination?" was Evans's reply.

"The times call for a change. Reciprocity is the battle-cry this year, and Blaine is the father of the present movement."

"Not much, young man!" was Swift's energetic protest. "Reciprocity is a means to an end, and that end free trade; Blaine stole Democratic thunder when he sprung the idea."

"Reciprocity is a trading of favors," responded Evans. "We say to Brazil, 'take the duty off our cotton goods, and we will impose none on your coffee and hides;' to the Spanish government of Cuba, 'let our flour, and canned meats and cotton goods in free, and we will admit your sugar free'; and to other nations in a similar manner. But free trade means the abolition of duties; so we have nothing to offer in exchange for a remission of them. So that destroys your plea that reciprocity is a free trade idea; it isn't, though you fellows are trying to claim it."

"Your reciprocity isn't our reciprocity by any means," laughed Swift. "We propose to have reciprocity in everything, not in just a few things; and reciprocity in everything means free trade. See?"

"Yes, I see," retorted Evans, "but it won't win, all the same. Your man Cleveland is going to be defeated, and free trade reciprocity with him. We shall have a Republican House again."

"I wish I could believe that," interjected Dick. "It seems to me that we have too many interests pulling at cross purposes in the Republican party to make success certain."

"Pshaw, Felton! Reciprocity is the issue on which the fight is being made this year!"

"The Republican newspapers and the campaign speakers are battling on that issue, but there are other issues among the voters," Dick responded. "You know my father owns a lot of land out in Kansas. I was out there on business a short time ago, and I was surprised at the feeling among them. They are all in favor of reciprocity—every single one of them; but they are vexed over other things. The old soldiers don't feel at all right over service pensions; they are incensed at the refusal of Congress to pass that act of simple justice. They are angry at this or that candidate for Congress, because he has not supported some of the wild schemes for government loans of paper money, or something else of the sort; and altogether there are undercurrents that are checking the progress of the Republican ship."

"They'll all fall into line by the time election day rolls round."

"That is an error, I fear. They won't do it. You fail to understand the tremendous effect of environment and occupation upon men's minds. The old soldier, for instance, living in a community of old soldiers, can not be made to understand that because the great majority of the voters of his township or his county are in favor of service pensions, the same ratio does not hold good all over the country—over the North, at least. The farmer, whose occupation necessarily cuts him off from interchange of opinion with men of other occupations, thinks because Congress did not pass the wild and impractical legislation he demands, that the members are bought up by the railroads, or what he calls the 'money power,' and so it goes. These men are sincere, but they are mistaken. And the trouble is, you can not make them believe they are mistaken."

"There, Evans, what did I tell you?" jeered Swift. "Here's Felton admitting that Cleveland will win!"

"I am not admitting it, by any means," was Dick's reply, "but I am showing that the campaign will not and can not be decided on one great issue. The great majority of the Republican party are satisfied with the platform and candidates, and are willing to obey the will of the convention in formulating the one and nominating the other. They are aware that every little fad can not be taken up, and that the consensus of opinion of delegates from all over the Union is more valuable, more likely to be right, than their individual ideas and preferences; hence they are willing to sink them, and accept the judgment of the party's representatives, expressed in convention. The real danger comes from the one-idead men."

"The Kansas farmers, eh?"

"No more the Kansas farmers than others. I merely instanced the ideas I found to be prevalent among the people whom I happened to meet on a business trip. You will find these one-idead men in Illinois, and Ohio, and Pennsylvania, and everywhere else. The tendency of a man, especially if he dwell apart from great masses of men, engaged in diverse occupations, is, to unduly exalt his individual opinion, and to set it up as a guide—I am referring now only to politics—against that of the majority of his party."

"Will not a similar movement in the Democratic ranks neutralize any Republican defection of this sort?" asked Evans.

"No; for with all due deference to our friend Swift here, there is less positive intelligence among the Democratic masses. They 'lead' better than Republicans; that is, they vote the ticket, even if they do dislike the candidate and disbelieve in part of the platform."

Swift laughed, but made no denial. Evans again questioned Dick:

"Do you think this personally discontented element is great enough to injure the chances of Republican success?"

"I fear so. It is going to render the Congressional result exceedingly problematical, and may defeat the Presidential ticket."

The train had been standing for some time at a little station. Swift first noted and remarked on the fact, audibly wondering why it was stopping so long.

Dick was on his feet in an instant, and making his way outside. He met the conductor at the door.

"What are we waiting for, conductor?"

"Hot box, sir."

"How much are we behind time?"

"About ten minutes, so far."

"And how much longer must we wait?"

"Until they put a new brass in a bearing under the rear coach—probably ten minutes more."

"Will we make up the lost time before reaching Toledo?"

"Hardly that; but we will probably leave Toledo on time."

"I am anxious to catch a friend who is on the mail train, going by the old road. If we reach Toledo on time, even, it is then within only five minutes of that train's leaving time. If we are behind time, I will miss her."

The conductor shook his head. "I'm afraid we won't make Toledo before she leaves. Better telegraph your friend to stop off and wait for you."

"Thanks, I will," replied Dick, promptly, smiling to himself, as he went to the telegraph office. But instead he telegraphed to the conductor of the mail train a request to await the arrival of the express, if possible—the message to be delivered to that official as soon as he reached the Toledo.

Then he went ahead to the engine, and had a few words of confidential talk with the engineer; and as soon as the train started again, he had a similar interview with the conductor. Then he sat quietly down and possessed his soul in what patience he could, gazing out upon the flying landscape.

The train sped along at a tremendous rate. "My! how fast we are going!" remarked a timorous lady in the next seat to her husband.

"Yes," was the answer. "They are trying to make up the time they lost because of that hot box, I suppose," was the reply.

At hearing which Dick smiled grimly to himself.

The train kept up the increased speed. A half-hour passed; Dick recognized that the train was entering Toledo. He glanced at his watch—it lacked just a minute of the time for the mail train to leave. He picked up his valise and stepped upon the car platform.

As the train rolled into the depot, he leaned out and looked ahead. The mail train was still there. "Eureka!" he muttered to himself.

He swung himself to the ground before his train stopped, and in a moment was aboard the other. He entered the rear car—walked its whole length. The ones he sought were not there! Hurriedly he passed through the train, with the same result.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor from the depot platform, as he lifted his hand to signal the engineer.

"One moment, conductor! A gentleman and two ladies with tickets for Cleveland left Chicago on your train this morning; where did they stop?"

"For Cleveland? No party of three aboard for Cleveland, sir."

"Think again—a gentleman and two ladies." And he hurriedly described the man.

"Oh, yes, you are right. But not for Cleveland. Their tickets were for Claybank. They left the train at Adrian. I gave them a stop-over there."

"When do they come on?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. Some time within three days."

"Do you know the gentleman's name?"

"Oh, yes! I used to run on that division—he is Mr. Ingham, of Claybank—big grain man there. All aboard!"

And the train sped on, leaving Dick standing in the depot.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MONODY.

To-night I hear the cricket's song—
The cricket's song to-night I hear.
What memories it summons up
Of one bright, happy, vanished year—
Of that dear, vanished year, lost love,
When life to us was bright and fair;
When roses red and hyacinths
Perfumed the summer's midnight air,
—and—
When I wreathed them in your radiant hair.

To-night I list the cricket's song—
The katydid's soft chirp I hear,
And in my inmost heart of hearts
I feel a strange, foreboding fear—
A dreary, desolate, wild fear,
As turning from the earth to sky
I dream weird dreams, untold of yore,
And vainly, wildly question why
Our paths diverged to meet no more—
—Oh—
Sad, dark day, we meet, aye, nevermore.

The crickets and the katydids
Sing through this happy, moonlit night;
Whence come their songs? I know not whence,
But they are born of love and light.
God hears their songs, as well as I,
But then, they cannot make him sad;
Whilst I, poor mortal, sit and weep,
Nor can my restless heart grow glad,
—or—
Weary, aching soul find rest or sleep.
—[Aldine S. Keefer.

Saw His Shadow on a Fog Bank.

A singular natural phenomenon is reported by Superintendent Lincoln, of the Rumford Falls & Buckfield railroad. One foggy morning in August he was walking up a hill on the east side of lake Anasagunticook. As he neared the summit he came into clear atmosphere, and could look upon a sea of vapor as it lay over the lake and valleys, with now and then a mountain top rising above the general level. The sun was just rising, and as is usual under such conditions a rainbow was seen in the fog.

But what attracted Mr. Lincoln's attention particularly was the presence of a bright spot in the center of the circle particularly described by the rainbow. This was so luminous that, at first, Mr. Lincoln thought it might be farm buildings on fire some distance away in the fog. The supposition was soon dispelled by further developments. The bright central spot was surrounded by circles of radiating light, composed of the many hues of the rainbow, forming a beautiful halo. Passing along, Mr. Lincoln saw a dark spot on the surface of the sun's reflection, and was somewhat startled to discover that it moved across the circle in the way he was walking. Returning to the point where the shadow came in the center of the illuminated circle, he began movements of the arms and found that they were distinctly imitated by the shadow which appeared in the bank of the fog a mile away. As the sun rose higher the reflection sank lower, and was finally lost in the waters of the placid lake.—[Canton Telephone.

He Left It Outside.

I hear the rustle of her dainty skirt,
And catch a whiff of some sweet perfume rare,
As like a queen she sweeps upon her way,
With form erect and head held high in air.

But when she's passed, beneath my breath I swear,
And wish she wouldn't swing her dress like that.
In going by my pew her skirtlets caught
And swept the floor with my new stovepipe hat.
—[New York Times.

Suddenly Enriched.

Mr. Cititman (who has taken board on a farm)—Is there a bank anywhere near here?

Farmer Catcham—No, sir. We ain't never had no use for banks in this section. You see this is the first season any of us has kept summer boarders.—[New York Weekly.

Agitation.

"Chollie was awfully excited in church last Sunday."

"How did he show it?"

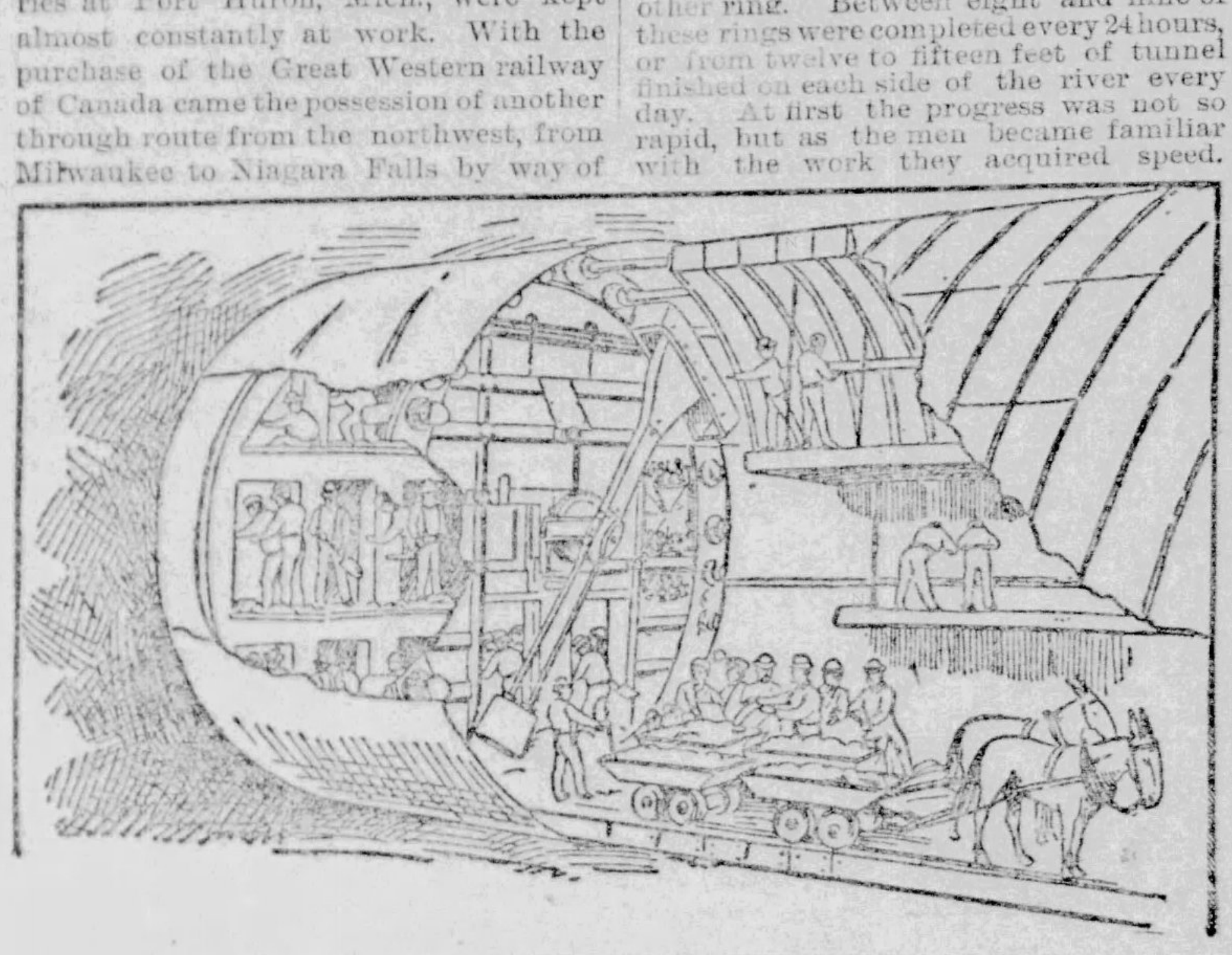
"He put his monocle in the plate and his silver dollar in his eye."—[Racket.

THE GREATEST TUNNEL

IN THE WORLD IS COMPLETED.

The Railway Tunnel Under the St. Clair River Between Port Huron, Mich., and Sarnia, Canada—The Work Described.

When the Grand Trunk Railway company purchased the old Chicago & Lake Huron railroad in 1880 it entered the field with a through line of its own to compete for the immense amount of through traffic between the northwest and the seaboard by way of Chicago. From this time the two big iron car ferries at Port Huron, Mich., were kept almost constantly at work. With the purchase of the Great Western railway of Canada came the possession of another through route from the northwest, from Milwaukee to Niagara Falls by way of Detroit. Although the car ferries at Port Huron and at Detroit did the work of transporting the trains between Michigan and Canada satisfactorily in the summer season, during the winter traffic sometimes has been blocked several hours on account of the ice floating in the river. In view of these facts the Grand Trunk officials began to look around for some surer and more regular means of crossing the river. Both a bridge and a tunnel were suggested. Various reasons were urged against a bridge. The banks of the river are comparatively low and to reach a height sufficient to clear the masts of vessels would necessitate the building of high towers and long approaches. The span of such a bridge would also have to be long—about 2,500 feet. Vessel men would raise objections should an attempt be made to build a low bridge. A tunnel was considered more feasible. Port Huron was selected for the location, as it is on the direct route to the Falls.

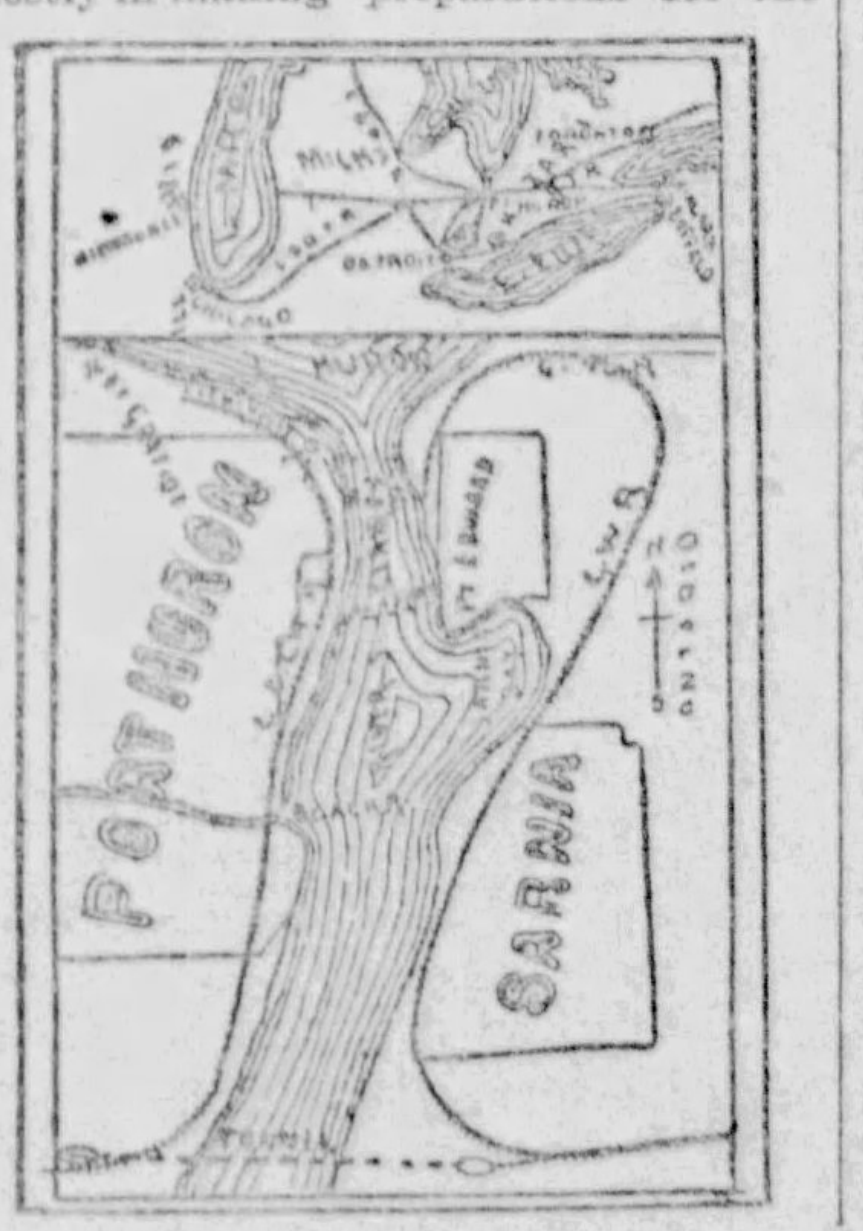


SCENE AT THE SHIELD OF THE TUNNEL, SHOWING MEN AT WORK.

In 1886 a company called the St. Clair Tunnel company was organized, the stock being subscribed mostly by the Grand Trunk people. Permission for constructing the tunnel was obtained from the governments of the United States and Canada and the test work begun. The borings proved satisfactory, showing a deposit of stiff blue clay between the bottom of the river and the bedrock. The depth of the water was nowhere found to be more than forty feet. The accompanying map shows the location of the tunnel.

Mr. Joseph Hobson, of Hamilton, Ont., chief engineer of the Great Western Division of the Grand Trunk railway, proposed to start at the surface of the earth and bore downwards with the Beach hydraulic tunnel shield. His scheme also contemplated building the tunnel of cast-iron segments bolted together. The company finally accepted Mr. Hobson's plans and he was made chief engineer for the work. In January, 1889, work was begun.

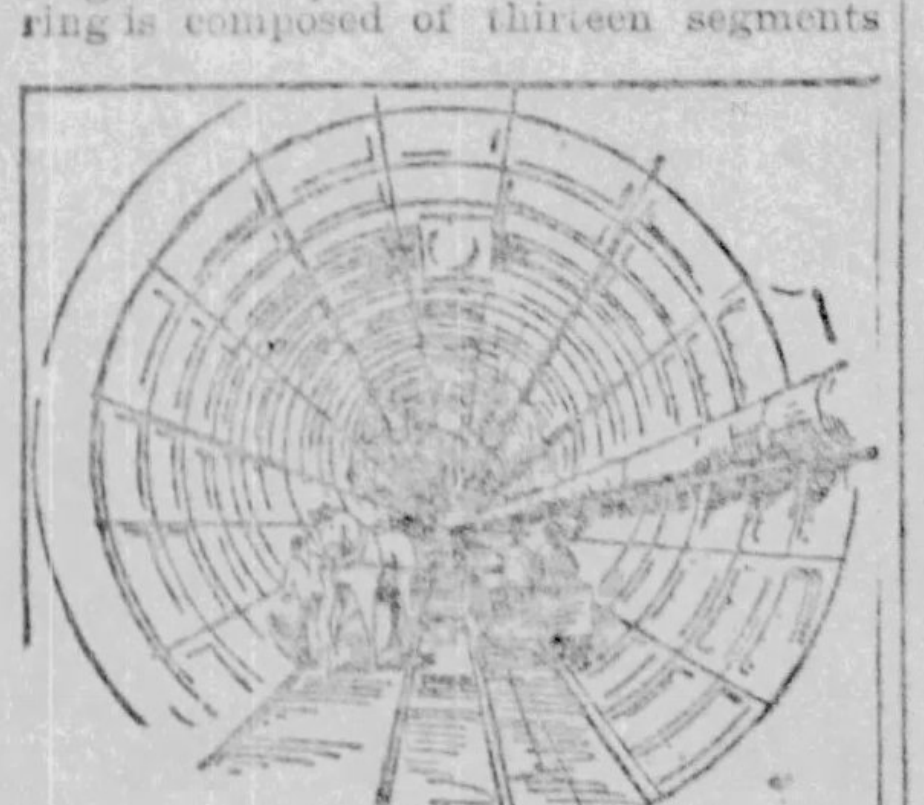
The first half of the year was occupied mostly in making preparations for the work. An excavation was made at each end to the depth of about seventy feet before entering the tunnel proper. Besides making these excavations machine shops were erected, and the operating machinery placed in position. The latter consists of a set of three boilers, only two of which are used at a time, the third being kept in readiness for emergencies, air pumps for furnishing fresh air to the men working in the tunnel, a duplicate electric light plant, an engine and pump for furnishing the power for forcing the shield forward, steam derricks for raising the excavated earth, planing machinery for smoothing the joints of the iron segments of the tunnel, blacksmith shop, carpenter shop, etc. In August, 1889, everything was ready, the shields—one at each end of the proposed tunnel—were placed in position, and the start for the journey under the river begun.



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF TUNNEL.

The shields were made in Hamilton, Ont., shipped in pieces, and put together near the tunnel portal. The one on the Port Huron side (the mode of procedure on both sides of the river being the same) was rolled down the side of the excavation on a tramway made of heavy timbers and placed in a pit made for the starting point. A heavy backing of timber was made and a few of the iron sections of the tunnel put together and placed in position in the open air before the shield was started on its underground trip.

The tunnel is built up of cast-iron rings securely bolted together. Each ring is composed of thirteen segments and a key put together with bolts. Each segment is 18 inches wide, 4 feet 10 inches long on the outside, and 2 inches thick. Around the edge is a flange 6 inches wide and 1¾ inches thick. Through these flanges are bolt-holes through which pass the bolts holding the tunnel solid. Between each joint of the segments is placed a thin piece of sheet asphaltum, making the lining water-tight. Each segment weighs 1,000 pounds. As the tunnel is a trifle over 6,000 feet long, about 4,000 rings of thirteen segments and a key each were used. The weight of each ring being about 13,400 pounds, the total weight of cast-iron in the tunnel is about 27,000 tons, or, to give exact figures, 55,962,500 pounds.



LOOKING DOWN THE INTERIOR OF THE TUNNEL.

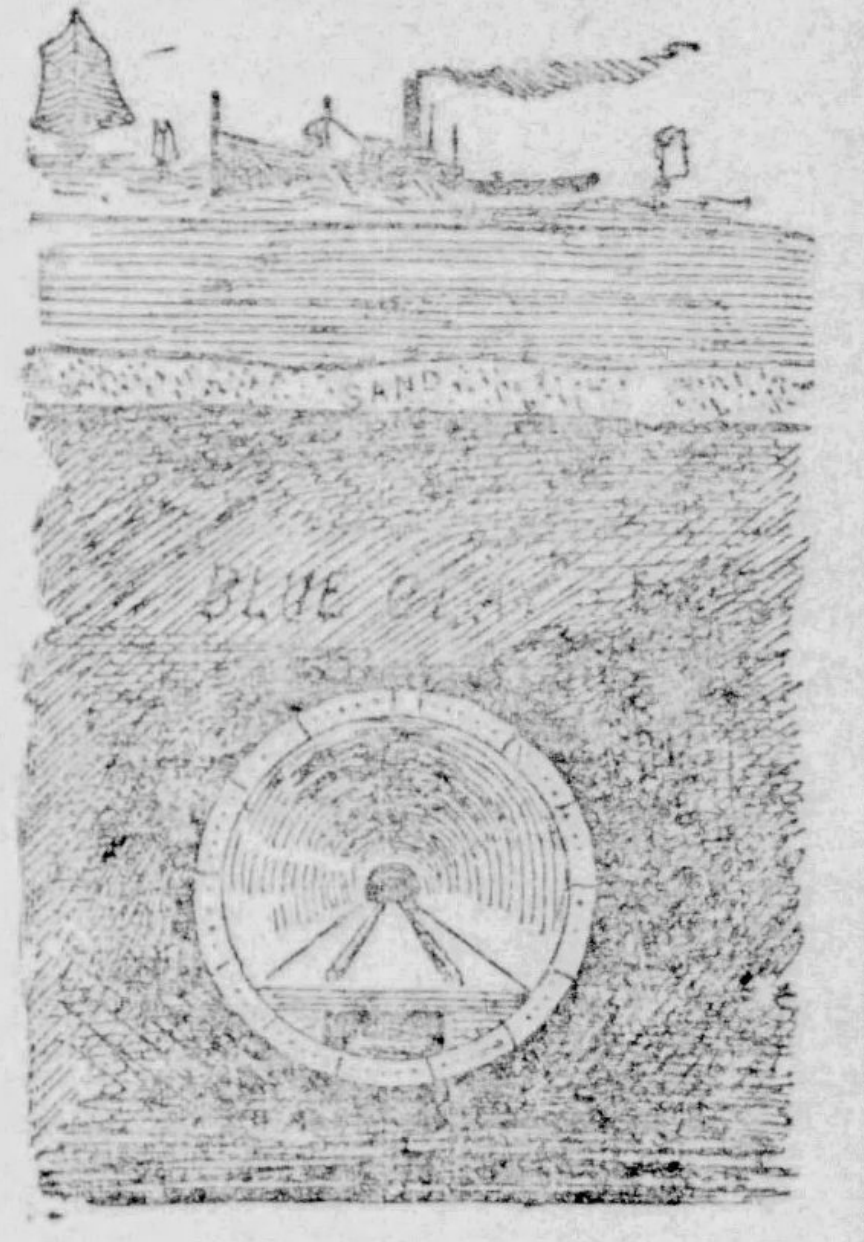
As the shield was forced ahead two feet by a stroke of rams, one of the iron rings, eighteen inches in width, was placed in position. To lift the segments to their proper position a heavy circular crane is swung from an axle in the center of the bulkhead.

As the segments were put in place they were bolted together and the walls of the tunnel completed as the shield progressed. All this work was done inside the back portion of the shield. The diameter of the latter being six inches greater than that of the iron rings renders this possible, but leaves a space of three inches all around the tunnel walls entirely open. This space is filled with cement, which serves to protect the iron lining and makes it perfectly solid.

As quickly as a ring was placed in position and finished the hydraulic rams were set to work, and, pushing against the newly finished ring, forced the shield ahead eighteen inches, the width of the ring. The rams were then shoved back in their cylinders, leaving two feet clear for another ring. Between eight and nine of these rings were completed every 24 hours, or from twelve to fifteen feet of tunnel finished on each side of the river every day. At first the progress was not so rapid, but as the men became familiar with the work they acquired speed. When the shield reached the river bank it was deemed safer to put in a bulkhead and continue the work under compressed air.

The underground portion was completed on August 25, but it will not be in use for some months, as an approach 13,000 feet long is to be dug on the Canadian side and one of 9,000 feet on the Michigan side.

The tunnel when completed will have cost between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000. It will be 6,100 feet long from portal to portal. From each portal is an up grade of more than half a mile. The outside diameter of the tunnel is 21 feet and the inside diameter 20 feet. The distance from the Michigan portal to the river bank is 1,700 feet, from the Canadian portal to the river bank 2,100 feet, and under the river 2,300 feet. The amount of clay excavated will be about 2,200,000 cubic feet. About 700 hands are employed in the various departments.



CROSS SECTION OF THE TUNNEL.

HE TOOK THE PRIZE.

Nothing Impossible to a Very Active Imagination.

"One of the brightest things I ever heard a drunken man say," remarked a Bangor gentleman this morning, "occurred on the train as I was coming down from Portland. The fellow was in that peculiarly talkative state when he felt that he must converse with everybody continuously. All kept clear of him as long as possible, but finally the train got so well filled that a gentleman was forced to take the seat which had remained vacant in front of the intoxicated man. At once the fellow began:

"'Shay, mister, did you ev' go fishing?'

"'Yes, of course I have,' came the gruff response.

"'Shay, I bet I've caught more fish'n you ever did,' pursued the man.

"'I don't doubt it,' replied the stranger in a tone meant to stop the conversation right there.

"'I'll bet $5 I've caught a bigger fish'n you ever did,' persisted the loquacious Bacchanal.

"'Well, I don't care to talk, if you have,' said the victim, as he shifted his seat to show the drunken man that the conversation was ended. But the inebriated didn't see it in that light.

"'Shay,' he persisted, leaning over the back of his seat and placing one hand on the shoulder of his unwilling companion, 'Shay, how big a fish did you ev' catch?'

"'Why,' replied the man, in a frantic attempt to silence his persecutor, 'I caught the mammoth cod on the steamer Empire State last summer, 43 pounds.'

"'Huh,' came the response in a disgusted tone, as the drunken man leaned back in his seat, as if pitying the weak effort of his companion, 'I've used larger bait than that.'—[Bangor Times.

The People

are not slow to understand that, in order to warrant their manufacturers in guaranteeing them to benefit or cure, medicines must possess more than ordinary merit and curative properties. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the only blood medicine sold, through druggists, under a *positive guarantee* that it will benefit or cure or money paid for it will be returned. In all blood, skin and scalp diseases, and for all scrofulous affections, it is specific.

$500 reward offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for an incurable case.

A Pat Flush.

The favorite color of William Black, the novelist, is blue, still he likes to be read.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

"There's nothing like making a good impression," remarked the burglar as he took the lump of wax from the lock.—[Washington Post.

"The locomotive engineers refuse to strike, I see," remarked the judge. "Yes; they don't want to be stationary engineers," replied the major.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.

"My son," said the dying bunko man, "I guess you can't do better than to follow the motto of your poor old dad: 'Whomsoever you find to do, do him with all your might.'"—[Terre Haute Express.

Father—"I tell you, young man, it is pretty hard for a father to see his daughter leave home and take up life's burdens with a young man." Young man—"Well, Emily is an especially good girl." Father—"Good! Why, sir, she's worth her weight in ice."—[Judge.

Queer State of Affairs in Kentucky.

We promised our readers to publish the names of all preachers who should get drunk from that time forward. Little did we think that in so short a time we would have to give the public the sad intelligence which is now being rumored about the town, and, so far as we can learn, not denied, that the Rev. —— was drunk last Tuesday. We should be pleased to set the reverend gentleman right if he is falsely accused, and we are willing to do all in our power to clear him of the disgrace which has fallen upon him; but if these rumors are true, the Church of God ought not to be imposed upon by him.—[Marion County (Ky.) Gazette.

—Veni, Vidi, Vici! This is true of Hall's Hair Renewer, for it is the great conqueror of gray or faded hair, making it look the same even color of youth.

THE TERRIBLE NEW RIFLE.

Liquefied Gas Takes the Place of Powder.

The new Giffard gun is probably the most curious product of recent developments in the construction of small firearms. Its mechanism and the novel principle of its operation are very simple. The projecting power is liquefied gas. Carbonic anhydride, the explosive used till now, becomes liquid under a pressure of 540 pounds to the square inch, and is stored in a steel cylinder nine inches long, which is attached to the underside of the gun barrel. This cylinder contains enough liquid for 150 shots, and is easily detachable. The action of the mechanism in operation is about as follows:

The hammer drives back the piston and closes the chamber against the pressure of the gas and of a spring, so that a little of the liquefied gas may escape. The instant the fluid passes out the chamber closes. The ball on which the escaping gas acts is conical. It is inserted through the aperture and the round plug into which it falls is then revolved, so that the plug and the barrel together present an entirely closed surface.

The firing of the Giffard gun causes no heating of the air or of the mechanism, and makes a noise little louder than the popping of a champagne cork. The gun is very light. It weighs hardly four and one-half pounds. The weight of the charging chamber is only nine ounces. The manufacture is quite inexpensive. Several Birmingham firms have offered to make the guns for $4.86 each, and a Belgian firm is ready to make them for still less.

The principal fault of the new gun is thought to be the shortness of its range. Most modern rifles have a pressure of 30,000 to 35,000, while the Giffard gun has a pressure of only 540 pounds. Although the respective ranges of the guns are far from being proportionate to these figures, it is regarded as improbable that the Giffard gun could do much execution at a distance greater than 2,600 feet. It has been suggested that the range might be lengthened by the use of gas, which requires a heavier pressure to liquify it. As a short range machine gun, however, the Giffard gun is calculated, military authorities say, to do terrible execution.

Another defect of the new gun is said to be that the muzzle must be elevated above the horizontal, since otherwise no fluid at all, but merely gas, would escape from the chamber. Unless the fluid entirely covered the aperture probably none at all would escape, for gas would escape so rapidly that it would fill the small space left for the liquid and create a back pressure against it. Consequently strange things may happen were the gun depressed from its ordinary slightly elevated position to be aimed at an attacking force.

M. Giffard, the inventor of the gun, has long been a famous man in France. He is best known as the inventor of the Giffard injector, although his other inventions are numerous and ingenious.—[New York Sun.

A MODERN MUMMY.

Can Be Seen in the Establishment of a Kansas City Undertaker.

There has been a great deal of valuable time lost and a considerable waste of paper by writers who have deplored at length what they termed the lost art of embalming—the art in which the Egyptians are said to have excelled every people since man's creation. There is an undertaker in Kansas City who has demonstrated beyond a doubt that he can do better work in embalming than even the Egyptians did in their palmiest days of cultivating the art. Nor does he require the profuse use of oils and spices and bolts of linen goods to protect the subject from the ravages of time. No mummies are recovered with the features well preserved. The friends of Clarence Wagner can find no difficulty in tracing the familiar lines of his face, his perfect features and auburn hair and mustache, if they will only visit the undertaking rooms and request to see the embalmed body, says the Kansas City *Star*. Wagner was a native of Germany, and when he died, October 16, 1888, he was thirty years of age. He lived in Kansas City for several years, and was well known in many German societies. His death was due to quick consumption; and occurred in the German hospital in this city. Sickness had absorbed all his means before he was taken to the hospital, and after his death no one claimed the body, which was prepared for burial and held for orders for its final disposal, but none came. The undertaker then conceived the idea of making some experiments with embalming fluids concocted by himself, and the opportunity for a fair test as to their efficacy and durability was afforded. After the arteries were emptied about a half gallon of liquid preservative was injected in them. This liquid contained considerable salt, but the other component parts are kept secret. Every day for a month injections of the liquid were made and the skin thoroughly rubbed with another preparation. The body gradually decreased in size and in six months time it was thoroughly prepared to retain its shape for eternity. Numerous experiments on this subject with the ordinary destructive fluids and with the elements of wind and weather have been made, but it remains intact.

SIX LITTLE ONES.

When a fellow calls on a girl and she sees him she ought to have a flush.—[Philadelphia Times.

Miss Antique—"One of my great-grandfathers was a colonel in the Revolutionary war." "I always heard it was your father."—[Racket.

He—"What a beautiful moon that is, darling! Could you ask for a better one?" She (tired of waiting for him to propose)—"Yes, George—a honeymoon."—[Lippincott's Magazine.

"I am glad to see more of you lately, Miss Struckoyle." "Why, Mr. Dolley, you have seen me often for six months or more." "Yes; but lately you have been in full dress."—[Epoch.

She—"Why do they call them mackintoshes, Mr. Knowitall?" He (helping hers on)—"Generic; that is, mere symbolical name—Scotch, I believe—er—dry, always dry, you know."—[Dry Goods Chronicle.

Mrs. Younghusband (putting the fashionable stringless scrap on her head)—"Why, really, I do not see what will keep this bonnet on!" Mr. Younghusband (shopping with her, glancing at the ticket)—"The price, I think, darling."—[Harper's Bazar.

A MOOD OF THE MODERN.

We men live hard in this unweary time—
Live hard, die hard; our eager passions chime
To the wild conflict of the elements;
And there is nothing in our human sense
Which tires in striving for some better gain,
Some triumph over weakness, over pain,
Some light that shall discover to our eyes
New wonders of the earth and seas and skies.

* * * * * *

And still—for some brief space I have forgot
This modern world which binds me to its lot,
Which stirs me with its deep, undaunted power,
Its trump of progress blaring hour by hour.

* * * * * *

I am content to hear the robins sing;
To commune with the ancient oaks; to fling
My arms about the twining, riotous grass;
To feel the waters gurgle joy and pass;
To look into the heavens; to drink the air
As though it were a wine to soothe despair;
To bathe my tremulous body in the sun
And dream that happy time is never run.
I cast myself on nature in her bloom,
In her full beauty, reckless of my doom;
Reckless of sorrow, of a life defiled—
With the unconscious ardor of a child;
And looking far about and far above,
The whole world seems to speak the speech of love.

—[George Edgar Montgomery, in Cosmopolitan.

Growth of the Salvation Army.

In a recent speech in London, Gen. Booth, the leader of the Salvation Army, gave some interesting statistics as to the growth of the army within the past four years. He said that four years ago "We were in 19 countries; to-day we were in 35. Four years ago we had 1,500 corps; to-day we have 2,821 with 856 outposts. Four years ago we had 1,500 corps and 28,000 meetings per week, but now we have 48,000 meetings per week. Four years ago we held 1,460,000 meetings in the year; to-day we hold two millions and a half per annum to publish the salvation of God and to bring souls to the Savior's feet. We have also 85 slum officers, 188 officers engaged in rescue work, 35 rescue homes, 65 shelter officers and 19 food depots. Four years ago we had 3,600 officers; to-day we have 9,200."

Syrup of Figs,

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently, on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation,

TYING A LIVE KNOT

LESS HARD THAN IT SEEMS.

Champion Charles Smith Explains the Mysteries of the Tricks of Contortionism—Practice the Chief Requisite.

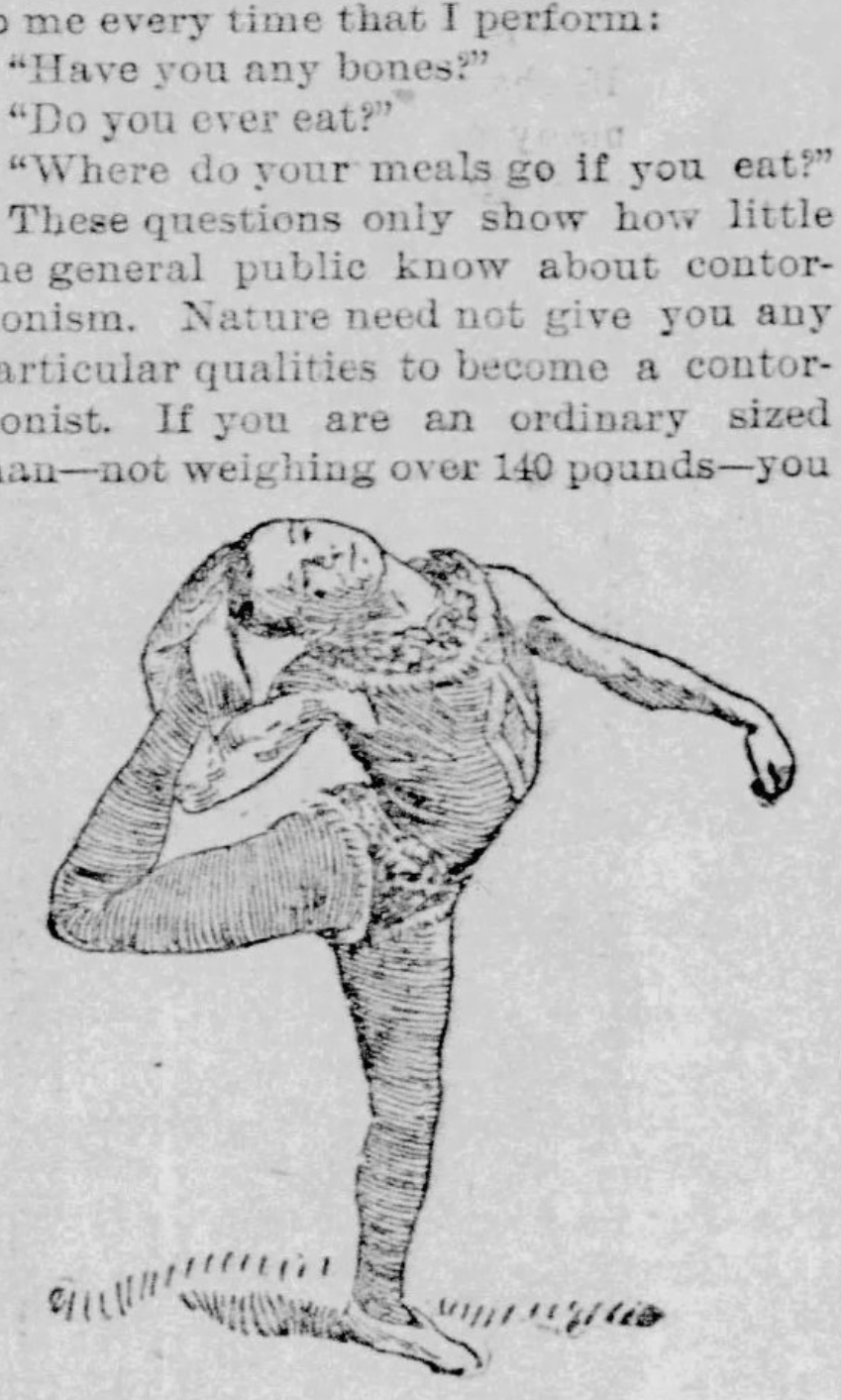
SOME people imagine erroneously that to be a contortionist one has to be "to the manner born," and I have been asked questions that prove that the outsider looks upon the contortionist as a regular wonder. Here are some of the questions that are put to me every time that I perform:

"Have you any bones?"

"Do you ever eat?"

"Where do your meals go if you eat?"

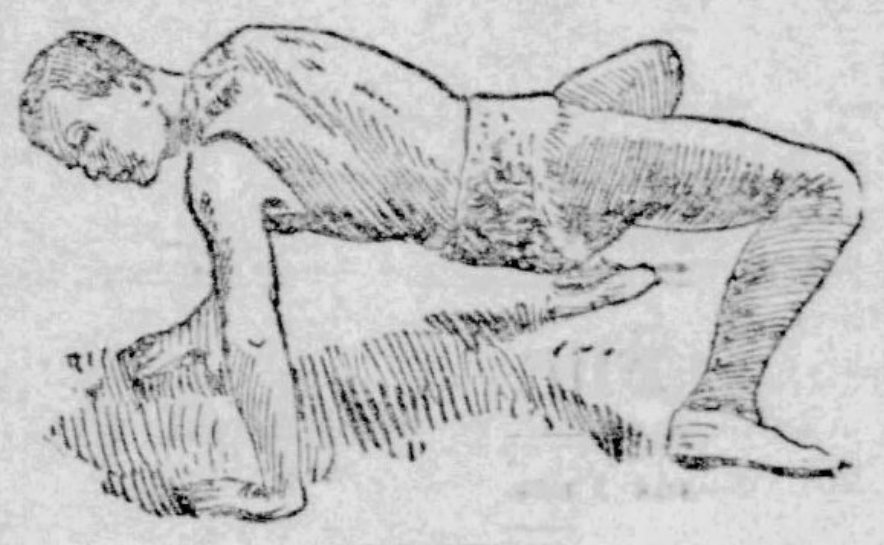
These questions only show how little the general public know about contortionism. Nature need not give you any particular qualities to become a contortionist. If you are an ordinary sized man—not weighing over 140 pounds—you have the qualities absolutely necessary. The rest will depend upon yourself, your patience and perseverance. Some will acquire proficiency in five or six months, while it will take others two years and more to master everything. Some will master it easily, some with difficulty. As in every other branch of gymnastics, constant and persistent practice is absolutely necessary. If you are out of practice bending tires you and leaves a soreness and stiffness in all your limbs, but the gymnast who practices well and constantly need never know what these things mean.



A LEG EXERCISE.

SOME POPULAR ERRORS.

Some persons think the contortionist is compelled to sleep in oiled blankets, so that his joints may be well greased, and there are others who actually believe him entirely boneless. Both opinions, of course, are wrong. Everybody is aware that the spine is not a stiff bone, but composed of pieces which are movable, and can easily be placed and replaced in almost any position. How little it is necessary to be an out-of-the-way person to become a contortionist is proved by the fact that there are very clever female artists in the profession. But as woman belongs to the weaker sex, she is not able to bear the strain as well and as long as man, and therefore she has been obliged to remain in the background.

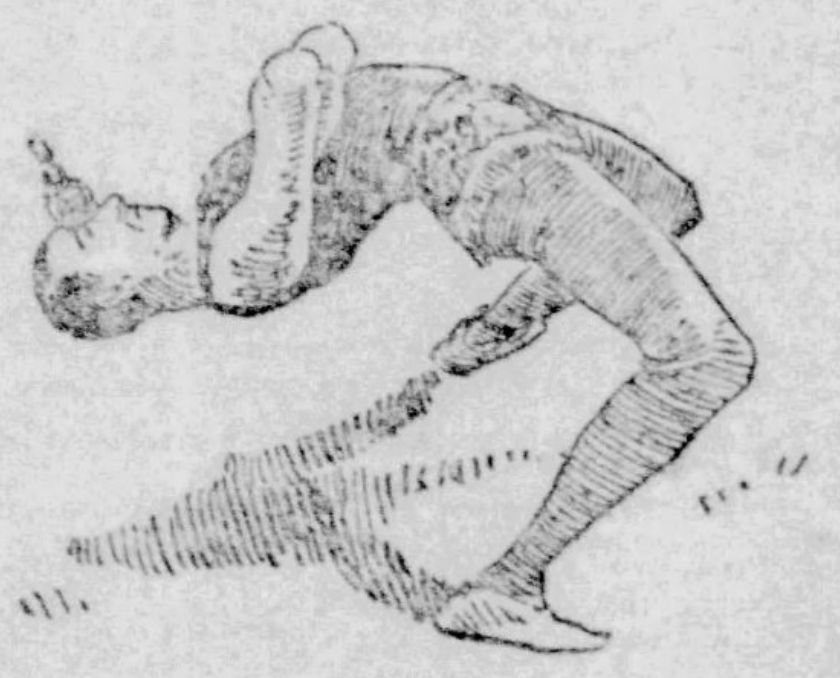


BODY TWIST.

SOME ADVICE.

I should like to give one piece of advice to the beginner. Do not eat before the performance, in order to keep yourself lithe and alert. I should not advise any one to begin bending after he is 20 years of age, as after that time your bones naturally become stiff and settled. The best time to begin practicing contortion is at the age of 15. If one begins before that time there is some danger of injuring the back. It may not be strong enough to stand the strain, although any one of that age should be able to bend backward half way to the floor.

In all the German turn vereins and schools you will find bending one of the most important parts of the exercises. In both the French and German armies back bending is a daily exercise. We are far behind in that respect, the only bending that is practiced in our schools and gymnasiums is forward bending, touching the toes with the hands.



BACKWARD BALANCE.

If you have an ambition to become what I am often called, "an anatomical wonder," I can give you a few suggestions. But I tell you in advance that there is nothing wonderful in what I do and any one who begins at the right age and under the right training can do as well as I have done, provided he has the natural qualifications that I have spoken of.

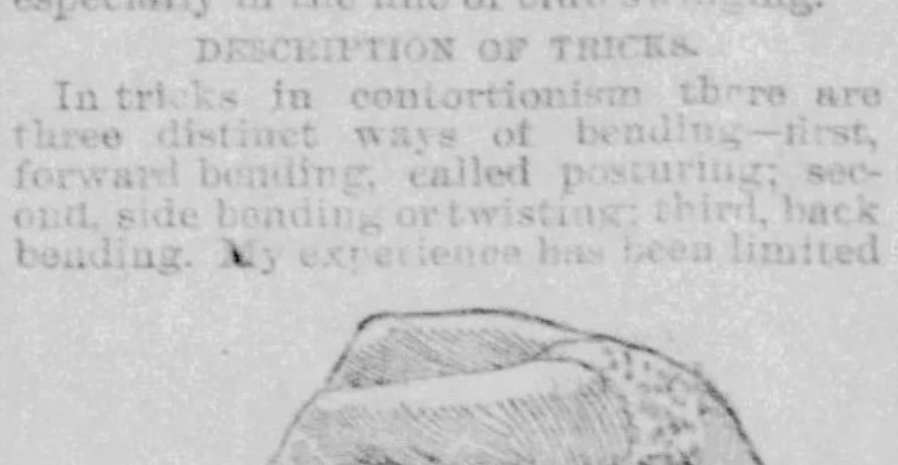
AN EXPERT'S CAREER.

My athletic career began in 1882 when I joined the Young Men's Christian Association. Two years later I joined the Pastime Athletic club and made my debut as a runner, winning my first half mile in 2m. 16s. I took several times a second and third prize.

In 1886 I won my first contortionism championship in Tammany Hall. During the last eight years I have appeared at all the prominent clubs of this city in exhibitions and have won several championships in and out of town, defeating some of the best known amateur athletes, especially in the line of club swinging.

DESCRIPTION OF TRICKS.

In tricks in contortionism there are three distinct ways of bending—first, forward bending, called posturing; second, side bending or twisting; third, back bending. My experience has been limited to two kinds of bending, forward and back. But I soon discovered that in order to become a finished performer I would have to confine myself to one kind only. I chose, therefore, the back bending, as it is the prettiest, hardest and most effective form of contortionism.



GROUND BALANCE.

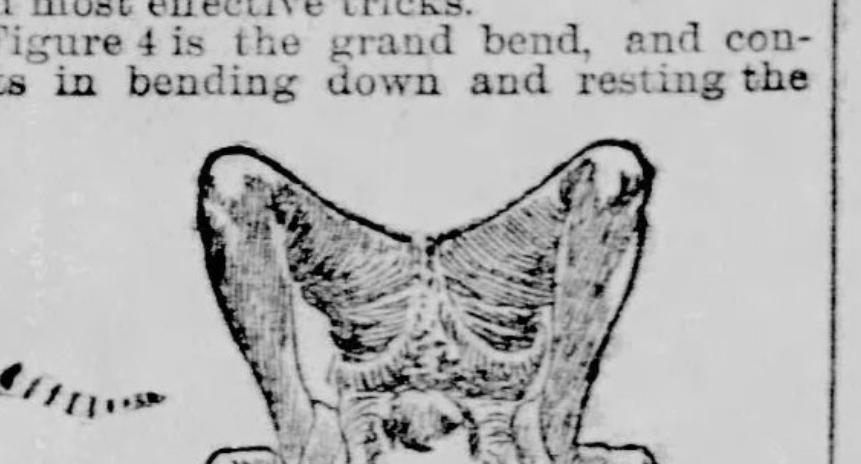
Figure 1 shows about the easiest trick acquired, and can be learned in a very few weeks. The easiest way to learn it is by lying on your stomach, take your right foot in your right hand and draw it up to touch your head. With a little practice you will find that in a short time you can do this with both feet. Then do the same thing standing up, as is shown in the figure.

A BENDING TRICK.

The next trick (figure 2) consists of bending down, touching the floor with the hand and then twisting the body around sideways. The trick is usually very effective and well received by the audience.

Figure 3 shows the performer balancing a lighted lamp upon his forhead, and then bending down slowly until he touches the floor. This trick requires a great amount of practice in order to get so steady that you can balance the lamp safely without risking an explosion. In practicing this trick it is best to use at first some article that rests securely on the forehead and does not break if it should fall. Begin by spreading your legs two feet apart; then fold your arms and bend down slowly until you reach the floor. You will find, in rising again, that you need all your strength in order to come up slowly and keep your lamp well balanced. This is one of my best and most effective tricks.

Figure 4 is the grand bend, and consists in bending down and resting the chest upon the ground while your feet are on the ground, right in front of you. This can only be done after months of practice, and is a favorite trick with the audience.



THE LETTER "O."

In figure 5 the letter "O" is shown. It is simply tying one's self in a knot, and is about the most difficult position in contortion. To do it well a great deal of practice is necessary. It is accomplished by placing the chest on the ground, while taking hold of the feet with the hands.

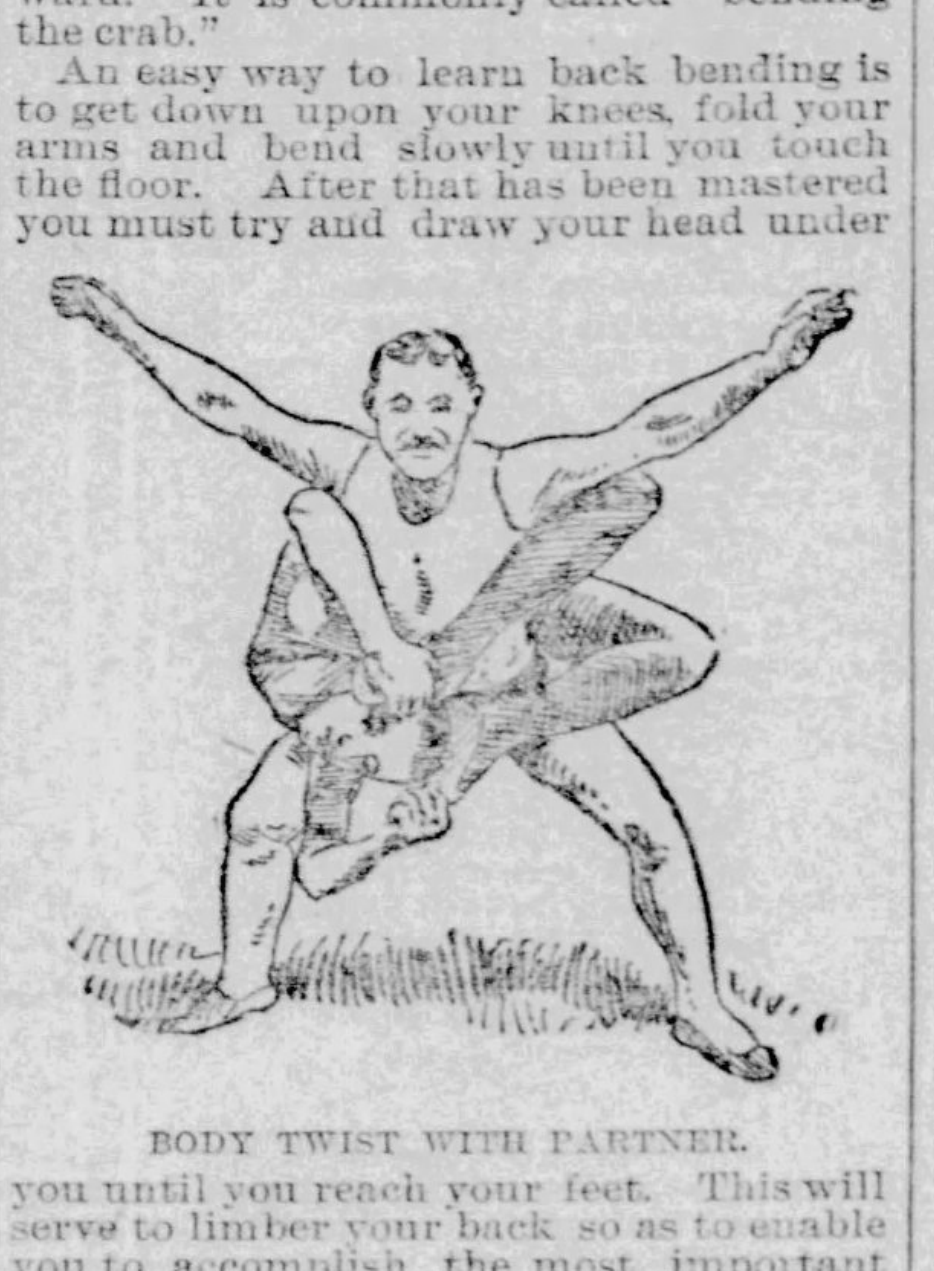
This trick can be done differently and with a separate effect, as is shown in figure 6, when I am tied around the body of an assistant as I was around the body of Champion William Haas when the *Herald* artist photographed me.

A DIFFICULT TWIST.

To attempt either of these positions the performer must be very light and in good practice.

Figure 7 shows Mr. Haas doing a hand stand upon my body while I am standing upon my hands and feet bending backward. It is commonly called "bending the crab."

An easy way to learn back bending is to get down upon your knees, fold your arms and bend slowly until you touch the floor. After that has been mastered you must try and draw your head under you until you reach your feet. This will serve to limber your back so as to enable you to accomplish the most important positions which require closer bending.



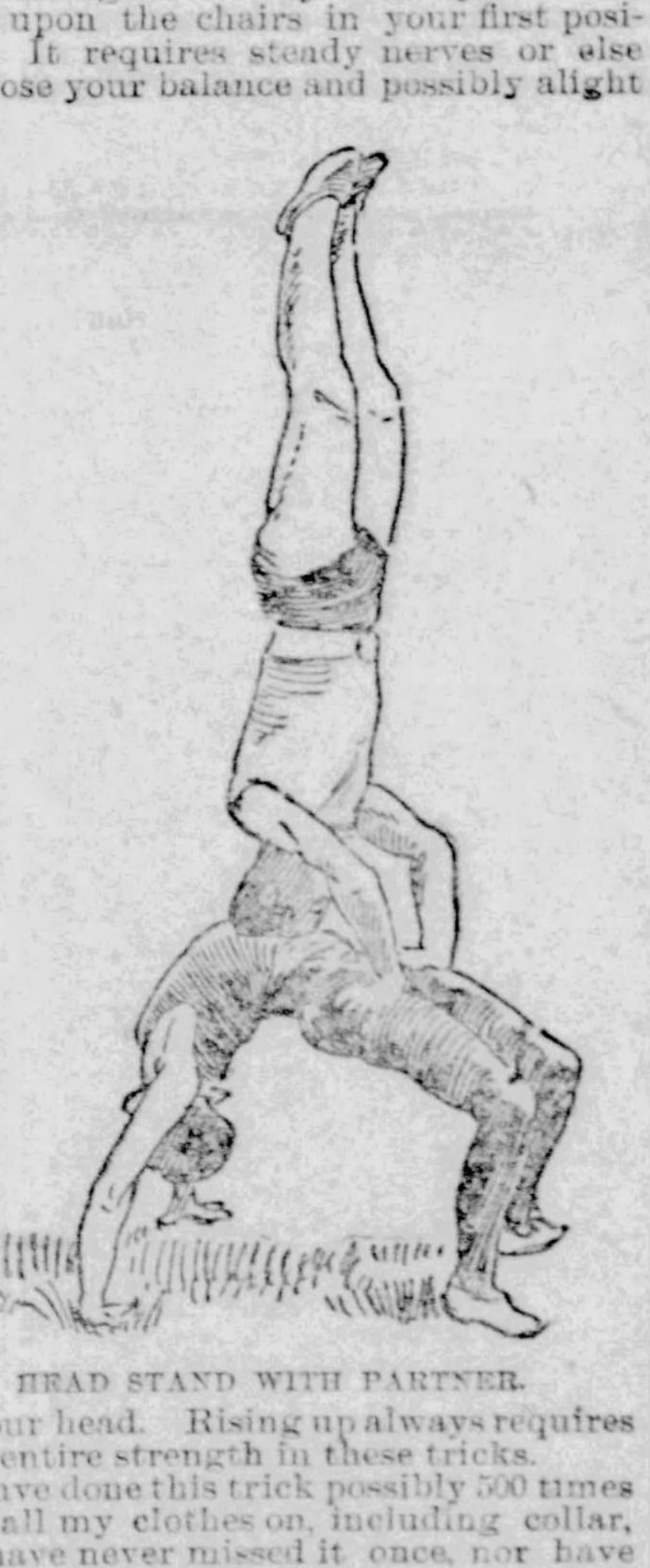
BODY TWIST WITH PARTNER.

There are a good many pretty tricks that can be done with chairs.

A simple one, only requiring a little confidence and strength, is to stand upon a chair and rest your calves against the back of it. Have some strong man sit upon your feet, so as to keep from overbalancing yourself, then fold your arms and bend slowly until you reach the floor. You can add to the finish of the trick by picking up a handkerchief with your teeth. It will take all your strength to raise yourself from the floor.

SOME CHAIR TRICKS.

Another pretty bend is to take two chairs and place them about two feet apart. Put one foot in the center of each one, then bend down backward very steadily until you reach the floor without using your hands in any way. Raise yourself again slowly until you stand erect upon the chairs in your first position. It requires steady nerves or else you lose your balance and possibly alight on your head. Rising up always requires your entire strength in these tricks.



HEAD STAND WITH PARTNER.

I have done this trick possibly 500 times with all my clothes on, including collar, and have never missed it once, nor have I ever had an accident. It requires nothing but confidence in yourself.

To accomplish this trick you will have to begin by practicing on the floor without the use of your hands. When you have mastered that part of it you can try two low chairs, and so on until you can use a regulation size chair. You will find it a very easy performance when once thoroughly studied, just the same as all branches of contortionism. You have to know how to do them, and practice steadily and patiently.

CHARLES E. SMITH.

You Take No Risk

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building-up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

History As It Is Taught.

A Southern contemporary asks the *Herald* to "correct its history." "Recognition of the Southern Confederacy by England," we are informed, we "would have enabled the Confederacy to have bought as many ships as it needed in England. With such ships it could have broken the blockade of its ports and shipped its cotton and thereby maintained the value of its money, and under such conditions its success would have been assured."

It is a pity, at least for the minds of the minds of the growing generations in the South, that history should be so taught. The recognition of the Southern Confederacy by England—or for that matter by all the powers of the Continent—would not have changed a single campaign. In armed vessels the North, during the later years of the rebellion, was stronger than any maritime power. We could have sent a hundred Alabamas to prey on English commerce, and as General Grant observed, "If Sheridan had not taken Canada in thirty days he would have cashiered him."

Why not look the facts in the face? The war for the Union was fought and won, as wars since the beginning of time when men commenced the chivalric business of cutting each others' throats have always been fought and won, by superior science, force, endurance and skill. If England and France could have intervened to the injury of the Republic they would not have hesitated. We owe them no thanks for their forbearance. They simply did not dare.—[N. Y. Herald.

A Benevolent Hope.

Mrs. Cumso—Well, Harry's wife is certainly a thing of beauty.

Cumso—I hope she won't be a jaw forever.—[Yenowine's News.

Mark all the belles that grace the ball,
Blonde or brunette, full-formed or slight,
And she, you'll find, transcends them all,
Whose teeth are the most pure and white—
Whose toilet never knows the want
Of the victorious SOZODONT.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions for this department from the old soldiers are solicited by the editor; but short and lively personal and historical sketches, interesting reminiscences, etc., are preferable. Every comrade will be recognized, and no contribution will be overlooked. Nothing from the records is desired, as we are supplied with a full set.

The "House of Lords."

AS ONE soldier who was a delegate from Ohio to the National Encampment at Boston, I desire to inform the thousands of soldier readers of THE BLADE as to what was done with the proposition to abolish the "House of Lords." I need not comment upon the fact, so notoriously well known in all the Grand Army posts, and by all the comrades everywhere, that past department commanders and national commanders, of whom there are now about 500, are members for life of the National Encampment. They are almost a majority now, and at Detroit, next year, will be a majority! Once in office always in office, is their motto. They set up the pins, rule the roost, and make up all the committees. They absolutely run the machine, and the common elective delegates have now no more to say in the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic than they have in the Loyal Legion.

Our noble order has become an aristocratic body of life members, yearly increasing in numbers and power, completely outvoting, overshadowing, silencing and overpowering the delegates elected by the states.

Do the comrades read the reports of the encampment, and fully realize that all power has passed away from them?

No one pretends to deny these facts. Accordingly, at our last department encampment in Ohio, it was ordered unanimously that the Ohio delegation be instructed to vote as a unit to destry this odious system of life tenure, at Boston. We did so, with the exception of Gen. Keifer, who disregarded instructions, and not only voted for, but spoke for the continuance of the system, because he is a past department commander and would be affected by the change. The rest of us voted solidly to destroy it. So did Massachusetts, with one or two exceptions, like Keifer. The gag of "the previous question" was put on, the lords crowded it through, we were not permitted to speak, and the motion was lost.

No private soldier or elective delegate could get recognition at the hands of the lords. The methods of the Loyal Legion have come to dominate our noble order, and crowded the men of the ranks into back seats. We have a voice in our posts, and departments, but are not tolerated at all at the National Encampment, unless we do the bidding of the brigadiers and life members.

If any one questions these statements, not as my theory, but a very moderate statement of the facts as they occurred at Boston, I can establish them, and much more, by the unanimous testimony of every delegate from Ohio, most of whom will put it stronger than I do.

Have not things come to a pretty pass in the Grand Army of the Republic when a few bosses who have happened to be elected department and national commanders thus override and gag the rank and file of the comrades elected as delegates?

Any one who was there knows that the lords were put on every committee to the exclusion of elected delegates, and set things up in their own personal interest. The voices of the great states of Ohio and Massachusetts were smothered by these bosses! It is an outrage. The system must be changed. We will not let up until the life-tenure is destroyed. Pulverize the House of Lords!

What say the comrade readers of THE BLADE?—PRIVATE DALZELL.

The Oldest Soldier.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I saw an article in the Camp Fire of August 21, stating that Francis Dutton, of Barnhill, Ohio, was the oldest soldier of the late rebellion, now living. Comrade James Revett, of Meade Post No. 44, department of Indiana, G. A. R., was 94 years old August 14, 1890. He was an Englishman by birth, enlisted in the English army when but a boy, and served four years. He then came to this country and declared himself an adopted son of America. He worked at shoemaking until the breaking out of the rebellion, and when the drums began to beat it fired up the old war spirit. He threw down the hammer, left the bench, and was one of the first to offer his services to his adopted country. He enlisted early in 1861, in Co. F, 44th Ind. Vol. Inft., as a private, and served his country until after the battle of Shiloh, where he received an injury that was the cause of his discharge some time after.

He is still quite active, and attends the post meetings as regularly as most of the members. On the 8th of this month he took a notion to attend Barnum's show at Bryan, Ohio, about fourteen miles distant. Without the knowledge of his son he dressed himself, walked to the depot, boarded the train, and went and saw the circus, side shows and all, returning the same night, not much the worse of the trip.

He is patriotic to the core, and wears the blue at all times. Come to the front, boys, and beat him if you can! Now some of you may think this a big story, or a "grape vine," but if you doubt the statement I can furnish affidavits as to the truthfulness of the same.—D. D. D., Butler, Ind.

From Atlanta to Nashville.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—When Sherman was preparing for his famous march to the sea it happened to fall to the lot of the 5th Iowa to turn over what horses they had to the 97th Ohio and 4th Tenn., and take the cars for Nashville, there to report to Gen. Wilson for duty. The main cause of this being chosen to go back, was the consolidation of the veterans of the old 5th Inft., who, being without horses, it was necessary they at least should proceed to Nashville to get a mount. It was ordered that the regiment all proceed to Louisville, get a remount and return to Nashville, all of which was accomplished in time to meet the invasion of Hood at Columbia, on Duck river. But it was of that never-to-be-forgotten journey from Atlanta to Nashville, on the top of box-cars, that I wished to write. It was the suffering I endured during those long nights of incessant rain, with the whole company crowded onto the top, while our luggage occupied the inside of the cars, and, being in a weakened condition anyway, that left me an invalid for the rest of my life. After two days of toiling and two nights of vigilance, we arrived at what seemed to be the end. The road for half a mile was literally burned up. Here is where our little Col. J. M. Young showed the pluck that knew no such word as defeat. When I saw the little man's coat come off it put new life into my well-nigh paralyzed frame. I was so unfortunate as to tumble off the cars during the night, or, as it happened near morning, just as we were at the break in the road. It was this fall from the top of the car that burst the drum in my right ear, causing the entire loss of hearing in that ear. I could do but little to assist the workers, but I helped Sergt. Brown in establishing a guard on the road. We discovered that the rebel cavalry that destroyed the track, were still near by, but they kept at a safe distance from the boys' carbines. All day the work of rebuilding the burned road went merrily on under the efficient direction of jolly Tom Spring, of Co. H, a big-hearted Pat. In the evening the work was completed, the whistle sounded for "all aboard," and again we moved slowly on. I do not now remember the name of the engineer, but a truer, braver man never lived. He knew he was exposed to an ambush, but he stuck to his post. Repeatedly he was the target for the murderous bushranger, but he would only laugh. As many of the boys as he would permit, staid by him. Suddenly, at a crossing, a rattling volley peppered the engine. The brakes were put on in a moment, and the train came to a standstill. A line of battle was formed in the dark. The rebels only waited for one volley, when we could hear their horses' feet as they clattered away at full speed, and they bothered us no more. We stood to arms until daylight, when we moved on. That day we reached Chattanooga, and right here I think I had the greatest surprise of my life. I was dozing, being nearly worn out. We had passed the town, and I waked partially up, raising myself to a sitting posture. We were on a high trestle that crosses a deep valley just below Chattanooga. There was a train of army wagons in the valley miles away, it seemed to me, below us.

The idea occurred that we must have left the earth. I was on the point of asking Sergt. Brown, my bunkmate, what it all meant, when the train rolled off the trestle and I discovered that we were still on *terra firma*. The boys, seeing my wild looks and astonishment, of course were convulsed with laughter, which had the effect of nettling me, but I could not forbear asking Brown if we had passed over Pluto's regions, which made them fairly roar again. Any one that ever went over the long trestle near Chattanooga can imagine the effect on a tired-out, half-dead man, coming out of a fitful sleep on top of an old box-car. The first thing my eyes met were mule teams, miles below me. The mules resembled rats, and the drivers appeared so small they reminded me of Gulliver's pygmies of Lilliput.—DAN KNIGHT.

Let it Pass.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—I see in THE BLADE July 31, a letter headed "No Love for Traitors." Now, although I am not one of the boys (in fact no boy at all), that letter expresses my views exactly. I have watched the Camp Fire from week to week, and if one of the old boys makes a mistake of a few moments more or less in the time a certain shot was fired, or in the name of the person who fired first or last, why, let it pass. All could not be first. Much as I love to read the letters, I don't like so much bickering. If one stood in water over his head and was left to tell of it, why let him tell it. I am glad Dan Knight was spared to write for THE BLADE. Long may he live, and write letters and spin yarns! Long live the old soldiers to write, and THE BLADE to publish their letters.—M. M.

The Alliance and the Soldier.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—Just to show the boys how much use the Farmers' Alliance has for the old soldiers, here is an item from the Wichita (Kan.) *Eagle*:

"MARION, Kan., Aug. 5.—At a meeting of the Farmers' Alliance, at Whipple schoolhouse, last night, a few miles from Marion, the following infamous words were allowed to remain on the blackboard during the entire session: 'The Grand Army is the scum of this country, and the country would be better off if they were all dead. Would to God that they had all died at Gettysburg.' Because such execrable sentiments were permitted to remain on the board during the meeting eight Republican members withdrew and washed their hands of the Alliance under its present control."

Nearly every old soldier that belongs to the Alliance, with whom I am acquainted, say they will not vote with that organization. Indeed, us old soldiers do not want any secret society to run the government for which we fought so long and hard to save. I served three years in Co. C, 6th N. Y. Artillery.—MATTHEW KELLEY.

A Slight Error.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE—In THE BLADE of August 28, I notice that Owen T. Wright has the Gibraltar Brigade made up of the 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th W. Va., and the 14th Ind. reg'ts. This information is wrong. The Gibraltar Brigade was composed, when it received the name at Antietam, of the 4th and 8th O. V. I., the 7th W. Va., and the 4th Ind.—C. LAMKIN, Co. A, 8th O. V. I.

Splinters.

Comrade Thad Drew: "The song, 'The Noble Lads of Canada,' will be published in the 'Old War Songs.'"

Comrade J. R. Leslie reads THE BLADE, and appreciates the soldiers' stories in the Camp Fire, for he was a soldier himself.

E. T. Algeo desires that the song entitled "The Soldier's Boy," be published in THE BLADE. Perhaps some reader can send a copy of the song for publication.

A reunion of the Army of the Cumberland will be held in Toledo September 16, 17, and 18.

Charley W. Arnold, a soldier's son 12 years old, says: "My father served in Co. K, 8th Ills. Inft. I read THE BLADE and would like to see letters in the Camp Fire from comrades of my father's regiment."

S. A. Wait, a Kansas S. of V., writes: "I am a member of D. C. Haskell Camp, No. 133, S. of V., Division of Kansas, situated at Santa Fe, Kas. My father, A. P. Wait, served three years in Co. D, 3d Ills. Cav. Vols. I am a reader of THE BLADE and would like to hear from other members of the S. of V. through the Camp Fire."

The first reunion of colored soldiers ever held in Tipton county, Tenn., was held at Mineral Springs, near Tabernacle, Tenn. A large number were present, not only the old soldiers, but citizens as well. Hon. James F. Bernard, president of colored State Wheel of Tenn., and a Republican held in high esteem all over the Tenth Congressional district, was speaker of the day. Abraham Hampton was chaplain, Dan Hill commander, and Col. Jackson Doyle drilled the old soldiers. It was a pleasant and successful reunion.

Information Wanted.

☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines, one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Any old soldier who remembers or served with James Ohare during the war, will confer a favor by writing me at Powderly, Ky. He entered the service from Pa. or Ohio.—MARY E. OHARE.

Wanted.—The address of Elias Potts, formerly of this county.—CALVIN CURTIS, Modena, Mercer Co., Mo.

BUILDING A LARGE VESSEL.

The State of California for the Traffic Between Brooklyn and Glasgow.

The State line of steamships, running between Brooklyn and Glasgow, are shortly to augment their fleet of vessels with a larger one by 1,000 tons than any yet in the line. The vessel is the State of California, which is now being built by Alexander Steven & Son, in Glasgow.

The State of California is to be in length 400 feet over all, 32 feet 8 inches in depth, 7 feet 11½ inches between upper and main deck, 7 feet 11 inches between main and lower deck. She is 6,000 tons measure, barkentine rigged, one funnel and triple expansion engines. She is built under special survey in the highest class of Lloyds, and is in every respect up to the most exacting requirements of the board of trade.

The vessel is built entirely of the best steel, with cellular double bottom divided into seven compartments, and has water tight bulkheads. She has two decks, main and lower, entirely of steel. The steering apparatus is run by steam gear, and is one of the special points of the vessel, it being so fine that she may be easily turned in her own length by a small wheel, less than a couple of feet in diameter, from the bridge of the vessel, where all the steering apparatus is situated.

Special attention has been paid in the designing to the comfort and accomodations for the saloon passengers. The promenade deck is another feature of the new steamship to which a great deal of attention has been paid. It is eight feet above the upper deck, and extends from the front of the saloon 152 feet aft, and the whole breadth of the vessel. The accommodations for steerage are fully ventilated by up and down draught ventilators of the most improved pattern. The vessel is lighted by electricity throughout, and is to have a builder's guarantee of fourteen knots speed an hour.

A NERVE TONIC.

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. EPHRAIM BATEMAN, Cedarville, N. J., says: *"I have used it for several years not only in my practice, but in my own individual case, and consider it under all circumstances one of the best nerve tonics that we possess. For mental exhaustion or overwork it gives renewed strength and vigor to the entire system."*

And Not a Sparrow Shall Fall.

In Grand street the other day several people cried out in terror at seeing a ragged, bareheaded girl of 6, almost under the feet of a coal cart horse. A man seized her by the arm and swung her to the walk, and as he looked down upon her he said:

"Why, child, you might have been killed!"

"Yes, but I had to save him, you see," she replied, holding out her hand and exhibiting a sparrow which had somehow received an injury and fallen to the street.—[New York Sun.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA TRADE MARK

Hood's Sarsaparilla has by its peculiar merit and its wonderful cures won the confidence of the people, and is to-day the most popular blood purifier and strengthening medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, headache, kidney and liver complaint, catarrh, rheumatism, etc. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

OLD WAR SONGS—LXXII.

HORNET AND PEACOCK—1813.

Ye Demo's, attend, and ye Federals, too;
I'll sing you a song that you all know is true,
Concerning the Hornet, true stuff, I'll be bail;
That humbled the Peacock, and lowered her tail;

CHORUS—Sing hubber, O, bubber, cries old Grany Weal,
The Hornet can tickle the British bird's tail;
Her stings are sharp, and they'll pierce without fail,
Success to our navy, cries old Granny Weal.

This bird it was bred in the land of King George,
Her feathers were fine, her tail very large;
She spread forth her wings, like a ship in full sail,
And prided herself in the size of her tail.

King George then says, "To America go,
The Hornet—the Wasp, is the British king's foe,
Pick them up, my dear bird, spread your wings to the gale,
But beware of those insects," cries old Granny Weal.

Away flew this bird at the word of command,
Her flight was directed to Freedom's own land;
The Hornet discovered her wings on the sail,
And quickly determined to tickle her tail.

So at it they went, it was both pick and sting,
The Hornet still working keen under her wing,
"American insects," quoth she, "I'll be bail,"
Will humble the king bird, and tickle her tail.

The Peacock, now mortally, under her wing,
Did feel the full force of the Hornet's sharp sting;
She flattened her crest like a shoal on the wall,
Sunk down by her side, and lowered her tail.

Here's success to brave Lawrence, who well knew the nest,
Where the Hornet and Wasp with honor did rest,
We'll send them with force, and with skill, I'll be bail,
We'll humble King George, and tickle his tail.

LONGSTREET'S VISIT TO KNOXVILLE.

[Air—Yankee Manufacture.]

Come, gather 'round, my Yankee boys,
And listen to my ditty,
I'll tell you all about Longstreet's
Visit to this city,
And how the rebs around him flocked,
While he made a long oration,
Saying, "Boys, we'll drive the Yankees out
And run them like tarnation."

CHORUS—So pass the grog and drink unto
The Union's preservation;
Old Longstreet and his rebel crew
Are running like tarnation!

Says he, "My boys, on our success
Our fate depends, by thunder!
And if we meet with a defeat
Our government's gone under;
So charge upon their raw recruits
Without procrastination,
We'll make them fly to wooden hams
To save them from starvation."

But little did old Longstreet know
The boys that had to meet him,
That fought on old Virginia soil
At Bull Run and Antietam.
The Western boys from Illinois,
And the Buckeyes, won't knock under,
And Yankees' steel it made them squeal,
And old Kentuck, by thunder!

The rebels made a bold advance;
To bag us they intended;
And up the hill on double quick
The chivalry ascended;
Our battery's fire and Burnside wire,
It caused them for to stumble,
And head o'er heels into our ditch,
Like "bull-frogs" they did tumble.

Our boys did on them quickly pile
Amid their great confusion,
Resolved that they should pay the cost,
For such a bold intrusion.
And if, my friend, I have received
The proper information,
The rebs will never charge again
Who charged on that occasion.

But finding in our raw recruits,
They were sadly mistaken;
The rebs they soon picked up their traps
And left, to save their bacon.
Now Knoxvill's free from chivalry,
And Wolford's in his saddle;
He swears outright he'll make them fight
Or quickly to skedaddle!

THE SHORT-LIVED HUMORIST.

Robert J. Burdette Thinks His Fame is Rather Transient.

So scarce is the funny man that you must seek for him when you want him. He is not nearly so numerous as his reputation. He loves life and light and warmth, and is so vivacious in his mere enjoyment of life that possibly he sometimes multiplies himself to one's irritated imagination, as one light-winged, restless fly, child of the summer, seems to be a hundred or a thousand to the wise man, bent upon improving his mind and tempting eternity by reading the "Encyclopædia Britannica." The "end man" is a May fly, living in the sunshine for one happy day and then forgotten. In a semi-critical paper a few months since Mr. Lunkens mentions by name about 250 American humorits who have made merry with their friends during the past 200 years. It is a pathetic record of strangers. Read it and underline the names which have a familiar sound to your ears.

Blot out the names you cannot remember to have read or heard before, and if you are under 40 years of age the condensation of the paper will startle you. The people have not been led into the wilderness of frivolity by the end man. Sometimes the funny man, in a moment of madness, consents to lecture two nights in succession. The second lecture is almost invariably a dismal failure. "One consecutive night" is the limit of the funny man's course. But people do like to be amused a little, and so the end man is usually put on. Frequently he is informed—and the unconscious seriousness of the committeeman who so informs him is funnier than anything in the lecture—that "we have had the very best lecturers in the country on our course this winter, the strongest minds and the greatest thinkers in America, and now our people want a little change."—[Rob. J. Burdette in Forum.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Chicago's Method of Computation.

Chicagoan (to New Yorker)—I say, now, didn't we push you in the census, though?

New Yorker—Yes; but didn't your figures include your estimates of the people who may attend the World's Fair?—[Puck.

She Couldn't.

Mrs. McCrackle—"Did you try that deaf-mute servant I sent you?" Mrs. McCorkel—"Yes; but she didn't answer."—[Lippincott's.

Their Favorite Promenade.

Gazzam—Have you noticed that loss of memory often accompanies deafness?

Maddox—No; does it?

Gazzam—Yes; deaf men seem to forget that trains have the right of way on a railway track.—[Racket.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Small Entrance From Teat to Udder.

I. W., Pennsylvania: It is no unusual thing for the entrance through the teat to be small. The best thing you can do to enlarge the hole in the teat of your young Jersey cow, will be to get a milking tube and insert it. These tubes may be had by ordering through a hardware establishment. If you are not in a locality to do this, take a small goose quill, oil it, and gently twist it with thumb and finger into the teat. You must be careful not to insert the quill more than the length of the teat, as you may injure the udder. By inserting the quill before milking for about two weeks, the hole in the teat becomes enlarged. A milking tube, however, is in every way the better article.

Capped Elbow in Colt.

A. F. M., Kansas: Capped elbow (shoe boil) is a tumor, or sometimes a simple abscess, caused by the crushing and bruising by the caulk or heel of the shoe, on the point of the elbow, behind the shoulder. When first noticed, if there are signs of pus, the enlargement should be lanced and the pus allowed to escape. Then the part should be washed out with chloride of zinc, 15 grains; water, 1 pint. If it has existed for a length of time, and has become hard, the tumor should be cut out and afterward treated as a simple cut. If this part has not become partly callused, it may be reduced by applying iodine, ½ oz.; soap liniment, 6 ozs. When the evil is first noticed a thick pad should be suspended, apron-like, over the heel, being strapped or buckled around the pastern, whenever the colt is expected to lie down. This will prevent the bruising, and the boil will disappear.

Fistula of the Withers.

A. A., Monmouth: Fistula of the withers (called thistolo by the unscientific) is an injury that is in its character very similar to poll evil, the location giving it a different name. It is mostly caused by bruises from the fore part of ill-fitting saddles. Horses with high withers are more apt to be troubled with it than others. In the early stages the serous processes, as soon as they are noticed to be inflamed, should be protected, so that bruising and pressure is prevented. Then apply cold vinegar, keeping the part constantly wet. If the trouble has run on so that pus has formed, the part should be freely opened with a sharp knife, the incision being made well down, so that the pus may escape freely. The ulcers should be syringed with carbolic acid water, 1 part of acid to 5 parts of water, and dressed with any kind of healing ointment. When the fistula has formed, and is running, as in your horse, search for the lowest pouch which contains pus, make a free incision into it and, after the escape of the pus, inject with this: chloride of zinc 1 dr., water 1 pt. A seaton tape is sometimes passed through the fistula to make it take on healthy action. After the healing process begins dress with petroleum or healing ointment of any kind. With good food and proper care the fistula may be cured. You are advised to examine the horse's foot for corns. If any, you will find them in the triangular space between the bars and the wall at the heel. They are nearly always found, if present, in the inside heel. See that your saddle fits properly. Fistula may be caused by a blow, or by the hoofs striking against a hard substance.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for THE BLADE FARMSTEAD.

The Honest, Industrious Farmer.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God."

Who labors hard from day to day,
To feed mankind (one-half at play);
Getting no thanks, and little pay?
The honest, industrious farmer.

Who opens purse, divides his store
To feed the hungry, starving poor,
And drive the gaunt wolf from their door?
The honest, industrious farmer.

Who honors every honest man,
And always does the best he can,
Choosing the best and wisest plan?
The honest, industrious farmer.

Who hates and fights the Whisky-Ring—
That says that alcohol is king,
And stamps its curse on everything?
The honest, industrious farmer.

Who ought to kick the lazy tramp,
And every mean, dishonest scamp,
And "clean out" every gipsy camp?
The honest, industrious farmer.

Who could defend with his strong arm
His Uncle Sam, and run his farm
With less expense and "like a charm?"
The honest, industrious farmer.

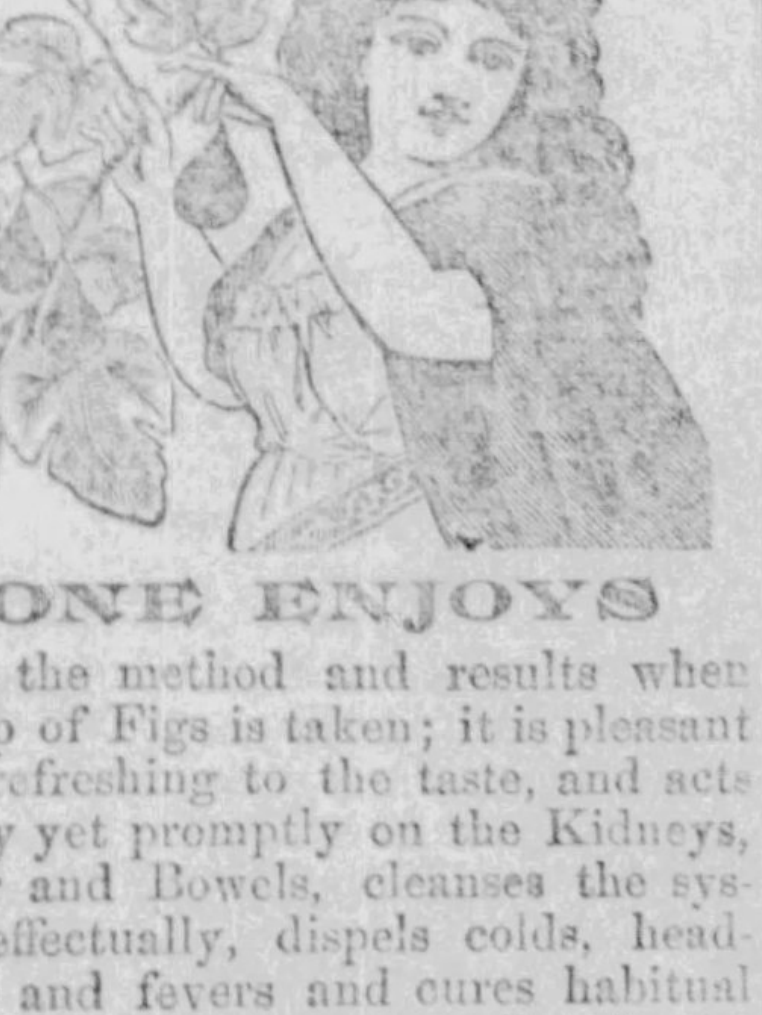
Swords into plowshares who would beat;
Spears into pruning hooks complete,
That all might have enough to eat?
The honest, industrious farmer.

Who, when on earth his race is run;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Will hear the cheering words "well done?"
The honest, industrious farmer.

—A. B. S., Lycoming County, Penn.

Poultry as a Business.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—For many years I have always looked at THE BLADE FARM first, to see what was said about poultry, and now I suppose we will always have something on the subject. Poultry as a business is of vast importance to the people of the United States, and the business done is said to exceed that of wheat. There is no need of calling upon the foreign hen for eggs while we have a surplus of grain which might be fed to hens with good profit by selling their eggs, while now much of it is sold in the West with but little profit. I am glad steps have been taken to have a duty placed upon eggs. It certainly would benefit a large class of our people. But as it is, it is a good business if we can manage so as to get all there is in it. In the management is where so many fail. It is not child's play by any means, but a business that must be learned, and the more we try to keep the greater skill required in the management. If we do not know how to overcome the many obstacles in the way, failure will be the rule, and success the exception. Considering from the many ups and downs I have had in trying to learn just how to manage a large number of chickens so as to make them profitable at the market price, I am not surprised that so many resort to keeping pure-bred poultry at fancy prices. While all could raise pure-bred poultry we could not sell at fancy prices. We must depend upon the market. If I had seen the dark side of the business in the beginning, no doubt I would have been discouraged like many others, and given it up in disgust. But I succeeded with good results and with little work for several years. I thought poultry could not be profitable very long, as they were so largely raised, it would soon be over done. But when my little chicks began to droop, many of them die, the hens get lame and blind and many of them get sick and die every year; I found I had much to learn. It would require pages to relate my bitter experience in giving the many remedies, using disinfectants, cleaning and whitewashing. Some years I thought I got good pay for the feed consumed, if not for my labor. Other years all was lost, and now I will say for the benefit of those who may be reading with a view of going into the business, the most useful lessons were learned out among the chickens. Study their natural appearance and habits, then you can more readily tell when there is any thing wrong and just what it is. There are many obstacles in the way of success, but disease is the greatest. While good feed and care has a great deal to do in making poultry profitable, there is much of it wasted upon worthless fowls that are continually getting something the matter with them. I know the idea prevails that chickens are not as healthy as they were in former years, but after twenty years of experience in the business, I do not believe such to be the case. If we were more careful to select only strong, healthy birds to breed from, that are clear from lice and the minute parasite which infests the skin of the chicken the editor has a few times spoken of, we would have few sick chickens. There are thousands of chickens killed every year by giving them medicine. I have no use for medicine of any kind. I will, in future, tell you something about how I find best to manage chickens. — H. MAGEE, Missouri.



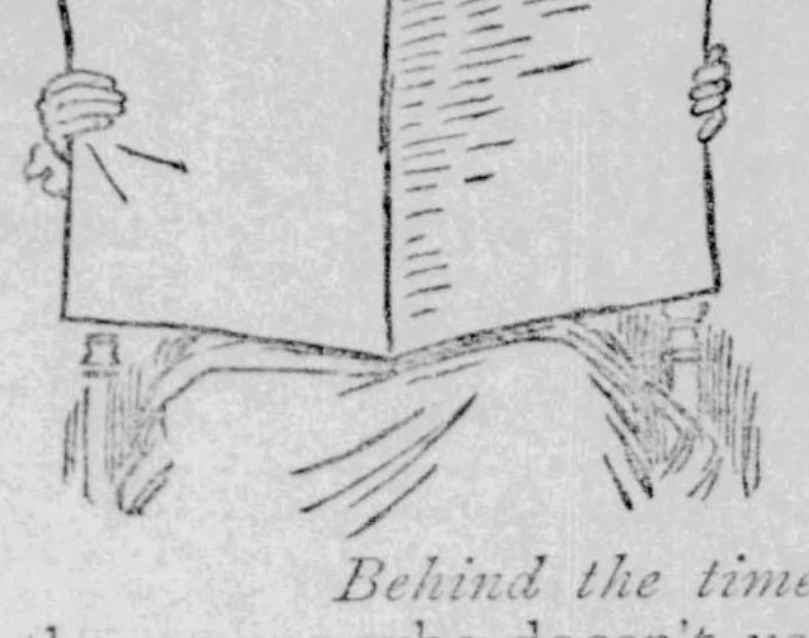
SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



Behind the times—the women who doesn't use Pearline; behind in her work, too, both in quantity and quality. With Pearline, work is easier and better. Clothes can be washed without being worn out; cleaning can be done without scouring and scrubbing. All that it does is done without danger; the only danger is in getting something else.

Beware of imitations which are being peddled from door to door. First quality goods do not require such desperate methods to sell them. PEARLINE sells on its merits, and is manufactured only by
202 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Destroying Moles

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—In last week's paper I saw a request for information in regard to destroying moles. I have never caught any myself, but I have seen them caught, and the way it is done is as follows: Take a small piece of board about the length and breadth of a mole; bore a small hole near each corner and one in the center; then get two small pieces of some kind of supple wood about long enough to reach round a mole: whittle it into a round shape that will fit the holes in the board; whittle one side of them flat; then cut a crease along the flat side of sufficient size to lay a piece of twine in; bend them in the shape of an ox-bow, with the flat side inwards; put the ends of them into the holes at the corners, one bow at each end of the board; then prepare a little forked stick to put in the hole at the center; take two pieces of twine long enough to reach round the bow and up through the hole in the center; put the forked stick up through the hole with the forks spreading crosswise of the trap; spread a little mud or clay over the string in the bows to keep them there; then carefully open one of the runs of the moles and place the trap into it, with the bows downwards; cover it up carefully round the edges of the trap; then place two hooked sticks, one near each end, with the hooks reaching across the trap; press them into the ground pretty firmly. Two straight sticks will do. Stick in the ground firmly, slanting so as to cross each other over the trap; then take a tolerable supple stick 3 or 4 feet long; stick it firmly into the ground a few feet from the trap; tie a string to the upper end of it and bend it down to the string on the trap and tie them together, and it is done. The long stick should be such a one as will spring up with considerable force. Possibly I might have made some little mistake, but think not. It is 70 years since I saw them. Many farmers in England pay a professional mole catcher to keep their farms clear of them, and the way I have described is the way they do it.

P. S.—There should be a running noose at the end of each string that goes round the inside the bows. I have seen thousands of acres of land in Eastern Iowa that was unfit for cultivation till the moles were destroyed. It was dreadfully infested by them.—JAS. WYLDE, Audrain Co., Missouri.

Cabbage Worms.

EDITOR BLADE FARMSTEAD:—In answer to a question how to kill cabbage worms I know this will save the cabbage. I have saved ours the last four years: Take alum, dissolve in water in tub or barrel, until it turns white, and use plant sprinkler and sprinkle every day while worms are thick on cabbage; then two or three times a week. It is harmless to anything but cabbage worms.—MRS. M. J. MILLER, Johnson Co., Iowa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tuberculosis and Milch Cows.

As to conclusions drawn from investigations, the State Cattle Commission of Massachusetts say:

The commissioners believe that the magnitude of the evil and the danger attending it cannot be too fully realized by cattle owners or consumers of cattle products, nor can the truth be known too soon. Tuberculosis does exist to a greater or less extent among the cattle of the state, and has existed among cattle herds for thousands of years. It can be kept in check or eradicated only by understanding and observing the influences which permit the continuance of its existence. This work, to be successful, should be entered upon by all. The Jews, who make the inspection of meats a religious duty, are nearly exempt from this disease. Boiled milk and thoroughly cooked meats are approximately free from the germs of any form of microscopic poison. If the tons of cheaper parts of beef which are daily sent to the fertilizer mills, because the American taste or fashion calls only for the choicer cuts for serving rare, were properly cooked, the people would save thousands of dollars on their meat bills, and at the same time escape a constant danger of contracting diseases through the consumption of uncooked flesh.

Many who have traced the connection between tuberculosis in cows and consumption in human beings have for years insisted that no uncooked milk shall be used upon their own tables. Boiling not only removes the danger of disease, but boiling and immediate cooling adds greatly to the keeping qualities, particularly in hot weather. There are said to be thirty different forms of bacterial life, not all harmful, found in milk; but cooking destroys all.

The course indicated for the safety of the farm herds is to secure a stock of healthy animals, and then breed a sufficient number of young to fully supply the home demand. A purchased creature coming from an unknown quarter always may be a source of danger. The oft-repeated story of those who find the disease in their herds is that "I bought a cow that was thin in flesh and looked badly, but I thought she would improve on my keeping. But instead she grew worse and died, and now some of my other cattle have that same bad look."

Experience in Potato Digging.

When to dig potatoes is a question considerably discussed, and generally decided in the wrong way, according to my experience. Scientific authorities have taught the farmers that as the rot fungus first attacks the foliage, and follows down through the stems to the tubers, it is best to dig the crop as late as possible, so that all tubers inoculated with disease will be visibly affected, and may thus be rejected at digging time. But I think it is too easily assumed that the fungus will always reach the tubers through the stems. Certainly, if it always does so, it is difficult to see how the crop ever escapes.

My observation leads me to the belief that the progress of the fungus downward to the tubers may be arrested in several ways. If it makes its attack late in the season, the tops may mature, and dry up before it reaches the stage of growth when the thread like mycelium which travels down the stem is developed. Or, as in the past season, blight may attack the plant almost simultaneously with the rot fungus, the action of which seems limited to the foliage, anticipated the rot fungus, and prevents it from reaching the tubers.

My experience, as a potato grower for more than 40 years, has led me to the conclusion that the sooner the crop is out of the ground after the leaves are dead, the less rot there will be. Some growers have thought to anticipate the progress of the fungus towards the tubers by mowing off the tops soon after the fungus appears; but experience hardly justifies the practice, as the tubers grow and ripen a good deal after the fungus begins on the foliage. With the early varieties it frequently happens that the tops die, and become dry so early that the fungus perishes before the mycelial threads are developed.—[Dr. Hoskins in Examiner.

WHAT THE FARMERS SAY

In Answer to The Blade's Questions on "Farmers' Ills"—Some Interesting Letters.

In order to ascertain from "first hands"—the farmers themselves—the real condition of the agricultural class, the Weekly BLADE has asked its farmer subscribers to answer, very briefly, the following questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every 10, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your community as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Below is given an instalment of the answers thus far received in response to these queries:

Fish Lake, Elkhart Co., Ind.

1.—Good. All are meeting expenses; most all making money.

2.—Two out of ten is putting it very high. These were given to pay for the land and for improvements on the same.

3.—Bad management and poor crops.

4.—Although the farmers are more prosperous now than ever before, they being surrounded by all the modern comforts of life, yet there are some needed reforms among the Indiana farmers. Our taxes are too high. They can be made lower (1st) by reducing the salaries for county officers. Nearly all of them get higher wages now than the governors of most states; (2d) by passing a law prohibiting the voting of railroad taxes upon the people. This injustice principally affects the farmer, and (3d) by prohibition. This would greatly decrease the number of criminals, who are kept at the public expense.—A COUNTRY LAD.

Cherry Vale, Montgomery Co., Kan.

1.—Occasionally one is making more than expenses. Only the most rigid economy in diet and attire, and labor of every member of the family, in many cases rising at 4:30 a. m., and to bed at 10 p. m.

2.—I think fully eight out of ten mortgages given for all the reasons you name—pressing individual 36 per cent notes, a house unfit to rear a family in, and a desire to have a little money on hand that one might not have to sacrifice stock before maturity and fair prices—were fertile causes for this disastrous result.

3.—In some instances all, and in all instances some, of your four causes. If the farmer had, several years ago, been more circumspect, and studied the adaptability of his farm, he would have proved that clover will combine with an early sowing of flax, and remain a profitable crop for hay seed or hog pasture, on lands that are not satisfactory for wheat and corn.

If desirable manufactures were established here, bringing close-living artisans of the East and West in smaller towns, saving the cost of transportation of their articles of consumption, as well as of the manufactured products of their industry, there would be less cry of high freights. We can only sell our flax seed, not the straw, nor our wheat straw. We can furnish the raw material I've mentioned, and hides, and besides cheap coal and strong gas—natural gas at 600 feet.

3.—Legislation can help us—must help us. Give us a lift out of this slough; the more we struggle, unaided by a people's government, the more quickly will agriculture go down out of sight.

A gradual income tax, and Uncle Sam's lending us a sum of money, which we can well secure be our farms, at a low rate of interest and long time, accompanied by legislation on the true principle that money is mine when I use it, and none but the government may loan money. Mr. Plumb's defense of silver meets our approbation, but it does not give us any money except through the channels of trade in a little better prices. There are not more than a dozen families in my neighborhood who have stored away under the bed a box of silver bullion, waiting this opportunity to coin it.

But government loans of money mean immediate and appreciated help. We do not forget the decision of the Supreme court that Congress is authorized to issue greenbacks in time of peace—let them do it before war against unequal distribution of wealth shall have destroyed our fair country.

5.—Principal crops are wheat, corn; some years castor beans. This year flax is a good crop. Timothy and clover hay can be grown profitably, but we can't find market except in the South; too much railroad in that until the government owns the roads. Cattle and hogs are a source of profit to many.—H. K. B.

Rothville, Charitor County, Missouri.

1.—In comparison with other callings, very good. Some are making money, others are about meeting expenses, while but few are losing ground.

2.—About six in ten. Generally to pay for land, but often to secure money with which to speculate—more to raise money upon which to live.

3.—Nine times out of ten bad management, lack of business qualifications, poor crops, and buying too much farm machinery and suffering it to stand out in the weather the year round, and go to waste before it pays for itself. Low prices and high freight rates have but little to do with their lack of success. Were corn and wheat worth one and two dollars per bushel respectively, this class of farmers would run behind all the same.

4.—Not well defined. The most intelligent ones are generally of the opinion that but little can be done by direct legislation that would be any permanent benefit to them. All they ask for is ample protection from foreign competition and they can hoe their own row. Our own individual opinion is that about the most beneficial law that could be passed in the interest of the farmers would be an act for the suppression of the broken-down politicians, who, for the purpose of gaining a little cheap popularity, go through the country haranguing them at every wayside school-house, imposing upon their credulity and stirring up a spirit of discontent among them by magnifying their wrongs and hardships, and portraying to their unsophisticated imaginations the enormous profits realized by the manufacturers, merchants and railroad and other corporations by whom, according to these would-be reformers, they are being systematically robbed, oppressed and ground down into the dust. As to federal aid, we never could see any reason why the farmers should be made the special wards of the government. They have no more right than any other class of producers to ask the government to loan them money at a nominal rate of interest with which to pay off their indebtedness. Besides if it were practicable, which it is not, it would be of no permanent benefit to them unless they never expect to have to pay it back again. They had just as well ask the government to pension them all and be done with it. We have been farming nearly all our life and the only trouble we ever had was to raise enough to sell. We never experienced much difficulty in finding a market in some form or other for all we were able to produce.

5.—Wheat, oats, corn, hay and stock. But this is emphatically a stock country which always, when properly managed, pays well. Our seasons are subject to great extremes of wetness and drouth which renders grain a very uncertain crop, but grass seldom fails as it generally gets a good start in the spring before the drouth sets in. And now, brother farmers, my advice is to whine and complain less and economize more.—S. A. H.

Monmouth, Crawford Co., Kansas.

1.—No sir, they are not making expenses, or making money, but are loosing it.

2.—About nine-tenths of the farmers of this part of Kansas are mortgaged, and heavily mortgaged. Some of those mortgages were given for purchase money; some to make improvements, and some to raise money to live upon; but the majority of them have been made for purchase money. A very few for speculation.

3.—Yes, it is, sometimes the result of bad management, and sometimes the result of poor crops, with the effect of securing low prices, and high freights as compared with prices.

4.—It is the belief of the people of any community that state legislatures should create measures to stay the legalized robbery of the homes of the people, and that congress should issue legal tender, of paper, gold and silver, in sufficient volume to start the wheels of trade.

5.—The principal crops of our section of country are, wheat, corn flax and castor beans. The soil and climate is not adapted to the profitable raising of other crops.—J. W. H.

Hayes Centre, Hayes Co., Nebraska.

1.—The most of the farmers are barely meeting expenses.

2.—Eight out of ten, that is of the deeded farms. This being a new county, there is perhaps 25 per cent holding for five years proof. They will come out all right. The mortgages were given to pay the proof money and to make improvements.

3.—Low prices, high freight rates and high rate of interest, viz., 3 per cent a month.

4.—There can be but little done by legislation, as the Supreme court can and does annul state protection, as in the case of liquor dealers, but Congress should enact laws prohibiting foreign syndicates, trusts and combines from using money power to the detriment of the poorer class; should control the railroads; should repeal the law which exempts the rich banker and collects the bulk of the taxes from the farmer; should collect taxes from the money loaners on the notes and mortgages in the county in which they were given in proportion to the total value of the property mortgaged; should put more money in circulation, and pass the service pension bill.

5.—Corn, wheat, oats, flax and potatoes. There is also a good deal of stock fed in this county.—J. J. A.

Marshall, Saline Co., Mo.

1.—Farmers very uneasy and uncertain as to the future. Most of them (now out of debt) by great economy cutting down expenses in every way possible, are holding their own; a few are making some money, while others are slowly sinking into debt.

2.—About three or four in ten, I should judge—mortgaged mostly years ago, when times were better (or renewals of such), for both purchases of land and improvements.

3.—In a few cases bad management, drinking, etc.; in most cases no fault of the farmers, but first and behind all other causes, diminution of the circulating medium; second, trusts and combinations, made possible by the above mentioned fact, and of all of which the farmer and laborer are the chief and final victims, and the men of great wealth, under whose dictation this state of affairs has been brought about, the only beneficiaries.

4.—The state legislature could give us some relief in the matter of freight rates, cheap school books, etc. Congress should do what they never will under present status, while Congress is made up of bankers, lawyers and millionaires (some of whom have bought their way into their places, thereby becoming honorable?) Our financial policy should be changed to one that is liberal to the people—workers—instead of their oppressors.

5.—Corn, wheat and oats. Hops and flax might perhaps be added to the list with profit.

I am a Republican, a strong temperance and tariff man.—E. C.

Kingston, Hunt Co., Texas.

1.—Some making expenses, some not. The failures are due to short crops caused by storms, drouth and insects; some likely through mismanagement.

2.—I think on an average seven out of ten are mortgaged or in the hands of loan associations for purchase money and improvements, machinery, etc.

3.—Failure in crops, low prices and high freight rates and some bad management.

4.—We want a regulating railroad commission established by the legislature, giving us easier freight rates. We want a standard system of school text books published by the state and sold to the people at cost.

5.—Corn and cotton first, wheat, oats, millet, sweet potatoes and cane, some fruits, etc. I do not know of anything more profitable for this climate.—S. P. A.

Osage City, Osage Co., Kansas.

1.—The condition of the farmers in this county is poor at present. The majority are losing money and none are making money.

2.—About 80 to 90 per cent mortgaged. Part for purchase money and other for improvements and stocking farm.

3.—Cause of failures is partly from poor crops in the past, but principally low prices and high freight rates. The Alliance did considerable shipping of corn to Alabama this winter, but freight rates were terrible. The best managed farms are running behind.

4.—The farmers want government railroads, free postal telegraph, cheaper rate of interest, reduction of salaries of public men, monopolists and trusts broken up. They favor service pension as an excellent manner of getting the bullion hoarded in the nation's coffers directly among the people. Rather favorable for temperance. Congress should do all in its power in this direction.

5.—The principal crops are corn, oats, flax, brown corn, castor beans. Crops are chiefly fed to stock.—C. E. M,

Frankfort, Franklin Co., Illinois.

1.—Those that use industry and economy are making money. Many spend too much time in discussing politics, and attending F. M. B. A. meetings, which are being used for political purposes.

2.—One in ten. One in ten for improvements. Some to pay for land. Two in ten for machinery that was left in fence corner, or under a tree by the wayside.

3.—Bad management. Ignorance of how to farm, and high freights.

4.—State legislature should cut salaries down and use more economy in appropriations. Congress pass a service pension bill, lower salaries, and give the farmer more protection—tariff.

5.—Corn, hogs, wheat, oats castor beans and tobacco. Yes, orchard fruits and small fruits of all kinds, but too remove from market for small fruits.—J. A. B.

Grafton, Fillmore Co., Neb.

1.—Meeting expenses only by the strictest economy and hardest labor, denying families even the ordinary comforts of life, and children even ordinary education.

2.—Nine out of ten, and some who have mortgages of over $1,000 to $1,500, running behind on interest, and if no relief is obtained, will become bankrupt—mortgages given in the first place for improvements and stock, and are at present being given to pay old ones.

3.—Extortionate freights, trusts in necessaries of life, grain gambling, usurious interest.

4.—State legislation on freights, taxation, usury, national legislation on grain gambling, tariff, and the issue of more money. We don't want the tariff all in favor of the monopolists, as at present.

5.—Corn, oats, flax, fall and spring wheat; I think we need more tame grasses if we can obtain that which will stand dry weather. All grain crops are generally good, one year with another. We need more cattle, sheep, horses, hogs, to eat up surplus grain; we only need more money and tame grasses to feed them in summer.—G. M. P.

Weigand, Knox County, Nebraska.

1.—Farmers are running behind in expenses.

2.—Nine out of ten are mortgaged to raise money to pay for machinery, horses, and cattle, and to live on.

3.—It is by class legislation, high freights and high money.

4.—State legislation to lower freight rates and lower interest rates; United States Congress to abolish national banks; loan money direct to tho people on real estate security.

5.—Corn, wheat, oats, hogs and cattle are the principal products.—E. K. B.

Rubens, Jewell Co., Kansas.

1.—Condition of farmers is very bad, most all losing money.

2.—Standing in my door, can see ten different farms, all mortgaged, for improvement and to pay taxes and other debts with.

3.—By being compelled to sell at the very lowest prices, and paying the highest freight if they shipped.

4.—Put more money in circulation, loan money to the farmers same as to the banks, cut down big salaries and Congressional expenses, issue full legal tender currency, show the people how to vote on the laws that must control them, and they are compelled to obey, give us equal rights to all, especial privileges to none. One says it is laziness in the farmers. Merciful heavens! if getting up at 4 o'clock and working until 10 at night, sick or well, is lazy, I should like to see the dictionary that gives that definition; please send a copy, we may learn several things that we don't understand. Another says, none are mortgaged to get the necessaries of life with. I should think not. We get that with butter as 3 to 5 cents per pound, and eggs from 5 to 7 cents per dozen. We could not afford $900 worth of ice in 900 years that is used in one session of congress; not one-half the farmers have meat one-third the time, and it is not because they do not raise their hogs, the tax-list will prove that, but because they are compelled to sell or be sold. I could go on page after page and not tell half the privation and misery, or exaggerate one picture. But the farmers are worn out with hard work and no pay. Just think of it, railroads all around them, and some have never rode on the cars in twenty years. It was not stinginess nor laziness, but just hard poverty. I tell you experience in the politics of the past twenty years, means experience in the most corrupt machine methods of the country's history. What we need most is less experience and more integrity. What the people need right now is not simply the fellow who talks on their side, but whose interests are identical with theirs. It is not good sense to expect a man to work against the class who employ and salary him, therefore we repeat, elect men to office whose interests are identical with your own and we expect to.—D. I. McR.

A Definition.

Johnny—What is a theory, pa?

Pa—A theory, my son, is an impracticable plan for doing something that is impossible.—[Puck.

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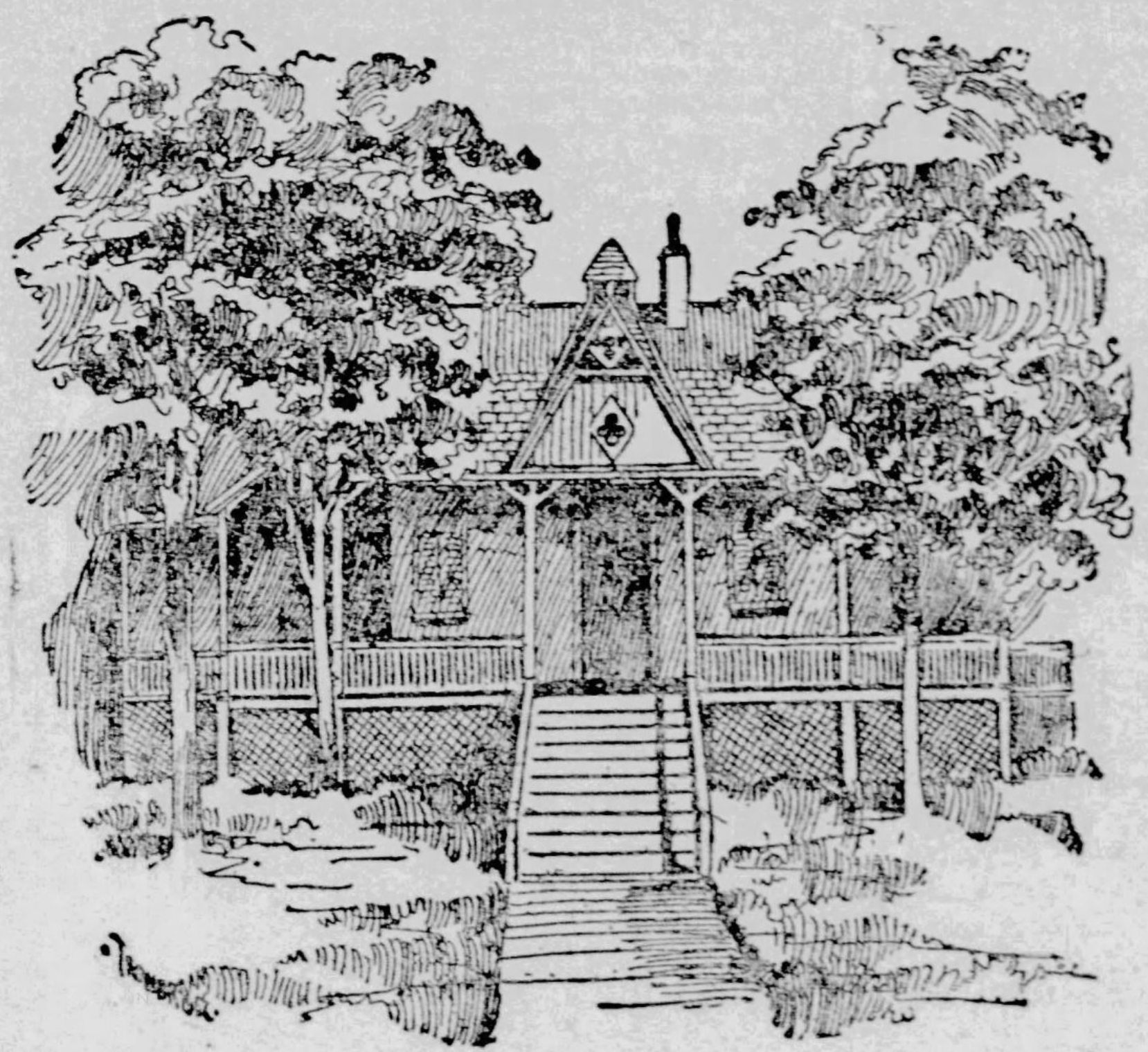
THE PRESIDENT'S COTTAGE

AT CRESSON SPRINGS, PENNA.

The Simplicity of Daily Life With the Harrison Family Among the Pennsylvania Mountains—Facts About Cresson.

The President's family arrived at their cottage at Cresson Springs, Pa., on the evening of August 29, from Cape May. The party consisted of Mrs. Benj. Harrison and Mrs. McKee, Dr. Scott, Mrs. Dimmick, Mrs. Russell Harrison, Baby McKee and two other children and four maids.

The President, in selecting Cresson as his summer retreat, displayed excellent judgment. It is situated on the summit of the Alleghany mountains and the place has many advantages. The spring is on the hotel grounds. The mountain scenery is magnificent and the air is good and bracing. There is lawn-tennis, cricket, croquet, riding and driving to amuse the visitors. Many excursions can be projected from Cresson into the wilds of the surrounding country, either by train, carriage or horseback, and there is no danger of time hanging heavy on the hands of the President's family.



PRESIDENT HARRISON'S COTTAGE AT CRESSON.

When the Mountain House was built at Cresson in 1880, a number of Pittsburg men built themselves cottages around the hotel, where their families spend the summer, taking their meals at the hotel and only using the pretty villas for sleeping in, or for an occasional card party. Other Pittsburgers, who do not own cottages, have rooms in the hotel, and of late years Philadelphia has been sending a good many families, as well as Altoona and a number of the western cities. Altogether about 600 people represent the summer population of Cresson. But the occupants of the twelve or fourteen cottages rule things. Their *ipse dixit* puts a woman in society or keeps her out, pronounces a man undesirable or makes him the darling of the place. By this sifting process they have succeeded in keeping away the ordinary summer tourist; and that wonderful creation of America, the ten days' vacation man, is unknown at Cresson.

One of the Pittsburg cottages, Mrs. Park's, has been refurnished for the President and his family. Somewhere near $1,000 rental will be paid by the Harrison's for the cottage. Arrangements have been made for the family to dine at home if they prefer that to the publicity of the hotel dining-room. The cottage, one story in height at the front, with two stories in the rear, has eleven rooms.

A main reception hall opens from the porch, and it again opens to the rooms which are for the President, one as his bedroom, the other to be used as a sort of library and sitting room. These two rooms are separated by a narrow hall which leads to the other part of the house. On one side is the kitchen and what was the nursery when Mrs. Park occupied the cottage, now a general parlor, and on the other side two bedrooms. They are for Mrs. Russell Harrison and Mrs. McKee. Beyond these rooms is a small adjunct which was built for Mrs. Park's grandchildren. It is just the sort of place that delights the President as he thinks of his famous grandson. It is a miniature domestic establishment, with everything to please the heart of a child with housekeeping propensities. There is a kitchen, furnished with all that is to be found in a real everyday affair; a stove in which a fire will burn; a sink, with a spigot and water connection, and washtubs and boards. Across a little hall is the bedroom, and passing through the bedroom a parlor is reached. Complete sets of dainty furniture are in each room, and certainly, whatever may be lacking in the other part of the house, this is perfect.

As Cresson is only 100 miles from Pittsburg and 200 from Philadelphia every Friday things take on a more joyous look. That evening the gentlemen always come on their weekly trip from the cities and spend Saturday and Sunday with their families. For a quarter of an hour before train time around the little station the drags and dogcarts crowd, filled with ladies and children. The few young ladies come down on horseback and make short detours up and down the road by the railway until the train comes in. When dinner is over driving begins again and lasts until bedtime.

The Sunday School.

Jesus Entering Jerusalem.

LESSON XII., SUNDAY, SEPT. 21, 1890.

GOLDEN TEXT—Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Luke 19: 38.

LESSON TEXT.
(Luke 19: 37-48.)

37. And when he was come nigh, even now at the descent of Mount Olives, the whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works that they had seen;

38. Saying, Blessed be the King that cometh in the name of the Lord; peace in heaven, and glory in the highest.

39. And some of the Pharisees from among the multitude said unto him, Master, rebuke thy disciples.

40. And he answered and said unto them: I tell you that, if these should hold their peace, the stones would immediately cry out.

41. And when he was come near, he beheld the city, and wept over it,

42. Saying, If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes.

43. For the days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side,

44. And shall lay thee even with the ground, and thy children within thee; and they shall not leave in thee one stone upon another; because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation.

45. And he went into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold therein, and them that bought;

46. Saying unto them, It is written, My house is the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.

47. And he taught daily in the temple. But the chief priests and the scribes and the chief of the people sought to destroy him,

48. And could not find what they might do; for all the people were very attentive to hear him.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

The whole multitude of the disciples began to rejoice and praise God with a loud voice for all the mighty works which they had seen (v. 37). It is very easy to rejoice and to give praise when we have seen many great things in the line of our wishes, and are expecting to see more and greater. It is not so easy to shout with thankful joy when we see, or suppose, that darkness and gloom are just before us, in contrast with our present and our past. La Rochefoucauld says cynically, "The gratitude of most men is only a secret desire to receive greater favors;" and there is a truth suggested in that statement, even though the statement be not literally true. It was while Jesus was riding into Jerusalem as Israel's Messiah, that his disciples rejoiced and praised God in the remembrance of what he had done, and in anticipation of what he had to do. If they had foreseen his immediate future, they would not have been so jubilant. It is well to be grateful for the good we have seen and for that which we hope for; but it is better to rejoice and praise God for what our Savior is, as we trust him beyond the realm of sight and knowledge.

Some of the Pharisees said, Master, rebuke thy disciples. He said, If these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out (v. 39, 40). There are times when God's truth will make itself known, and when God's creatures will be heard in praise of that truth. At such times it matters not who would keep silence concerning it, the truth will be heard, and its praise will be known. These times are turning points in the world's history, and they come when and as God would have them come. Their power has been shown in the great religious and moral reforms that have proved a blessing to the world hitherto; and their power shall be seen again in reforms that are still needed among men. The battle with rum, and with the lottery, and with caste prejudices, and with political corruption, may seem now to be an endless one; but the time will come when the lovers of truth and the disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ shall rise up as one man to shout a welcome to Him who is aroused to sweep away these forms of evil, and then if any bigot in religion or obstructionist in the path of civil progress shall protest against the popular uprising, the answer as from heaven will come, "If these shall hold their peace, the stones will cry out."

He saw the city and wept over it, saying, If thou hadst known in this day, the things which belong unto peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes (vs. 41, 42). As there are golden hours for great reforms, so there are golden hours for personal reform. There are hours when we must act at once for our personal safety, or lose all hope of such action at any time. When we come to the parting of the ways, we must decide once for all which path we are to pursue. Whatever change may afterwards come to us, we can never live over again that moment of first decision; nor can we evade certain consequences of our action at that point. How important, then, that we know the things that belong to our peace, at the time when we are to accept them or pass them by forever! A weighty responsibility rests upon us at every moment of our lives, concerning our choice in matters that are submitted to us moment by moment for our decision.

He entered into the temple, and began to cast out them that sold (v. 45). It doesn't say in this case what it was that they were selling; but we know, from what is said elsewhere, that the sales were of such things as were supposed to be the need of the worshipers in the temple. There were no such sales there as are often made at our church fairs, sales of things that in themselves have nothing to do with church worship; nor were there any sales of pews, or rent of camp-stools, or anything of that sort. But suppose there had been such sales as these, would our Lord have approved them as the proper thing for a sanctuary—as he looked at the sanctuary? That is a question worth considering.—[H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.

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A BOSTON LULLABY.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Baby's brain is tired of thinking
On the Wherefore and the Whence,
Baby's precious eyes are blinking
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning
Heavy leaves of lexicon;
Little nose is fretted learning
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature
Are beneficent and wise;
His medulla oblongata
Bids my darling close his eyes.

And his pneumogastrics tell him
Quietude is always best,
When his little cerebellum
Needs recuperative rest.

Baby must have relaxation,
Let the world do wrong or right—
Sleep, my darling, leave creation
To its chances for the night.
—[Boston Pilot.

A Tall Man Settles Down.

J. W. Patterson, the tallest man known in the world excepting the Chinese giant Chang, will make Oklahoma City his home. Mr. Patterson stands 7 feet 7 inches in his stocking feet and is 27 years old. He has traveled with a number of the best shows in the country for the past eight or ten years and is well fixed in this world's goods. About a year ago he married and has decided to settle down and take life easy. He owns considerable property in this city, and, as soon as he returns from the East, will begin the erection of a fine residence. A couple of months ago his wife presented him with a pair of strapping boys, of which Mr. Patterson is immensely boastful. Mrs. Patterson is larger than the average woman, being nearly 6 feet high and weighing over 200 pounds.—[Oklahoma City Chief.

Probably too Low an Estimate.

Ex-Governor Foster, of Ohio, has not yet learned that it is wasting breath to predict political events in the Buckeye state. But his prophecy of a 20,000 majority for the Republican ticket should be stored away for comparison with the actual figures. A slight discrepancy may be expected.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.

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SHORT DIVISION.

Above is a little sum in short division, solving this question: "The Weekly BLADE costs $1 a year; what does it cost per week?" The answer is given. Is not that cheap enough? Is not every issue of the Weekly BLADE worth more than that to every reader? We do not think any person can take the BLADE a year and not have earned a dollar, in some one of a number of ways, aside from the vast variety of good reading obtained during that year. Hence we trust that no one will fail to renew when his time expires, for it is certainly a profitable thing to do.

"FARMERS' ILLS."

On the third page of this issue of the Weekly BLADE will be found an installment of letters from farmers, in response to the following five questions:

1.—What is the condition of the farmers in your vicinity—are they meeting expenses, making money, or losing it?

2.—How many in every ten, in your judgment, are mortgaged? Were these mortgages given for improvements, to pay for the land, or to raise money to live upon?

3.—Where the farmers are running behind, is it the result of bad management, poor crops, or low prices and high freight rates, or all of them?

4.—What is the judgment of the farmers of your vicinity as to the relief possible by legislation? What should the state legislature do in the way of giving relief, and what should Congress do?

5.—What are the principal crops of your vicinity? Is the climate adapted to the raising of other crops, which would be more profitable? And if so, what?

Agriculture stands at the foundation of national prosperity, and unless the farmers are doing well the nation at large cannot flourish. THE BLADE has always steadily championed all measures that it believed to be for the well-being of the agricultural community, and it will discuss the situation editorially during the summer. We are glad to receive answers to the above questions from our readers; but *make them very short.* We want them primarily for our own information, but shall publish each week a selection of representative ones. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio," and in the lower left-hand corner write "Farmer's Column." Do *not* address them to the "Farmstead."

THE following frank admission, by the Memphis *Avalanche*, of the real purpose of the Mississippi constitutional convention ought to be published in every Northern paper, that the people in this section may understand the feeling of the Southerners upon the race question. It ought to disabuse the minds of mugwumps, and even weak-kneed Republicans, of a belief that there is any intention or inclination in the South to do justice, either in a political or personal sense, to the negro. The *Avalanche* says:

> Let us begin by making the straight, unvarnished admission that the purpose of the constitutional convention now in session at Jackson, Miss., is to find some means of preventing the negro from voting—means which can be used without a resort to violence or an infraction of the laws of our common country. If it were possible to do so the convention would adopt an amendment which would deprive the most highly educated negro in the state of the franchise, and at the same time preserve that privilege intact for the most ignorant white man. It is not a question of "book larnin'," as we have taken occasion to remark on several occasions, but one of race. * * * The white people of the South are not sitting up at night now devising means to raise money to endow schools for the education of the negro, but they are restlessly employed in searching for some means to make him a nonentity in politics. How to do it without depriving the white man, however humble, of the right to vote is the real problem.

IN the death of Ex-Governor EDWARD F. NOYES, at Cincinnati, Ohio loses one of her first and foremost men, and the Republican party in the state one of its oldest and most trusted members. The life of Judge NOYES has been filled with stirring incidents, and he has filled many distinguished positions in the political world, always with honor to himself and credit to his party, he gaining the respect of political friends and foes alike. Though of late years he has not been so active in political affairs, his work in trying times in Ohio will never be forgotten. Honest and upright in all things, as a soldier brave to recklessness, conservative in his administration, but firmly standing by his convictions, the character of Judge NOYES has never been assailed, and the words that weigh a great deal in these days of trickery and polititical fraud, "he was a clean man," can be truthfully said of him.

THE Democratic howl that there will not be enough money to meet the appropriations of this Congress is doubly false. First, it is false, even if the revenues for the coming year should be no greater than those of the present one; second, it is doubly false, because our revenues are steadily increasing. The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* states this fact as follows;

> The national revenues in July and August were $6,000,000 greater than they were in the same months of 1889, and the national expenditures $8,000,000 less than they were then. In the two months last year expenditures exceeded revenue to the extent of nearly $10,000,000. This year revenue is more than $4,500,000 above expenditure. All this seems to indicate that there will be more of a surplus in the current fiscal year than was expected a few months ago.

ERASTUS WIMAN, the Canadian New Yorker who has been BEN BUTTERWORTH's coadjutor in urging reciprocity with Canada, comes out manfully in favor of Senator SHERMAN's plan for its accomplishment. WIMAN is doubtless able to see that the reason SHERMAN's plan is received with so much favor, while his own agitation was fruitless, was simply because he and BUTTERWORTH were advocating a theory, without offering a plan for carrying it out; while Mr. SHERMAN, with his usual sagacity, matured his plan before saying anything about it. It is noticeable that BUTTERWORTH has been silent so far.

THE New York Democrats cannot understand how a man can be in politics and not hungry for some office. For months they have been asserting that "TOM" PLATT was pulling wires to succeed EVARTS in the Senate; and now it is made public that early in July Mr. PLATT was offered the Spanish mission, but declined it with thanks, writing to Mr. BLAINE that his business made it impossible for him to "accept the responsibilities of office of any name or nature, local or federal, however honorable or alluring it may be."

RUM IN OHIO.

The report of the auditor of the state of Ohio for the fiscal year just closed, shows that there are at present in the state 10,754 places where Rum in some form is sold. They all pay special tax under the Dow law; and as that law is well executed, there are probably no other places in the state where it is sold at retail. It is to be remembered that drug-stores have to pay the Dow tax as well, if they sell liquors, except on prescriptions, and many drug-stores in the state do this. The Dow tax is paid half-yearly. The state auditor's figures for the past six months, are given below. The money received from this tax is divided—a part going to the state, and the remainder being divided up among the three city and county funds mentioned:

State	$ 253,301
Municipal police fund	323,756
Municipal general revenue fund	301,798
County poor fund	297,693
Total for last six months	$1,266,549
Total collected first six months	1,191,868
Grand total for the year	$2,458,417

When we consider that Ohio has a population approximating four millions, it will be seen that 10,754 places where Rum is sold at retail—including all saloons and some drug stores—is not as large a number as one would suppose who is familiar with the larger cities of the state. The saloon is, in Ohio, almost entirely found in the cities. This results from the fact that the foreign element drifts into the cities and avoids the country. The country districts are very largely Prohibition in sentiment. The cities would give a majority for Rum, at any time.

The history of the fight against the saloon in Ohio is an instructive one. The present constitution was framed in 1851, and the convention, recognizing the evil of the saloon, embodied in the constitution a provision that the sale of intoxicating liquors shall never be licensed in Ohio. The convention appeared to hold to the mistaken idea that this provision would prevent utterly the sale of Rum in the state. It never prevented the sale of one gill of the poison. On the contrary, under it the saloon flourished like a green bay tree. From the time of the adoption of the constitution, up to the legislature of 1882-3, not a Rum-hole paid a dollar of revenue, nor were there any steps taken to control or regulate the traffic.

That body passed the Pond law, which taxed the saloons. This measure excited tremendous opposition from the Rum Power of the state. Thirty years of absolute immunity from interference had created the impression that the traffic was a sacred thing, not to be meddled with by anybody. The Democratic Supreme court decided the law unconstitutional, and the "Scott law" was passed, similar in tenor, but avoiding the point on which the Dow law was wrecked. Then the Rum Power appeared in politics, and the Republicans were defeated by a coalition between the Democratic party and the saloon. At the same election, two constitutional amendments were submitted to a popular vote—the first providing simply for the repeal of the anti-license clause in the state constitution, thus leaving the entire control of the traffic in the hands of the legislature; the second, providing for Prohibition. The first was defeated by a big majority; the second had a majority over the "no" votes, but not a majority of all the votes cast at that election, as the constitution provides, and hence failed of adoption. A great many voters did not vote on the amendment at all.

The Scott law was pronounced unconstitutional on a technical point, and the saloon was again without restriction or regulation. But the people of the state soon came to their senses on the question. They saw that there was simple justice in the proposition that the saloon should be made to pay at least a part of the cost it makes to the state, and that the low dives and drinking hells should be crushed out of existence. The reckless course of the Democratic state government, elected by a coalition of that party and the Rum Power, disgusted every decent Democrat. So in 1885 the Republican party was again put in power. The present Dow law was enacted, taxing every saloon $250 per year, or a proportional part for the portion of the year it is in existence.

The Dow law has worked well. An amendment has been added to it, allowing municipalities and townships, under which a number of townships and villages have banished the saloon entirely. The uneducated foreign drinking element in our cities is the stumbling-block in the way of Prohibitory legislation. It will combine against any party that attempts Prohibition, and surely defeat it. The country is Prohibition, the cities Rum; and there is but one way to obtain Prohibition in Ohio—educate the ignorant classes up to a realization of its need.

This matter is not one of politics. It needs no party; in fact, a party is a hindrance to it. It is a moral, not a political work that is to be accomplished. The churches must be aroused to do their whole duty; it must be the prime educator in this work. Unfortunately, there are sects which do not and will not declare for Prohibition, and which do not even make non-drinking a requisite for membership. They must all be roused to their duty, till every pulpit shall throw its influence for Prohibition.

Then the various temperance organizations must go into the work of education; and that, too, on strictly non-partisan lines. People must be led to see the reckless, extravagant waste that Rum-drinking entails; the frightful expense to the state and the taxpayers; the evil to the physical system of the drinker; the injustice of allowing a man to drag his wife and children down to the lowest depths of poverty; and the other terrible evils of the habit. They must be educated to the point of not only becoming non-drinkers themselves, but of being willing to aid in the effort to keep the ignorant and weak-willed classes from falling into the pit of the drunkard; then they will be ready to work for and vote for Prohibition.

The one great drawback to the growth of Prohibition sentiment in Ohio has been the desperate effort to drag it into politics. We doubt if the vote of the entire state, if polled to-day, would show as large a vote for Prohibition as was cast for the Prohibitory amendment in 1883. The attempt to build up a party on the issue has very greatly injured the orders of Good Templars, Sons of Temperance, and other temperance organizations in the state; for the political prejudice of the masses is easily roused, and the Prohibition movement was construed into an aid for the third party, which it was not and is not. The cause will not prosper in Ohio until the political Prohibitionists stop their useless effort to build up a distinct party, and all moral forces, including both church and school, join in earnest, persistent work to educate the people up to the point where they will join the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

BINDING TWINE has been placed on the free list by the Senate. This will enable the farmers to see whether the tariff is really any aid to the "trust" in this article.

"THE DEMAGOGUE."

The political novel, "The Demagogue," was the last work of the late D. R. LOCKE. He devoted such leisure time as he could snatch from his other engrossing occupations, during several years, to this story, and he had the ambition that it should make him as enduring a name as a novelist as the "Nasby Letters" made for him as a humorist and political satirist.

We are glad to announce that "The Demagogue" is now in press, and will be issued in book form some time during September.

The story was published serially in THE BLADE last winter, and we make the above announcement in response to the numerous queries from our readers, who are anxious to have it in book form for their libraries. We shall, in a short time, publish a description of the book, binding, and price.

CHOOSING SENATORS.

There is in many portions of the country a decided feeling that the present mode of choosing United States Senators—their election by state legislatures—should be changed, and they be chosen directly by the people. There are many very good citizens who sincerely believe that such a change would be a decided improvement. We are unable to see the advantage of the proposed alterrtion If a legislature elects an improper person, the fault is with the people themselves, in electing the legislature. The people of a county or a legislative district should be able to select from this number a member of the legislature who can not be bribed, and who will look to their interests in the Senatorial election. If they fail to do this, is it the fault of the system or of themselves? Certainly the latter; and there is every reason to believe that, were Senators elected directly by the people, men like CAL BRICE, for instance, who have no qualification for office save money and its corrupting power, would as easily reach the Senate as at present—perhaps more.

But there is a deeper reason against any change of the constitution in this respect. It would totally alter the character of the legislative branch of the federal government, and practically give us two Houses of Representatives. The New York *World* thus recalls the origin of the upper house of Congress:

> The tradition is that the Senate owes its existence to Washington. He had seen in the old Continental Congress the impolicy of conducting government by a legislative body all elected in one way, and urged the propriety of two chambers by the apt, if homely, illustration, "It cools the tea to pour it into the saucer out of the cup."
>
> When the propriety of his suggestion was conceded, the question arose as to how the two chambers should be selected, and it was determined that one should pulsate to the popular first impulse and the other to the sober second thought. The wisdom of this arrangement has been approved by the experience of a century. The House is the spur and the Senate the bridle under which we have had safe riding for a hundred years. Each tempers the other and both make a perfect balance.
>
> The plan is as old as the time when our Teutonic ancestors ranged the wilds of Germania, the representatives of the "hundreds" forming one house, and the people at large another.

It is an error entirely too common, to advocate a change in the character of the government because of ills, fancied or real, which are attributable to ignorance or lack of proper interest on the part of the people themselves. The right method is either proper education, or an agitation that will stir the voting masses to a realization of their duty. If legislatures fail to choose the proper class of men to the Senate, it is the fault of the people who elect the legislature, not of the United States constitution.

It strikes us that the proper remedy in this case is the plan suggested by THE BLADE several months ago—to have the delegates to party conventions—both county and legislative district—selected by the voters on the basis of their preference for United States Senator; then the majority of the voters of either party would be represented by delegates pledged to a certain Senatorial candidate; party candidates for the legislature would then be selected who were pledged, if elected, to vote for that person for Senator, and the election of the legislature would hinge on the Senatorial candidates of the two parties.

HIGHER PRICES FOR FARMERS.

The cry of the free traders has been that the low prices of wheat and other farm products were caused by the tariff; that the thing to do to increase them was to cut the tariff down. The fact that these low prices prevailed all over the world showed the absurdity of the plea, however.

THE BLADE has shown, time and again, that there is no possible method of raising the prices of farm products by legislation; that, for instance, so long as the world produces more wheat each year than the world consumes, the price would be low, without remedy; and hence that overproduction was the real cause of low prices.

The proof of the truth of our position is now seen in the present prices of grain. The drouth over the western half of the United states, the injury to the English crop by wet weather, and the fact that no other wheat-exporting country had more than the average quantity to put on the market, has stiffened the price. Wheat has been around the dollar mark in Chicago for several weeks, and a part of that time it has been too high in the United States to allow of its export, because, when the ocean freight was considered, the American price was higher than that in Europe.

"UNCLE SAM IN 1894."

We are glad to know that our readers appreciate the philosophical views on politics that are given in our new story. A subscriber in Bradford, Pa., renewing his yearly subscription, says:

> Although I am not a story-reader, as a rule, I am interested in the one you have just begun. If the people of the South hold such views, how can we ever hope to break the "Solid South?"

That is the problem the people of the whole country must solve. The writer of the story has, we think, no solution to offer; he contents himself with showing what he believes to be the actual situation. Another subscriber, from Burlington, Iowa, says:

> That tariff talk of Hartright with Brackett about the duty on a suit of clothes is excellent. It knocks lots of free trade arguments out here in Iowa. Let's have some more of the same kind."

Have patience; we presume a good deal of tariff ground will be covered before the story is done. The meanwhile, we hope that all our short-term subscribers will renew, so as to get the complete story.

ACCORDING to estimates made by the results of the census thus far attained the Republicans can win in 1892 without the aid of New York. It is quite probable, however, that CLEVELAND and HILL will continue to fight each other so that the vote of the Empire State will come to us anyway.

THE Western Democrats who are demanding "free coinage for silver" in their platforms apparently do not know that the new silver law gives the people every advantage that free coinage could give, without any of its possible dangers.

ARKANSAS IN ANARCHY.

The reports of the misnamed "election" in Arkansas on September 1 show that the polls all over the state were controlled by mob violence. Ballot-boxes were destroyed, negroes compelled by threats to keep in-doors all day, Republican election judges were assaulted, and all kinds of crimes against a free ballot and an honest count were committed all over that state. The reasons for this brutal reign of terrorism are here briefly detailed:

The Democrats renominated Governor EAGLE, and the Union Labor party put up Rev. N. B. FIZER. On July 9, the state Republican convention met and adopted a platform, the first resolution being:

> WHEREAS, The Union Labor party of this state has nominated a full state ticket on a platform embodying the great principle of a free vote and a fair count; therefore, we deem it inexpedient to nominate a Republican state ticket, but indorse the state ticket nominated by the Union Labor party and headed by that eminent and earnest advocate of a free ballot and a fair count, the Rev. N. B. Fizer, of White county, and earnestly recommend all the Republicans in the state of Arkansas to heartily support the same platform.

This endorsement gave the Union Labor men such encouragement that Mr. FIZER started out to stump the state. By the time he had made a half-dozen speeches, the Bourbon leaders took alarm. FIZER was making such an impression that they saw there was a political revolution impending, and that the only chance of carrying the state was to send out their best speakers and organizers and fight the Union Labor people hand to hand in each county. So Gov. EAGLE took the stump, and all the other Democratic candidates followed his lead. EAGLE and FIZER traveled together, slept together, ate together, and spoke from the same platform.

That, by the way, is one of the methods of strangling free speech. The voters of both sides turn out, of course, en masse; but if the anti-Bourbon candidate attempts to say anything about election frauds, or to refer to Bourbon scoundrelism, the hint is given to the Bourbon thugs in the audience, and the meeting is broken up in a big row. Anti-Bourbon speakers are thus actually under duress in making their campaigns. The Arkansas campaign was a hot one, and a great fear came over the Bourbons as election day drew nigh.

There was but one way to make the thing sure. They did not dare to allow an honest election, even with the colored voters intimidated in most parts of the state. So force and fraud were resorted to. The reports show the same condition of lawlessness at the polls all over the state; hence it is plain that it was a preconcerted measure, under Bourbon direction and control, and not sporadic outbreaks from drunken Democratic roughs. The Bourbons claim 30,000 "majority" for EAGLE; but they might as well put the figures at 100,000, or even half a million. One number is as easily made to appear as the other. The alleged "result" bears no relation to the actual vote. It is forged, falsified, and altogether worthless in a statistical sense.

Arkansas has not a republican form of government. It is controlled by a Bourbon ring, through mob violence. The next House of Representatives should make an example of these men, by ousting all the Democrats who appear in Washington, alleging their "election" to the House, and bearing credentials which every one of them know to be lies, based on mob violence, fraud and forgery. The House should declare every Arkansas seat vacant; and a federal elections law should be enacted by that time, so that, at the elections to fill their vacancies, there should be one honest and fair election—a thing Arkansas has not seen since the reconstruction era.

BRECKINRIDGE UNSEATED.

The House of Representatives has at last performed an act of long delayed justice. It has declared the seat in that body of the Second Arkansas district vacant. This simply means that, in the judgment of the House, CLIFTON R. BRECKINRIDGE, who has been holding that seat ever since the present Congress assembled, was not elected thereto; and as the man who really was elected, Mr. CLAYTON, was foully murdered by some Democratic bandit while collecting evidence at Plummersville to show fraud at the polls, the seat is therefore vacant.

The only comment we have to make on the House's action is, that it should have been taken long ago. The case should have been examined and passed upon first by the committee. A case in which in which a man holds a seat by murder certainly should come first, for the honor of the House itself is involved. It is unnecessary to point out that, had Mr. BRECKINRIDGE possessed the instincts of a gentleman, he would have resigned at once. No honorable man could or would remain a single day in a seat stained with the life-blood of an innocent man.

Mr. BRECKINRIDGE evidently did not possess that fine sense of honor which would have led almost any other man to resign at once and appeal to the people of the district again. He held on like a limpet to a rock, until the House formally ousted him, and then covered his unwilling retreat by a bloviating boast that he would be sent back by his district at the November election.

Very probably he will come back. Not that it will be by the free and honest votes of a majority of the citizens of that district, for it is Republican; but the recent farce of a state election in Arkansas sufficiently indicates the methods by which he will be returned. He will come with a title derived from lawless mobs and midnight Bourbon assassins, for Arkansas is not a republic—it is an anarchy, ruled by a Bourbon mob.

THE Helena, Montana, *Journal* puts Democratic pretense and Republican legislation side by side like this:

BAR SILVER,
93 cents
UNDER DEMOCRATIC RULE.

BAR SILVER.
$1.19
UNDER REPUBLICAN BILL.

THERE is a great deal of agitation in Europe over the KcKinley bill. They understand over there that it will cut down their commerce with this country. Mr. DEPEW say:

> "In Germany I found it a matter of universal discussion, and even a guard on the railroad and a hotel keeper discussed it most anxiously with me. In France the alarm is even greater, as people seem to believe that to carry out its measures would entirely ruin their commerce."

THE Democratic idea is to carry Indiana by hook or crook, in order to make it appear that the President's state discredits him, and in order to pave the way for GRAY's nomination as the Democratic presidential candidate. GRAY's candidacy in 1888 at the Democratic national convention at St. Louis was a subject of ridicule, and it was well understood by everybody there that his caliber is that of a ward politician. That Indiana Democracy champions such a man merely indicates the degradation into which it has fallen.

THE "HORSE FAIR" OFFER.

Don't you want a fine picture *free?* A picture that is good enough to grace palace walls—a copy of one of the world's famous paintings—ROSA BONHEUR's celebrated "Horse Fair?"

We will make you a *gift* of one, if you want it; the conditions are to be found in the "Publishers' Column," on the fifth page of this paper. Turn to it and read!

THE MAINE ELECTION.

There has been much anxiety among Republicans all over the country concerning the Maine election, especially as to the result of the Congressional campaign in Speaker REED's district. The reasons for their concern were, that this is an "off" year; the Vermont election showed that the Republicans did not turn out their full strength, and it was plain that if their Maine brethren were similarly inactive, there might be danger. Then, too, it was plain that Democratic deviltry was on foot; for when the Democrats begin to tell magnificent lies concerning the Republican campaign, and unanimously charge schemes of fraud, it is morally certain they themselves are preparing for some deed of darkness. That is always their way. And the abominable lies their organs circulated concerning the contest in REED's district was proof positive that they were on the alert to defeat the Speaker, if possible.

However, the result proves that the Maine Republicans were awake of the danger, and they have rolled up a larger majority than is usual outside of the Presidential year. Governor BURLEIGH is re-elected by some 15,000 plurality. In 1888 he was elected to his first term by about 18,000; but that was the Presidential campaign, and this year's vote should be compared with that of 1886, when the Republican candidate for governor had a plurality of 3,000. It will be seen that the vote was nearly as large as in the Presidential year.

All four Republican candidates for the House are re-elected, and apparently by increased pluralities in every case, though at the time of writing this the complete returns are not yet at hand. All are members of the present House. They are: 1st district, THOMAS B. REED; 2d, NELSON DINGLEY; 3d, SETH L. MILLIKEN; 4th, CHARLES A. BOUTELLE. Speaker REED's plurality in 1888 was 2,438; this year it will run to 4,000 or over. This is a crushing answer to the lying abuse of the Democratic press of the nation. His own people vindicate his course in the Speaker's chair by an increased plurality—a vote of confidence and approbation. And in their verdict they are supported by the unanimous voice of the Republicans of the nation.

THE VERMONT ELECTION.

It is very difficult to see why our Democratic brethren are raising such a chorus of rejoicing over the Vermont election. The Republican majority in the legislature is 195! True, it was a little larger at the last election, but the fact that a few more Democrats were elected this year than were in the last legislature, is due to a purely local issue—the agitation on the liquor license question. Vermont has prohibition, and there is an effort being made in favor of substituting a license law in its stead. The Democracy took up the cause of the saloon, as it always does; and whatever change there was in the legislature was due to the agitation on this question.

The Republicans elected both their candidates for the national House of Representatives, and carried the state by a plurality of nearly 15,000. The noticeable feature of the contest was, that while there was nearly the full Democratic vote polled, there was a falling off of the Republican vote of about 14,000. The Republican reserve was not out, hence the party vote was less than usual; the Democratic vote was out, but was no larger than usual. If there is any comfort to the Democracy in that state of things, they are welcome to it.

IRISH STARVATION.

The cables tell us that the failure of the potato crop in some Irish counties, on account of the unfavorable weather, will result in a famine among the peasantry. It may be wondered why this should be so. It is simply because potatoes are the cheapest food that can be raised, and the Irish peasantry are reduced to living on them exclusively. The policy of misgovernment which has so long been pursued in that island—the system of land tenure, the lack of industries, the steady plundering and impoverishment of the laboring class, has forced them down to existence on the very cheapest article of food that can be raised.

Hence, when the potato crop fails in Ireland, the peasantry are in danger of starvation—not because there is not other food, but because they have no means of procuring it. They have nothing with which to buy. Even in good seasons, the Irish peasantry are at the lowest point at which they can live, and maintain strength for labor. They can only obtain the very cheapest food, and that is the potato. When the potato fails, they are face to face with starvation. The meat, the vegetables, the grain they raise has to go to pay the rent of their holdings.

The usual appeal will be made to the charitable in this country, and we have no doubt it will be generally met. It certainly should be. The starving peasantry are not to blame; but the infernal system of misgovernment is. England is the guilty party, as the misery of the peasantry is due entirely to the false economic system she forces on Ireland. It is the logical outcome of England's free trade policy, plus her arbitrary system of breaking down all Irish industries, to make the people there buy of English manufacturers.

THE attempted train-wrecking on the New York Central railroad was a most dastardly piece of work. That the passengers escaped with so few injuries is almost miraculous, and does not lessen the heinousness of the crime of those who placed the obstructions on the track. The most searching investigation should be made to ascertain the guilty parties, and when they are discovered their trial and punishment should be swift and severe. If the suspicion, which is entertained in some quarters, that the accident was the work of some of the strikers, should prove true, it will intensify the public indignation against them and those who incited them.

CHOLERA seems to be on the increase in Europe. While it is not likely we will receive a visitation of the plague, it would be well for all to pay more than ordinary attention to sanitary regulations.

THE Winconsin Democrats will find PECK a bad boy as a candidate. People never take kindly to clowns and laughter-makers as candidates for office. They regard it as carrying the joke too far.

☞ *Send in the names of your Republican and farmer friends who do not take The Blade, that we may mail to them sample copies.*

THAT MELTON OVERCOAT.

A number of free trade papers are publishing tables showing the difference in price of a five-pound Melton cloth overcoat between England and this country, and twisting it into an argument for free trade. We copy the following table, which purports to show the items of the cost of such a coat in London and New York:

	London, free trade.	New York present tariff.
2¼ yards of melton	$ 9 00	$18 00
Trimmings	6 00	12 00
Cost of making	8 00	18 00
Cutting	1 00	2 00
Total cost	$24 00	$50 00
Add 25 per cent minimum profit	$ 6 00	$12 50
Selling price	$30 00	$62 50

Which showing makes the coat cost $32.50 more in New York than in London; and the free traders howl that this is because of the tariff, and that it must therefore be abolished instanter.

Now, as there are in this, our city of Toledo as good merchant tailors as can be found anywhere, the above table was submitted to the one whose establishment happens to be nearest THE BLADE office—Mr. D. S. APPLEGATE. As he read it, astonishment was depicted on his face, and he at once denounced the figures as to the American cost as utterly misleading. He gave the following figures, saying he would be glad any day to make a Melton overcoat, of the very best quality of imported cloth, at that rate:

2¼ yards double-weight heavy Melton at $5	$11 25
Trimmings, best possible quality	12 50
Cutting	3 00
Making	6 00
	$32 75
Profit, 25 per cent	8 19
	$40 94

He further stated that American-made Melton is every whit as good as the English-made, both as to durability and appearance; that he can buy the very best American Melton direct from the manufacturers at $3 per yard, which would make the coat figured above cost $35.31. The difference between it and the London-made coat is simply in the cost of the labor, for the American-made Melton sells just as cheap here as the English-made does in London.

Here is another proof that the tariff is not a tax—for if American Melton, just as good in every respect, sells here as cheaply as English-made does in London, the only person who pays the duty is the man who has his overcoat made of imported instead of American goods. If one had the patience to take up avery free-trade assertion of this sort and analyze it, the result would be the same in every case. He would find that

The tariff is *not* a tax!

"GO SOAK YO' HEAD."

ROGER QUARLES MILLS, the cowboy statesman of Texas, and the Democratic free trade leader in the House, followed the lead of a number of Democratic papers and endorsed BLAINE's reciprocity plan. He and they did so because they did not understand that reciprocity is the legitimate consequence of protection, and is as much opposed to free trade ideas as is protection itself. Now comes Mr. MILLS, and ties a string to his approving utterances, it having at last penetrated his cranium that BLAINE is still a thorough protectionist. MILLS says now he is in favor of reciprocity, but he wants it with the "whole world." Mr. MILLS should take the advice he gave, when he was on a speech making tour in New England, to a gentleman who asked him a proper question: "Go home and soak yo' head!"

To make the difference between protection and free trade perfectly clear, and to show that Mr. BLAINE's reciprocity scheme is protective, and utterly at variance with free trade, we will repeat a homely illustration we have used before.

Uncle Sam has an excellent pasture field, where the forage is abundant and juicy. Protection is the fence which keeps the herds of other farmers from coming in and grazing thereon, and, by their numbers, rendering the forage too scanty for his own cattle.

Free trade means to take this fence away, and let all all those foreign herds come in and graze, free of charge.

Reciprocity means that Uncle Sam will allow a certain number of his neighbor's cattle come into his pasture and graze, if that neighbor will allow certain of our cattle, which need change of pasture, to graze in his clover field.

If there were no protective fence, and Uncle Sam's pasture were nothing but open commons, how could he negotiate for an exchange of pasture? If we had not protection, reciprocity would be impossible.

Mr. MILLS's scheme for reciprocity with the whole world simply means that all the farmers shall take away their fences, and turn their pasture fields into one great commons. This is impractical and impracticable. All civilized nations, except Great Britain and one or two minor nations, have protective tariffs. Tearing down our fence will not induce them to tear down theirs, and we have no power to compel them to do so. The sensible way is to keep our pastures fenced, and trade pasturage therein for pasturage in our neighbors' fields. Mr. MILLS, in his latest utterance, certainly classifies himself among those animals whose favorite pasturage is believed to be thistles.

FREE COINAGE OF SILVER.

The lobbying committee appointed by last year's national silver convention has put into print the report of its operations during the winter and spring, and the report ends with some remarks about the new silver law which are noteworthy. "The present law," says the committee, "can no more be accepted as a final settlement of the siver question, or of the money question, than the act of 1878 was a final settlement of it. It is but a step in the direction of free coinage—a long step, let us hope—but only that." And the committee thereupon advises silver men "to continue to press their demands upon Congress until free coinage is restored."

We can understand this language, if that committee is controlled by the millionaires who own the silver mines. They naturally want free coinage, for it would add to their profit so long as the price of silver is below the coinage ratio to gold. For all the rest of the people of the United States, the present silver law accomplishes all that a free coinage bill could possibly do. It increases the money circulation of the country by the total output of our silver mines, and makes that currency equal to gold, which free coinage could not.

Free coinage will come as soon as the price of silver comes up to par with gold. The advance in the price of silver, under the beneficent operation of the present law, has shown to a very large number of people, who sincerely doubted the charge that the price of silver was unnaturally low, the error under which they were laboring; and when the small gap that is left shall be covered, Congress will be ready to legislate for free coinage. There is no doubt of that. The thing to do is to push silver up to par.

BRAZIL comes to the front promptly with an endorsement of Mr. BLAINE's reciprocity plan. Good!

MRS. BURNETT'S STORY.

We call the attention of every reader to the pretty little story (which will run three weeks), begun in "Our Young Folks" department this week. It is by Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and is in her happiest vein.

MRS. BURNETT is one of the most charming of modern story writers, and she has a particular faculty for interesting the young. In this story she fully equals the best of her former efforts.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

MONEY.—The money market in New York was easier last week, though money was not offered as plentifully as most persons supposed, considering the very large bond purchases by the Treasury department during August. The reasons why so little of the proceeds of these purchases reached the banks are thus set forth in the New York *Financial Chronicle:*

> It seems that the August bond purchases in full with the premiums offered amounted to 30¾ million dollars. Time, of course, is required to complete these operations; hence the total paid, according to the debt statement, was, with the premiums added (after making certain required deductions), only about 21 million dollars.
>
> It so happened that in August the ordinary disbursements of the government were very small indeed while the revenue receipts were large. Consequently all the cash the treasurer got out during the month in excess of his receipts was 5¾ million dollars. The explanation then of the whole matter is, that on the first of September no more than 5¾ millions had gone into the channels of commerce, and only a part of that into our banks.

The demand for money to meet the demands of commerce was very heavy during the week, not only from the West, but from the South, the East, and the Middle States.

Time loans averaged 6 per cent for 60 days to 6 months, but little was done except in renewals. There has been no material change in the condition of the money market in Europe. The cable reports discounts of 60 to 90-day bank bills in London at 3¼@3⅜ per cent; at Paris the open market rate is 2⅛ per cent, and at Berlin and Frankfort it is 3 per cent. The Bank of England gained £23,000 bullion during the week.

EXCHANGE.—The rate for exchange on London was $4.83 per £1 for "long" (time) and $4.86¼ for "short" (cash).

BUSINESS.—Though there have been certain large failures within the past two weeks, they were due to special causes, and not to the general mercantile situation, which is quite satisfactory. The dry goods trade in special is very active, and there is no reason to complain as to the total volume of business. This is evident from the figures of the bank clearings for August, which show an increase of over 426 million dollars, or about 10 per cent, over the aggregate for the same month last year.

SILVER.—The market was variable last week, with a tendency to a decline toward the close, especially in New York. The accumulation of silver goes on, and there were some large receipts of South American coin. The following gives the prices on August 31 and September 5, for comparison:

	Aug. 31.	Sept. 5.
Bullion, London, per oz.	54⅝d	54d
" New York, "	118⅝c	116⅝c
Bullion certificates	119⅝@⅜c	117¾@6¾c

BLAINE'S LEAD.

In 1888, JAMES G. BLAINE, in a letter from Europe, gave the keynote of success in the Presidential and Congressional elections of that year. In his plan of reciprocity, he has done the same thing for 1892. There is, doubtless, in the minds of some other prominent Republicans, an envious sting, that they did not have that marvelous prescience, that comprehensive grasp of the whole situation, to evolve the plan instead of BLAINE; but the tremendous favor with which it is received all over the country has shown them, if they ever doubted it, that BLAINE has again asserted his sagacious statesmanship by indicating the only true and safe line of national policy.

Hence they are coming into line in support of the idea. Senator SHERMAN follows the lead by his resolutions for reciprocity with Canada. His proposition is, when Canada will admit free coal from this country, that we shall admit Canada coal free; and that the President shall have power to appoint a commission to formulate a plan for the extension of our reciprocal relations whenever Canada shall signify her willingness to appoint a similar one; and that the result of their joint labors shall be reported to the President and be by him communicated to Congress for its action.

Mr. SHERMAN's method of beginning is a safe one. Canada does not mine as much coal as she consumes. Her principal mines are in Nova Scotia, and are nearer to a great part of New England than the Pennsylvania coal fields are. That part of the Dominion along the Great Lakes is much nearer our Pennsylvania and Ohio coal fields than to the Nova Scotia mines. Hence, reciprocity in the matter of coal will harm neither country's coal mining industry. It will give New England people a closer source of supply, and hence at lower freight rates; it will do the same for the Canadians along the lakes, and westward to Vancouver. And we shall sell more coal to Canada than she will sell to us.

Nor can Mr. SHERMAN be accused of copying from BEN BUTTERWORTH and ERASTUS WIMAN, who have been talking reciprocity with Canada for several years. Those gentlemen advanced an abstract proposition; they wanted reciprocity, but had formulated no plan for obtaining it. Mr. SHERMAN comes to the front with a business proposition, whose merits or demerits can be at once ascertained and discussed. The tariff issue is certain of settlement in the minds of the practical masses, now that it has been put on a business basis, and the free trade doctrinaires of the MILLS and HURD school will find their occupation gone.

IT is not likely that the amendments to the Mississippi constitution, adopted by the recent convention, by which the great mass of blacks in the state are to be disfranchised, will be submitted to the people for ratification. If that were done and all were permitted to vote the amendments would be defeated; so those who have engineered the movement are convinced that "ratification by the people is not necessary." When this disfranchisement is accomplished, it will then be in order to reduce proportionately the representation of Mississippi in Congress.

AT the Farmers' convention, at Columbus, one speaker expressed an undeniable truth when he declared that "the man who has no influence in either of the old parties would have precious little in a new." And he might have added with equal truth that it is just those fellows who are always endeavoring to break into office by starting new parties.

IT is noticeable that those Democratic correspondents at Washington, who were so positive a little while ago that neither of the shipping bills would be acted on in the House, have now reached the conclusion that they will not only be acted on but passed at the present session.

THE apple crop of New England and the peach crop of Delaware are both failures this year. Fruit will be fruit this year, surely.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The area of the West India docks is 300 acres.

Mental worry, it is thought, is the chief cause of cancer.

German workmen are the worst paid laborers in Europe.

Edgar Fawcett is fascinated with the suburbs of London.

The pope has forbidden Catholics to cremate their dead.

Up to the present 1,230,000 persons have visited the Edinburgh exhibition.

The oldest United States pensioner is a colored woman, Mrs. Henry Kay.

Senator Edmunds is said to be much concerned about his failing health.

There are over one hundred miles of streets paved with wood in London.

A statistician has estimated that courtships average three tons of coal each.

A number of women doctors are attending the medical congress at Berlin.

Of this world's population it is estimated that 250,000,000 go entirely naked.

The earth was the greatest distance from the sun on the morning of the 6th of July.

In the United States over 3,000,000,000,000 of envelopes are manufactured yearly.

More than 500,000 houses have been built in London during the last forty years.

Mr. Bradlaugh, besides being a good angler, plays the game of chess to perfection.

Some 23,000 persons sleep each night on the Thames in what constitutes the Port of London.

The whole world's product of salt per annum is 7,300,000 tons. England produces the most.

Bernard Eberling, of Baltimore, now 94 years of age, fought under Blucher at Waterloo.

Two squadrons of cavalry in the Russian army are to be formed exclusively of natives of the Caucasus.

Countess Maria von Kensky of Bohemia one day last winter, on the estate of Chlamec, shot 138 hares.

Ira D. Sankey has concluded not to accompany George F. Pentecost on his evangelistic mission to India.

Lillie Devereux Blake has a yellow brocaded silk dress, which is said to have been worn once by Theodosia Burr.

Lady Monckton is about to start as a house decorator and furnisher in London. She is said to be a smart business woman.

Peoria, Ill., is now the greatest whisky town in the world. The distilleries of the city have a capacity of 180,000 gallons a day.

According to the latest statistics there are 100,000 insane persons in the United States—a ratio of one to every 550 inhabitants.

Queen Victoria's name is Wettin, an unromantic appellation, but known to history as the family name of the house of Saxony.

Queen Victoria detests sentries, and all the guarding at Osborne and at Balmoral, and as much as possible at Windsor, is done by policemen.

Tolstoi has nine children, the oldest of whom is a daughter 18 years old. This fact ought to have prevented his writing the "Kreutzer-Sonata."

There are five bishops in England who are more than 80 years of age. The eldest of them is the Bishop of Chichester, who is a frisky old man of 88.

Edward Bellamy is running for the office of mayor of Chicopee, Mass. After the election he may be looking backward and wishing he hadn't done it.

M. De Gasta, the French champion of woman's rights, recently tried successfully to have his daughter, 40 years old, declared incompetent to manage her own affairs.

Mr. John Habberton is president of the new class which is now taking up the course of the Chautauqua Reading Circle. One of the vice presidents is Mrs. Helen Campbell.

Mrs. Elizabeth Peabody, the noted philanthropist of Boston, is now nearly ninety years of age. She is very feeble, physically, but her mind is still bright and active.

Minister Robert T. Lincoln, who is visiting Wales, has been invited to preside at the National Eisteddfod this week, and has consented to deliver an address at that time.

The use of india rubber for erasing pencil marks was first suggested in or just prior to 1752, by an academician named Magellan, a descendant of the great navigator.

Nine years ago Mr. Palmer, an actor, fell dead on the Liverpool stage. The moment before his death he had exclaimed, "O God, O God, there is another and a better world."

J. F. Muirhead, the English editor of Baedeker's series of European guide-books, is on his way to this country to select material for a guide-book to the United States and Canada.

It appears that the great majority of persons committing suicide in Japan are over fifty years of age. Next on the list comes persons between twenty and thirty years of age.

Mr. Paul Du Chaillu is a thorough American, having been born in Louisiana, and not in France, as is commonly supposed. He is bald and over fifty, but is still as gay and agile as a boy.

Congressman Lewis is the nearest living relative of George Washington, and is a living image of those portraits of the Father of his Country which are supposed to give the best likeness of him.

The Primrose League of England is nearing the millionth member. When the returns were made up at the close of last month the registered members numbered [illegible], and the habitations [illegible].

In portions of the unsurveyed territory at the foot of Mount Baker and Mount Tacoma there are hundreds of trees that measure [illegible] feet in height. Some of their trunks measure 30 feet in circumference.

B. L. Farjeon, the novelist, is a son-in-law of Joseph Jefferson. He lives with his charming family in a lovely house in London, and there he entertains delightfully. He has three children that are prodigies of infantile learning.

B. J. Franklin, until recently United States consul at Han-Kow, China, has returned to Minnesota and proposes to introduce some Chinese customs. He eats little neck clams with chop sticks, but has not yet been able to teach any one to make birds' nest soup.

The subscriptions toward the memorial to be erected to Adam Smith, author of "The Wealth of Nations," at Kirkcaldy, the place of his birth, have reached considerably more than [illegible], but it is expected the amount will be much increased before the list is closed.

Rev. Dr. Wayland, who has been called the Chauncey Depew of Philadelphia in the matter of after-dinner speaking, is six feet one and one-half inches in height, has a dark complexion and heavy eyebrows. His physical appearance is much like that of Abraham Lincoln.

Si Johnson, a negro who died lately in Albany, Ga., went through three wars—that of 1812 as the body servant of Col. John Gilmore, and through the Mexican war he was in the same capacity with Col. John Gilmore, jr.; in the civil war he belonged to Mack Johnson. "Old Si" was [illegible] years old.

The king of the Sandwich Islands lives in a million dollar palace that was built of coral a few years ago by his loyal subjects. The natives do not seem to mind expense where the king's pleasure is involved. When the princess died they spent $30,000 on her funeral and [illegible] for a mausoleum to her.

Little King Alfonso, of Spain, has arrived at the distinction of having his hair cut by a barber. The greatest concern of his majesty was to know why his hair-dresser was perfectly bald, and if he had had his hair all pulled off. Queen Christina had always before cut the hair of the little king herself.

Byrant Howard, of San Diego, Cal., has offered substantial aid to Mrs. Richard Proctor in her project of establishing an astronomical observatory on San Miguel Mountain. The study of astronomy is growing in interest the world over, as is evinced by the increase of observatories, public and private.

Mr. George D. M. Peixotto has received a commission from the emperor of Germany to come to that country and paint the portrait of Prince Bismarck. The celebrated chancellor has given no sitting to any artist of any country since he sat for Lenbach ten years ago, who was the last to paint him from life.

One of the interesting men in London is Theodore Watts, long the intimate friend of the poet and painter Rossetti, and now the counselor and helper of Swinburne. He is a small, dark man, with a fine brow, long black hair and a grayish-black mustache. He has some unpublished poems, manuscripts and letters of Rossetti in his possession.

A new invention in musical instruments is a violin piano. A case containing six violins, two violas and two violoncellos resembles a pianoforte frame. The instruments are connected by circular bands, which are brought into contact with the strings by means of the keyboards, the hammers of which bear upon the bands with varying pressure.

Four people at Long Branch, who are well able, from a financial standpoint, to ride in carriages, are the most enthusiastic pedestrians of the place. They are George W. Childs; John Hoey, president of the Adams Express company; A. J. Drexel, the banker, and Daniel Dougherty. It is a rare sight, indeed, to see any of these men in a conveyance of any kind.

Henry Savage Lander, a gifted young artist, and grandson of Walter Savage Landor, the poet and critic, is now traveling and painting in the interior of Japan. Although only 24 years old, he has visited this country, Alaska, Egypt and much of the continent, and hopes during the next three years to spend some time in Siberia, Corea, China and Australia. Then he will exhibit his work in London.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, when in Paris, sat to M. Jan van Beers. The result, "A smile," is a small picture no bigger than the cover of a magazine. It was hung at Burlington House, numbered [illegible], and was bought by Mr. Aird, M. P., for [illegible]. It represents Mrs. Potter in a dress of the first empire, looking pleasantly from the canvas at the spectator. It is one of the most expensive smiles on record.

UNION SERVICE PENSION ASSOCIATION.

JUSTICE "to him who has borne the battle, to his widow and orphans."

NEW CAMPS.

Official Reports of the Organization of Union Service Pension Associations for the Week.

Golden City Camp, No. 12 of Missouri.

Golden City, Barton Co., Mo.; —— Congressional district; organized Aug. 22, 1890; members enrolled, 92.
Commatdant—W. F. Stemons.
Vice Commandant—Henry Hoyt.
Adjutant—J. R. Barnes.
Quartermaster—William Black.
All of Golden City, Barton Co., Mo.

D. G. Farragut Camp, No. 7 of South Dakota.

Avon, South Dakota; organized Aug. 18, 1890; members enrolled, 18.
Commandant—A. C. James, Myrtle, S. D.
Vice Commandant—R. N. Stout.
Adjutant—Roger Farrell, Myrtle, S. D.

Rockford Camp, No. 5 of Nebraska.

Rockford, Cherry Co., Nebraska; 3d Congressional district; organized Aug. 2, 1890; members enrolled, 23.
Commandant—J. M. Jenkins, Merrimon, Cherry Co., Neb.
Vice Commandant—P. R. Snowden.
Adjutant—G. B. McNamee, Merrimon, Neb.
Quartermaster—G. W. Butcher.

Medina Camp, No. 2 of New York.

Medina, Orleans Co., New York; 31st Congressional district; organized Aug. 23, 1890; members enrolled, 20.
Commandant—Charles Fuller.
Vice Commandant—John Lake.
Adjutant—John F. Chase.
All of Medina, Orleans Co., New York.

Pike Camp, No. 3 of New York.

Pike, Wyoming Co., N. Y.; 31st Congressional district; organized Aug. 30, 1890; members enrolled, 24.
Commandant—C. J. Thomas.
Vice Commandant—S. A. Farman.
Adjutant—A. M. Smith.
All of Pike, Wyoming Co., New York.

The Constitution and Plan of Organization of the U. S. P. A.

We shall not hereafter take the space to give the Plan of Organization and Constitution of the Union Pension Service Association each week. It will appear only at intervals.

All who send to us for blanks and sample copies will be gladly furnished with all they need, free; and we will send, to all such, copies of issues of THE BLADE containing the Constitution and Plan of Organization of the U. S. P. A.

KANSAS DEMANDS SERVICE PENSION.

It is noticeable that the Republicans of Kansas make an emphatic demand for a service pension law, in this respect following the example of their fellow-Republicans of Pennsylvania and Ohio, earlier in the campaign. The utterance of the Kansas Republican platform is more significant than they, however, for several reasons.

In the first place, Kansas contains a greater proportion of Union veterans of the rebellion among her population than does any other state. When the grand armies of GRANT and SHERMAN, composed of the flower of the manhood of the North, returned in 1865 to the avocations of peace, the minds of a great proportion of them turned to the West. Kansas had just entered statehood; she was the best known of the new commonwealths of the Great West, because of the long and fierce struggle that had taken place on her soil between the minions of slavery and the champions of freedom—the one party endeavoring to drag her down into slavery, the other maintaining that her soil should be free. The latter won, and the controversy had much to do with preparing men's minds for the final arbitrament of the slave question by the sword. The slaveholders' rebellion was the logical outcome of the Kansas struggle.

With her fertile soil and other natural advantages, it was but natural that the tide of Western emigration should set strongly to her rich prairies, and especially that the men who had fought the battles of freedom and Union against the rebellion of the slave power should select Kansas wherein to erect their homes. These men and their sons have been the bulwark of Republicanism in that state ever since the war. Local issues have divided them at times in minor elections, but when the national battle of ballots was going on, they have been steadily found in the ranks of the party of freedom and of progress.

The demand in the state platform of the Kansas Republicans for service pensions is in reality the voice of these good men and true who stood in the battle's front during the terrible days of the war, where courage and patriotism carried the old flag to victory over the hosts of treason and disunion, and who saved the Union in the very crisis of its existence. They, if any, have the right to say whether the nation has yet discharged that portion of the debt which it can pay to its defenders and saviors, and whether what has hitherto been the government's policy with the survivors of its former great wars, shall be or shall not be carried into execution for the survivors of the rebellion.

The passage of a service pension bill was urged upon the present Congress, but that body, perhaps sincerely believing that the measure was not demanded or hoped for by the majority of the veterans, ignored the service pension idea, and passed the "disability" law, to pension only those who are disabled from earning a living, and including the widows and minor children of comrades who have answered the roll-call of death. We have been told that the disability law will provide for those who really need aid; that it will satisfy the great mass of soldiers, and that the agitation in favor of service pensions would at once cease as soon as the provisions of the new law were ascertained.

Well, the law has been in operation for nearly three months. Every old soldier knows all about it, as also do the voters who were not soldiers. The Republicans of Kansas, in whose ranks are more veterans and veterans' sons, in proportion, than in the party in any other state, have answered the plea above. They have expressed their opinion, and it is so generally the opinion, not only of the old soldiers of Kansas themselves, but of the entire mass of the Republican party there, that the party had embodied in its state platform a demand for the enactment of a service pension law.

That is the answer Kansas gives to the disability law. No one finds fault with the law as far as it goes. It is an excellent measure, and brings help and happiness to thousands of the veterans on whom the years have borne hardly, and broken them down, so that they can no longer keep their places in the battle of life. It has brought joy to many a helpless widow of a soldier, and to her little ones. Let us all rejoice that Congress did that much, at least. It is more than a Democratic Congress and a Democratic President did, though they were asked for such a provision for four successive years.

But it fails in that it does not go far enough. The thing to do was to pass a service pension bill, that would put every honorably discharged survivor of the Union army on the pension roll. Such a law would have included every beneficiary of the present law, and many more. It would have fulfilled the traditional policy of the government, exhibited to the survivors of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, of the Mexican war. All of those received service pensions, and there is nothing strange or monstrous in the fact that the survivors of the Rebellion look for the extension of this policy to themselves.

The men of Kansas have declared that they expect it to be done—that they regard it as simple justice, and they appeal to Congress to put them on the same plane, treat them equally well, as the nation, ever since it became a nation, has treated the men who fought her battles for her. It is an appeal that must be heard, must be considered. It is an appeal that goes up, not from Kansas alone, but from every state in the Union. And Congress will do well not to disregard it.

HIS VACATION OVER.

He shed his coat. He hung his hat
Up on the same old nail.
Down in the same old chair he sat,
And wailed a feeble wail.

"They rightly call this 'Labor Day,'"
He said with sickly grin.
"For yesterday wound up my play—
I've got to toil agin."
—[Chicago Tribune.

IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

Benefit Experienced by These Organizations in Many Localities.

Only a few years have passed since the first village-improvement society was organized, but scores of these associations are now doing good work in every part of the country in securing for rural communities more favorable sanitary conditions, improving roads and pathways, beautifying public squares and the grounds about public buildings, educating the public taste, and in many other ways making country life more attractive and satisfying. There would seem to be little need for similar associations in cities, where the government is more directly charged with the duties which these societies have assumed. There is a board of public health to look after the city's drainage and general cleanliness. There are park commissioners charged with the supervision of its public grounds. There is a board of works to look after the highways and in many cases the planting of trees; and yet there is little question that an active association in every city which should charge itself in a general way with functions similar to those performed by the rural improvement societies would help to supplement official action by directing it in proper channels and making it more effective. Organization is always effective by uniting the desultory efforts of individuals; and that much good can be achieved in the special direction indicated is proved by the effective work of the Metropolitan Gardens association of London, the City Parks association of Philadelphia, and the Tree Planting and Fountain society of Brooklyn.

A report of this last-named organization has just been received, and from it we learn that of the 70,000 trees now standing in the streets of Brooklyn, a considerable portion have been planted under the auspices and at the suggestion of this society. After it was formed some eight years ago, many public meetings were held, circulars were issued, and articles calling the attention of citizens to the value of trees in city streets were published in the daily papers. But the work was carried on in still more practical ways. Various nurserymen were asked to furnish information as to the number of trees they had in stock of different varieties and the prices at which they could be obtained. As the time for planting approached, the society secured a storehouse in which samples of trees from various nurseries were kept on exhibition, and suitable persons were always in attendance to give information as to the proper methods of planting, the varieties most useful, and the places where they could be obtained at the most reasonable prices. When it was desired, the society not only furnished trees at cost price, but sent skilled men to plant them and charged for the special service only the amount that they had paid for the labor. After the trees were planted instructions were given as their care; devices for protecting them from horses and other dangers were explained, and efforts were made to create a feeling that the city trees were common property and that every citizen had a personal interest in preserving them. In order to properly educate the young, this society urged the legislature to pass an act for the encouragement of aboriculture, and this resulted in the appointment of an Arbor Day for the state, and in its celebration public exercises are conducted by the various school officers throughout the state and participated in by all the children of the public schools. Of course, this general work is but a small portion of what the society is constantly doing. As an example of its special watchfulness, it may be stated that when some of the trees, notably the maples, in the city were suffering from the ravages of an insect, a competent entomologist was called in to make a study of the cause and to report the best means for overcoming this evil.

Altogether there is no good reason why associations of this sort could not be as helpful in the city as in the country. Without naming all the directions in which their influence could be exercised for good, it may be worth while to indicate one in particular, and that is in protecting public parks. It is not always, perhaps it is not generally true, that commissioners of city parks have any adequate appreciation of their true function. They cannot be trusted to repel the attacks constantly made on the parks; they often side with the assailants and organize attacks of their own. In this city, for example, it is constantly happening that city officials who would hardly assume to make plans for a monumental public building consider themselves perfectly competent to design an surban park or change the design of one already made. It has never dawned upon them that one of these works is or ought to be as truly a work of art as the other. Only a few days ago the mayor of this city suggested in an off-hand way, and yet in his official capacity, that the entire system of walks and drives in Central Park should be remodelled. He was troubled by no doubt that his plan would be infinitely superior to the original one, or that he was perfectly qualified to direct such an undertaking. Similar attacks upon the integrity of our parks, efforts to pervert them from their highest use, and even attempts to obliterate them or to confiscate them to some alien use, are happening every year. Central Park has been saved as by fire, simply because there has been intelligent opposition to its destruction made in a few newspapers. These assaults will probably grow more frequent and more urgent as population presses about it more densely, and the time may come when a well-organized defence will be needed to keep its woods and meadows from being utterly trampled out or covered with brick and stone. A voluntary association which would, in addition to other duties, devote intelligent attention to the preservation and the proper management of parks could find an ample field for labor in every considerable city of the Union.—[Garden and Forest.

How a Superstition Lingers.

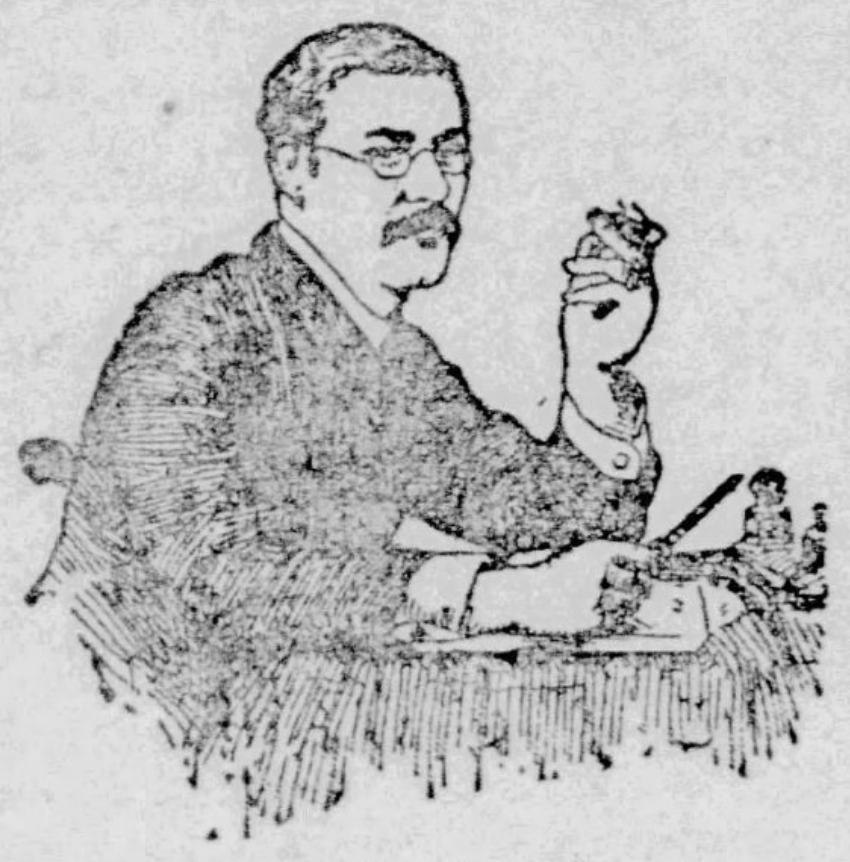
The universality with which watch charms are now worn is an evidence of the strong hold which superstition takes upon an age or a people. Warriors once wore such trinkets for the supposed protection they gave.—[Indianapolis Journal.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Portrait and Sketch of the Young Anglo-Indian Writer Who Has So Suddenly Attained Literary Fame.

As THE BLADE has published several of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's stories, the following sketch of him by Mr. Andrew Lang, may not be amiss:

Some years ago, among the books which came in battalions to a reviewer, I found an odd little volume of verses, bound like an official report. Where is that volume now? It has gone the way of first editions; a thing to regret, as it was an example of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's "Departmental Ditties." They were light pieces of rhyme on Anglo-Indian life and society; they were lively, sad, cynical, and very unlike most poetry. Mr. Kipling's name was new to me, and, much as I had admired his verses, I heard no more of him till I received "The Story of the Gadsbys," "Studies in Black and White," and "Under the Deodars." Then, on reading them, one saw that a new star in literature had swum into one's ken. Here was extraordinary brightness, brevity, observation, humor; unusual, perhaps unexampled, knowledge of life in India—life of the people, of their white rulers, of men and women, and of the private soldiers. Mr. Kipling had the unusual art of telling a short story; he cut it down to almost anecdote in his hatred of the prolix and the superfluous. This is always a rare art in English; in French it is more common, and it is made far more welcome.


RUDYARD KIPLING.

At this time the European English knew little or nothing of Mr. Kipling. He was praised in reviews; his books were the treasures of a few people who liked to find a fresh thing that is good. Then in autumn, 1889, Mr. Kipling came to England, paying a long visit to America on the way. The few facts that need be told about his past career were soon known.

Mr. Kipling was born at Bombay on December 30, 1865. He is therefore still a very young man; at his age Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson had only shown his genius to the world in a few admirable magazine articles. Born in India, the son of the head of the School of Art at Lahore, Mr. Kipling was educated at "Westward Ho," the watering place and home of the Golfes, named after Canon Kingsley's novel. He returned to India early, and how early he began to write articles, tales, and verses in the India newspapers I do not know. His little romances first appeared in the journals of our Oriental dependency, and were part of his regular newspaper work. The largest collections, "Plain Tales from the Hills," in the dignity of a cloth cover, can occasionally be purchased from a bookseller of unusual intelligence. But, as the books came out in India, it has hitherto been difficult to get them; they have been "very rare." Doubtless these difficulties are being removed, and perhaps all Mr. Kipling's works will become as accessible as those of other British authors. It is not my purpose to write a biography of Mr. Kipling, nor to describe him "at home." He is fond of horses and of fishing; he is not fond of psychology nor of M. Paul Bourget. His political opinions are of the kind which were English in old days before Mr. Gladstone, and I am not aware that he has ever attempted to overthrow the Christian religion nor to supply his own mixture, at reasonable charges, as a substitute. He is thus, though young and popular, a little belated in our intelligent and advanced generation.

Enough, or more than enough, of personal description. As to his writings, Mr. Kipling appears to myself to possess a very original genius, nor is this an original opinion. His "Plain Tales" have been called "The best book ever written on India," by an authority of very great experience in life, in government, and in literature. For the first time he has shown English readers what India is like; how full of infinitely various life and romance. He seems to have seen and known, and been able to make real and vivid, the existence of all classes in that continent. For my own part I least like his tales about official life, about flirtations and jobs, "appointments" of all kinds at Simla. The descriptions may be very true; they are not very pleasing. His married flirts, his frivolous ladies, his people who "play tennis with the Seventh Commandments," are melancholy, and, no doubt, admonitory spectacles. Vice, in them, has certainly not freed itself from what is coarse and common. Vice seldom does, and it is not Mr. Kipling's fault, but the fault of his characters, that one turns from their feverish society, their "smartness," and their slang.

To my own taste—after all it is a question of taste—his tales of native life in many ranks, religions and nations are his best. The confessions of an opium smoker, in "The Gate of a Hundred Sorrows," defeat De Quincey on his own ground. "The Strange Ride of Morrowbe Jukes," who fell into a village of thieves who should be dead but yet live, is a nightmare more perfect and terrible, I think, than anything of Edgar Poe's.

There is an astonishing variety in Mr. Kipling's powers. In the "Phantom 'Rickshaw," his tale of the dead wife's appointment with her husband moves one like a vivid dream of the beloved dead. Then we have a handsome piece of witchery in the "Bisara of Pooree," where the impossible becomes real to fancy. From these tales it is a long step to the military humors of "Soldiers Three," the magnificent, daring, vain and generous Irish Hercules, Mulvaney; the little cockney who shoots so well and has a madness of homesickness; Ortheris, and the big Yorkshireman who is their comrade. "How They Took the Town of Lungtungpen" and "With the Rear Guard" are tales of as good fighting as ever was transcribed. Every soldier should inspire himself with their gay daring and masterful adventure. The legend of the wanderer, with the head of his crushed and dead comrade in his wallet, proves that Mr. Kipling could excel in the wildest myths of adventure, if he cared. He has comedy, tragedy, farce in his repertory, all in small parcels. He has seen a perfect Odyssey of strange experience, has known or has divined the most unheard-of dealings of men with men, and everywhere has found them very human. The last story in "Plain Tales" promises, not a conclusion, but a beginning, to the legend of an English scholar sunk in drink, in Islam, and the dirt of a bazaar. All this would be entirely new, and we may trust that Mr. Kipling will give us a longer narrative on the subject. Whether he can write a long novel, or a novel, rather, of the usual proportions, remains to be seen. At a passage, a picture, an incident, a character, he is already, perhaps, all but unrivaled among his contemporaries. Can he weave many of these into a consistent fable? This remains to be tried.

A. LANG.

Clerical Consistency.

First Deacon—The minister preached a fiery sermon against novel reading last Sunday. I tell you it must have had an effect upon the young ladies of the congregration who read fiction.

Second Deacon—Is that so? From where did he take his text?

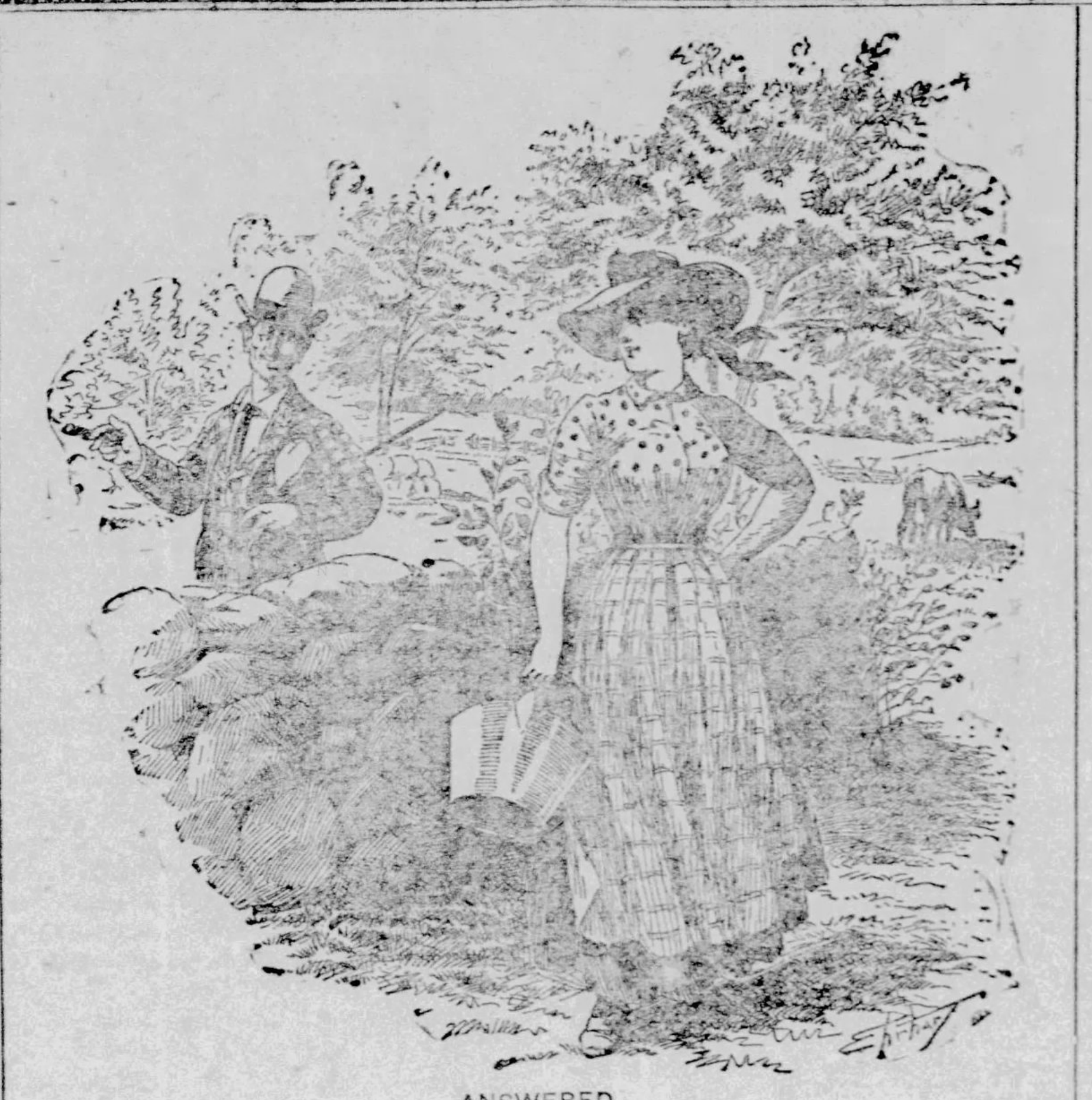
First Deacon—Oh, from one of the New Testament parables, I believe.—[Puck.

A Chance to Make Money.

MR. EDITOR:

Having read Mr. Morehead's experience plating with gold, silver and nickel, I feel it my duty to inform others of my success. I sent for a plater and have more work than I can do. It is surprising the spoons, castors and jewelry that people want plated. The first week I cleared $37.10, and in three weeks $119.85, and my wife has made about as I have. By addressing W. H. Griffith & Co., Zanesville, Ohio, you can get circulars. A Plater only costs $3. You can learn to use it in an hour. Can plate large or small articles, and can make money anywhere. I now have a nice home and bank account, all the product of $3 invested in a Plater.

S. S. NORTON.


ANSWERED.

[Puck.]

The Masher of the Lane—Where are you going, my pretty maid?
Greenbrier (the farmer's daughter).—After a bigger pail, to put that chestnut in.

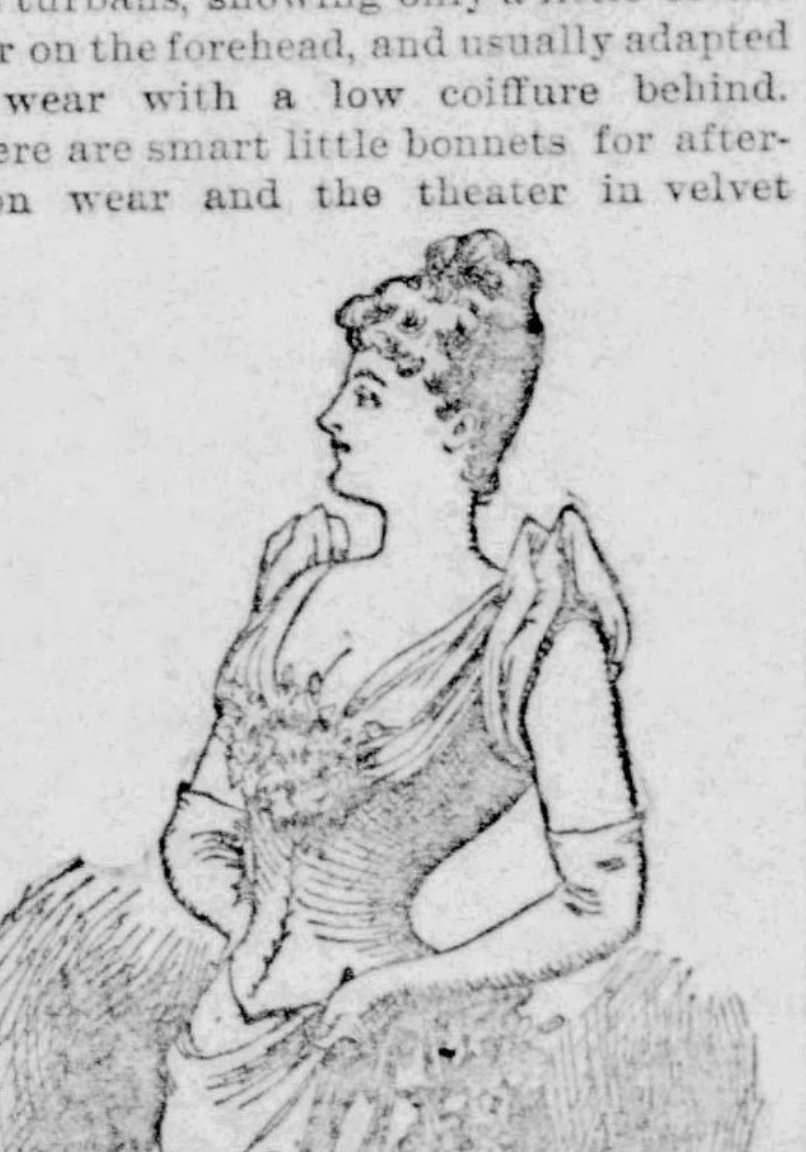
EARLY AUTUMN FASHIONS

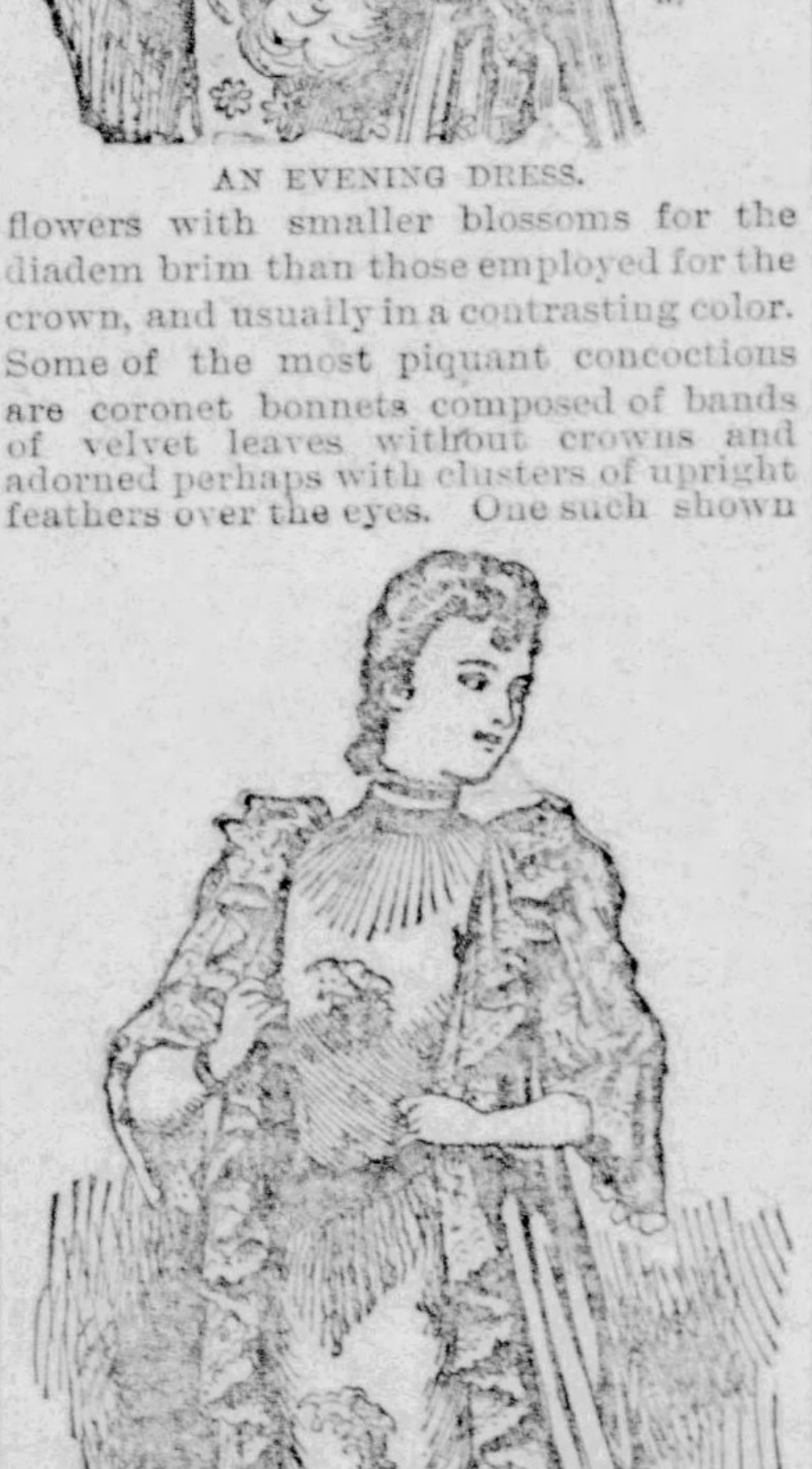
WHAT PARIS HOUSES ARE DOING.

Their Cold Weather Millinery—Trousseau of Vicomte de Seze's Bride—Wraps, Dress Stuffs and Costumes.

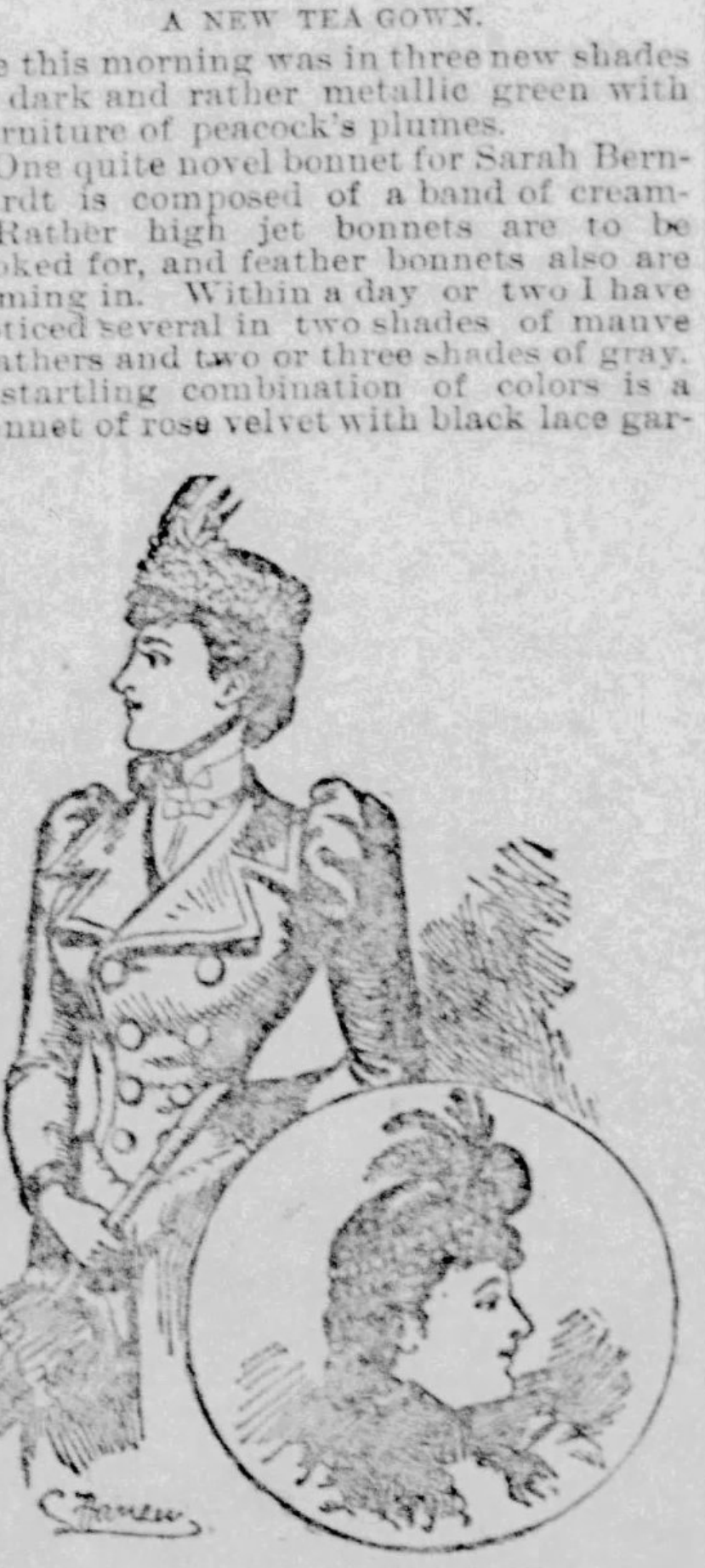
[Written for The Blade by Ellen Osborn. Copyrighted 1890.]

PARIS, September 1.—The arbiters of fashion in the Rue de la Paix and the Avenue de l'Opera are busy with headwear for the autumn, in such shapes and materials as suggest the early dropping of the leaves. Capotes are very snug, like brimless turbans, showing only a little of the hair on the forehead, and usually adapted to wear with a low coiffure behind. There are smart little bonnets for afternoon wear and the theater in velvet flowers with smaller blossoms for the diadem brim than those employed for the crown, and usually in a contrasting color. Some of the most piquant concoctions are coronet bonnets composed of bands of velvet leaves without crowns and adorned perhaps with clusters of upright feathers over the eyes. One such shown me this morning was in three new shades of dark and rather metallic green with garniture of peacock's plumes.


AN EVENING DRESS.


A NEW TEA GOWN.

One quite novel bonnet for Sarah Bernhardt is composed of a band of cream- Rather high jet bonnets are to be looked for, and feather bonnets also are coming in. Within a day or two I have noticed several in two shades of mauve feathers and two or three shades of gray. A startling combination of colors is a bonnet of rose velvet with black lace garnitures and bright yellow feathers. Sailor hats, both in feather and straw, will be worn quite late in the autumn, with somewhat wider brims than those shown earlier in the season, and finished each with a black velvet band drawn down and fastened in a simply tied bow at the side, an arrangement which takes much of the stiffness out of these hats, which, much as they are sold in Paris for the benefit of English and American travelers, are never worn, so far as I have observed, under any circumstances by French women.


A NEW STYLE LONG COAT.

Millinery ribbons have grown wide again and are magnificently brocaded. The new gold laces and galloons are extravagant in price, but make a great effect, as the Parisian milliner tells you judicially.

The silk stockings show nearly every shade of color known to the imagination. Many of them have open fronts of lace.

Autumn wraps begin to be shown. The coat with skirts is exhibited in place of the trim little jacket, but it is safe to say it will never be liked as well. It is an awkward garment for most figures and is easily made ungainly. It is usually double-breasted, with broad revers, with the lapels half covered with silk. One model is in brown cloth with a scarlet lining. Another is in a new shade of dark green velvet richly embroidered in black and gold. In steel gray lined with white it is showy and effective. One of the novelties among the jackets is of cedar-colored cloth with the full sleeves, waistcoat and collar-lining of cedar-colored velvet, richly braided in Louis XV. style. There is a new jacket in the style of Louis XIII., and a variety of the rich and long cloaks and wraps which come in with the late season. New jackets to match autumn costumes are being made of dark-colored silks with satin dots of the same shade. Capes will be worn as long as the weather permits, and new shapes are appearing. For evening wear is one of heliotrope cloth, lined with white silk and very sweetly trimmed in a mixture of gold and silver.

HER MAIDEN REVERY.

I sit, my cheek upon my hand,
And grieve, with ample reason:
I mourn the year of '90—and
I mourn the buried season.

The men have flocked about me all
Upon the sandy beaches.
They've danced with me through many a ball,
And galloped windy reaches.

They've hauled me up the mountain side;
They've helped me o'er the river—
But though my waiting-maid's a bride,
Yet I go on forever—
And men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

They sang, they sailed, they talked, they danced—
So many Summer swallows—
But never one of all advanced,
As usually follows.

They took me yachting 'mong the gulls,
With brightsome breezes blowing,
And rowed me home with four-pair sculls—
A curious way of rowing.

They did—they did—I know not what—
Tom, Richard, likewise Harry—
I only know what they did not:
They didn't once say "Marry!"

And that is why I sit and sigh,
And with sufficient reason!
What comfort is it now that I
Was Belle of all the Season?

The modern man's a celibate—
Perhaps that's where he's clever—
His girls may still await their fate,
While he flirts on forever—
He'll flirt me on to twenty-eight;
And I'll go on forever—
Forever—
And I'll go on forever!
—[Puck.

PLUCKED HER CHICKENS.

The Curious Effects of a Tornado Near Lake Gervais.

One of the occupants of the Good cottage, near Lake Gervais, on July 13, an elderly lady, was very fond of taking care of fowls, and had raised nearly a hundred chickens and ducks. These were all killed by the storm. The lady had also made a nice lot of soft soap, of which she was very proud. The soap had been left on a board by the side of the house, and, of course, was carried away by the wind. The occupants of the house, it will be remembered, took refuge in the cellar when the storm was seen coming. All were more or less injured and their clothing torn from their bodies. It was nearly half an hour before all were released, more dead than alive. The lady spoken of was half conscious, and the moment she was taken from the celler she took one glance at the work of the tornado, threw up her hands, and exclaimed: "Oh! where are my ducks, and my chickens, and where is my nice soft soap?"

Her soft soap has probably dissolved in Lake Gervais; but the remains of her ducks and chickens were found here and there within a radius of a mile or more from the house. The idea that a tornado could pluck the feathers from a fowl as clean as could the most accomplished chef has been laughed at, but some of the chickens and ducks belonging to the Good family were stripped of every feather. But that was not the only remarkable thing about them. Some of the chickens found nearly a mile from the house had their necks stretched to a remarkable length, the necks of some, it is said by those who saw them, being at least a foot long. Another incident of the storm is that one of the ladies who took refuge in the cellar was almost covered with oats, the sharp needles of which penetrated her clothing and stuck to the skin. The husband of the lady vouches for this occurrence, and says that it took nearly half an hour to remove the oats.—[St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Her Narrow Escape.

"Clara—Miss Simpkins," he murmured, as he reached for his hat after a declaration, "when you think of a little road where we used to wander in the happy month of July, beneath the branches of the green trees, I pray you think of me. For I am like that little road—a lover slain," and so he passed out of her sight.

And then she was glad she had answered no.—[Harper's Bazar.

Such a Simple Way.

Waiter—But, sir, if you can't tell me your name and address, how can I send you home?

Guest (considerably under the weather)—Do you know, I've forgotten everything. But say, I tell you, waiter, just read the directory through to me and when you come to my name I'll tell you.—[Fliegende Blaetter.

And the Men.

She (indignantly)—I don't think you give us girls credit for thinking of any thing else but dress.

He (suavely)—Oh, you wrong me! I do give you credit for thinking of more than dress.

She—Of what else?

He—Bonnets!—[Epoch.

Barbarous.

Boss of the shop (to applicant for a job)—Yes, I want another barber. Have you had much experience?

Applicant—I've shaved and cut hair in every city between here and Australia.

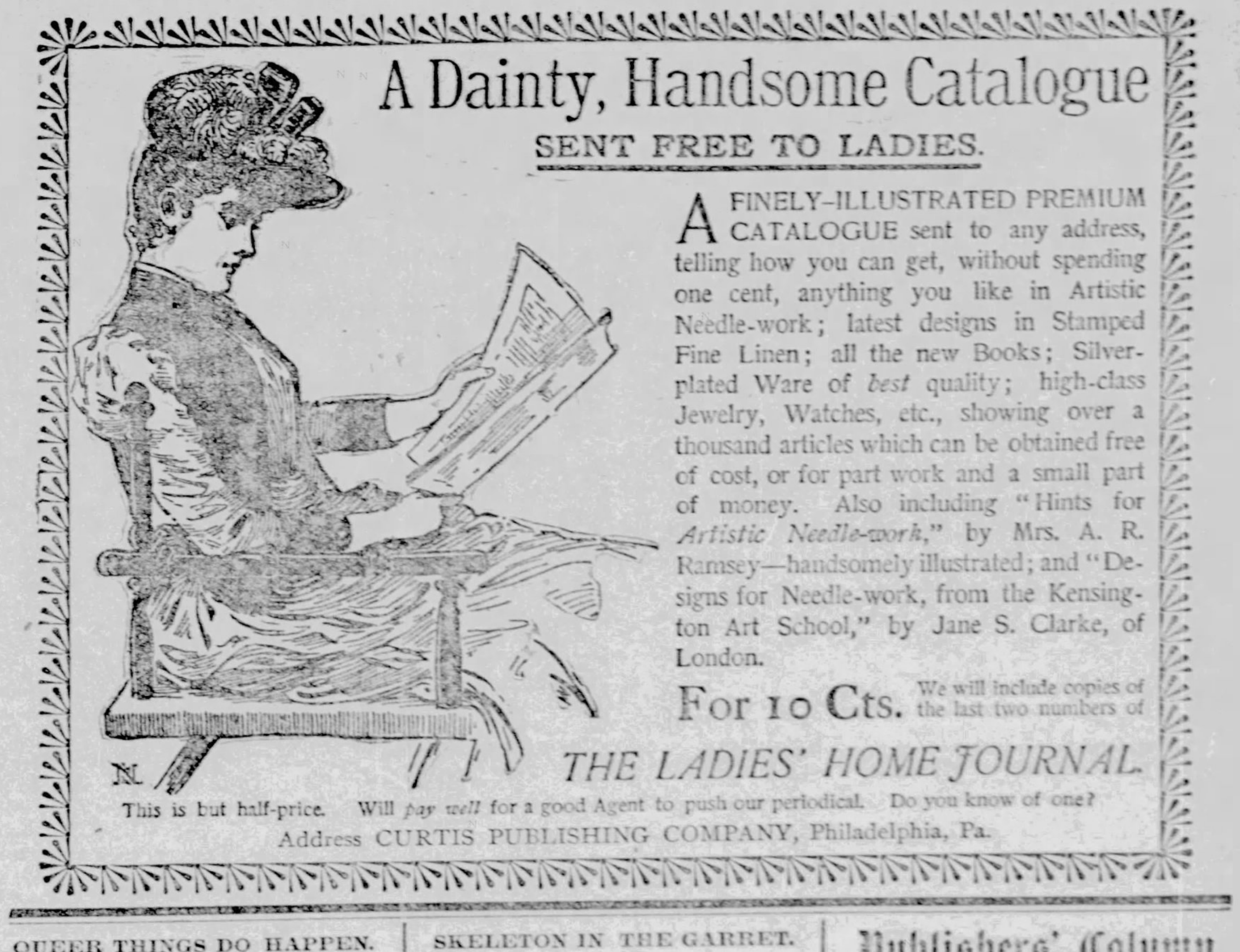
"Where are you from?"

"Eastern Africa. I'm a Zanzibarber."—[Chicago Tribune.

What a War Horse Is.

"Pa," said little Fauntleroy the other evening, I heard Dr. Snuffem say to-day that old Congressman Seekem was a war horse. What is a war horse, pa?"

"My child," replied pa, "a war horse is a creature that snuffs the battle afar—the farther the better—and snorts and plunges at every office in sight."—[Chicago Tribune.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QUEER THINGS DO HAPPEN.

An Unvarnished Recital of the Adventures of a Fall River Urchin.

A boy with a wonderful capacity for cold water made a kind of Noah's ark time of it last evening for people who dwell around the South Park. There is a tall stand pipe near the park, where the sprinkling carts load up, and the pressure from the pond at that point is something like a million pounds to the square inch. Just what possessed the aforesaid boy to climb that stand pipe while the band was playing gayly in the band stand will probably never be known.

Possibly he had found life too slow at the drinking fountain, and it may be that he didn't think he could do the stand pipe any harm. At any rate he shinned up and began monkeying with the cap at the top. A full grown man with cold steel appliances would undoubtedly have experienced considerable difficulty in unfastening that tap, but the foot high urchin found it easy enough. His accomplishment will surprise him to the end of his days. He was bending directly over the pipe, stomach down, when the last thread of the cap screw was loosened.

There was a swish and a roar and the million-pound pressure sent a mighty volume of water a thousand feet into the air. It would have been a magnificent spectacle but for one feature which froze the blood in the veins of the assembled multitude.

As far as the eye could reach, and almost at the very top of this tower of water, a tiny speck slowly revolved. It was the small boy, helpless, and feebly waving his hands and feet in his terror.

Fortunately the tremendous force supported him, and the centrifugal power convexing towards the sides of the torrent, kept him in the middle. It was wet work looking on, but for a few seconds nobody dared to move. Then a brave member of the police department recovered his presence of mind and darted to the Park House telephone. A little later Superintendent Kieran, of the water works, arrived on the scene, pale, but determined.

The same thought seemed to inspire the crowd at the same moment, for five hundred voices exclaimed: "You must let him down easy." Superintendent Kieran needed no such warning. He knew that to shut off the supply suddenly meant a terrible fall for the half-drowned lad, who had ceased to move up there among the stars, and with a touch as light as a woman's he began to turn back the swift tide in the main artery.

Inch by inch the tower of water diminished; inch by inch that small speck of humanity descended. The excitement was at concert pitch. Everybody spoke in hoarse whispers. Finally a joyous cheer rang out. The urchin was thirty feet from the ground, and scores of arms were outstretched to receive him. "Stand steady," was the order, and the last spoonful of water was turned off, and the boy dropped safely into the network of hands. "That beats balloons," he said, as he wiped his face with his dripping sleeve.—[Fall River Globe.

THE NEBRASKA BATTLE.

A Statement of the Forces Arrayed For and Against the Amendment.

There will be fought in Nebraska, during the next two months, one of the fiercest battles ever waged in the United States.

The conflict will be between right and wrong. Conscience will lead the forces of right. Money will marshal the followers of wrong. Thus against right will might be pitted. One side will fight for principle, for honor—the other for shame and dishonor. Both will fight to the finish and the siege will be long and bitter.

Under the banner of constitutional prohibition, the best element—the bone and sinew—of the state will gather. Under the shield of money and shame there will be many true and honest citizens—misguided and ignorant; but the majority will be composed of the enemies of law and order. Every man who participates in the fray, no matter what side he follows, must know that there are just two elements in the contest—right and wrong.

Back of the banner of prohibition lies order, sobriety, intelligence, purity, progress—right. Behind the shield of the enemy lies disorder, drunkenness, ignorance, depravity, death—wrong.

The issue is plain.

There are only two lines on which the battle can be fought. Recently the enemies of prohibition have become afraid to attempt the moral. They now bend all their energies to the business side. A good deal is gained when the enemy fears to assail the moral position. The citadel of business can withstand the most powerful attacks that will be made upon it.

The battle, then, will be largely on the single line of business.

The anti-prohibitionists will appeal to the state with the cry, "help us, or we will be defeated and our business will be destroyed."

The prohibitionists are ready. They can and will prove that the defeat of the enemy will no more affect the business of Nebraska than a snow storm in Colorado affects the temperature in Florida.

Keep your eye on the conflict.—[Omaha Republican.

The Potato Crop.

In 1888 there were in this country 2,533,280 acres planted in potatoes, yielding 202,365,000 bushels, valued at $81,413,589. In the same year in this state 371,105 acres yielded 29,688,000 bushels, valued at $11,281,592. The monthly bulletins of the same department often contain information as to the condition of the crop at the time the report is made. The August bulletin this year reports that the condition of potatoes is worse than usual at this time of the year. This is especially true of the West. The condition in the states East of the Allegheny Mountains was generally good, the prospects being especially favorable in New England, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania, where the averages differ little from those of last year.—[New York Journal of Commerce.

Bound to Please.

Mr. Longshank—You are really a modest violet.

Miss Cander—I am too tall for a violet.

Mr. Longshank—Oh, no; there are some violets with long stems.

To Much for One.

"You had better get two thermometers, George."

"What can we do with two?"

"Oh, we may need 'em. It gets pretty hot here sometimes."—[Puck.

Blaine vs. Gladstone.

Blaine's famous reply to Gladstone has just been issued in pamphlet form. This is one of the ablest presentations of the benefits of protection yet published, and should be widely read. Send for a copy to the American Protective Tariff league, 23 West Twenty-third street, New York, inclosing a 2 cent stamp.

SKELETON IN THE GARRET.

Mystery of an Old City Mansion—Hidden for Fifty Years.

Mr. Southard, a Ninth avenue dealer in second-hand building materials, recently bought the old house, 5 St. Mark's place, says the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, and yesterday sent a gang of men to tear it down. A modern flat is to be built in its place. The old house, a three-story and attic brick structure, was doubtless put up by one of the old New York families about the time of the building of the Croton aqueduct, when the crowding of the lower wards drove the old residents up town in swarms. In the wreck of to-day the lines of the fine mansions of earlier days are easily traced.

A few old trunks and boxes were found in the attic and thrown into the yard by the workmen this morning, but when one of these, Kane by name, was fumbling in the darkest corner he got hold of something that made his blood run cold. It was a skeleton hand that met his, old and moldy. One of the bony fingers came along as the workman pulled his own hand out, as if he had been stung by a viper.

Kane sat down and looked at it. Then he yelled. The other workmen came, looked at the finger, peered into the darkness under the sloping roof, and edged a little nearer to the garret stairs. By and by one of them wrenched off a rafter, let in the light and peered at the object in the corner.

It came out and proved to be a champagne basket, old and grimy, with the name of a forgotten brand of wine lettered on it in black. The lid only half closed over it, and through the crack grinned the yellow teeth and empty eye-sockets of a man's skull. One long hand clutched the edge of the basket, as if the skeleton were trying to crawl out. Its bones were badly dislocated. One of its thigh bones was sticking up into the skull where the neck should have been; its breast bone was worn on top of the head like an old-fashioned cocked hat, and the rest of the bones were badly mixed up. It was an altogether disconnected ghost; a boneless ghost every way, without a shred of romance in it.

A surgeon's saw had been busy with the skull, and that was in three pieces, which came apart as one of the workmen picked it up. A little search revealed shreds of a newspaper in which the bones had been originally wrapped. It was the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, and the date was February 28, 1837. So likely they had been lying where they were found 50 years and more—long enough to lay any ghost. A ghost—even such a remarkable ghost as that would have made—was hidden away in the garret of the old house.

HOW THEY WEAR OUT.

A Scientific Explanation of the Daily Decadence of Shoes and Boots.

The heel of a shoe seldom wears away evenly across the bottom. Generally it wears off at the outer side first, causing the shoe to run down on that side. This is sometimes the fault of the shoe, but more often it results from the shape of the leg and the manner of walking. When the outline of the sole does not conform to the outline of the foot there will be more or less strain brought to bear upon the former in walking. The foot will constantly be trying to assume its proper position, and in the end will force the sole to yield, thus inclining both it and the upper toward one side or the other.

Frequently the manner in which both sole and heel are worn away is the result of the wearer's mode of walking. For instance, the man who is bow-legged naturally treads first, in walking, on the outer side of the sole. The effect of this will be to wear off that side in advance of the other parts. With the man whose knees turn inward, what is termed knock-kneed, the effect will be the opposite. A man who is below the medium height almost always takes longer steps in proportion to his size than one who is taller than the average, for the reason, probably, that the shorter man lengthens his step to keep pace with one of higher stature, and the latter diminishes. On this account the heels of the shorter man's shoes will wear of quickly at the back, those of the taller with more uniformity. When the legs are straight and the toes are turned slightly outward in walking, the sole—if properly shaped to the foot—will be apt to wear off evenly across the ball, while the wear at the heel will be at the center of the back, and will be greater or less in proportion to the length of the step taken.

A row of steel nails driven in that part of the heel which first feels the effect of wear is the usual remedy for these irregularities, but in bad cases it will be found to be a benefit to trim the side of the heel which first wears away nearly straight up and down; this, by allowing more leather on that side, will retard, to a great degree, its wear.

Steel nails at the back edge of the heels are economical as to leather, but when closely set and smoothly worn they are a source of danger to pedestrians—but little less than the banana peel on the sidewalk. Instances of narrow escapes from sprains are frequently seen in which the foot, while striking the back edge of the heel in rapid walking, slides uncontrollably forward, leaving long scratches on the smooth flagging to show the result. The longer the step the more danger there is from this cause. A few nails, set at greater distances apart, would insure safety by furnishing more surface of leather, and consequently more friction for contact with smooth pavement.—[Shoe and Leather Reporter.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE.

Don't look for the flaws as you go through life;
And even when you find them
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.
For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It is better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs either way
To the bottom of God's great ocean,
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course,
And think to alter its motion.
Don't waste a curse on the universe—
Remember, it lived before you.
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form—
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter,
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.
It is folly to fight the Infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle.
The wisest man shapes into God's plan,
As the water shapes into a vessel.
—[Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Ladies' Home Journal.

To Say "No" Not Proper.

"Ah, my lady, if I were to ask you for your heart and hand, do you think you would say 'no'?"

"I'm sure I wouldn't, because even as a little girl I was taught that to answer questions with a plain 'no' was very unmannerly indeed."—[From the German.

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THE
HOUSEHOLD.
MISS EMILY S. BOUTON Editor.

HOME TALKS.

ANOTHER TABLE TALK.

Something About Olives—A Description of the Tree, Its Flowers and Fruit—The Great Age Some Have Attained.

MRS. BESSAMER'S usually pleasant face wore a look of suppressed irritation when the family assembled around the table the next day. The boys said nothing, only showing by their somewhat subdued manner that they perceived a threatening storm in the domestic sky, but Mr. Bessamer soon put forth the question of "What's the matter, my dear? What has gone wrong?"

"Nothing very much," she answered; "at least you will not think so. It is only that I have been annoyed beyond measure for two days, and have allowed myself to get all tired out to-day through trying to repair the result of somebody else's thoughtlessness. Three months ago Mrs. Lester borrowed a pattern-book of me belong to Mrs. H. Of course, I did not lend it without first asking permission to do so, which was given most graciously. I knew Mrs. H. valued it very highly, although it was only a pamphlet, because she feared that she could not get another one, and I told Mrs. Lester so. She promised to bring it back very soon, but she did not do it, and yesterday morning Mrs. H. sent to me for it, saying that there was something in there that she needed. I went over to Mrs. Lester, found her upon the lounge sick,—and by the way, I think she might get all over those spells of hers, if she did not give right up to them and think she was going to die—and she hadn't the most remote idea where the book was. Of course she had *meant* to bring it over to me, and equally of course she had done nothing of the kind, and now it is lost. To-day I have been to every book store in the city, but could not find it, so had to wind up by going to Mrs. H. and telling her the story."

"And what did she say?"

"Oh, as to that, she was a lady as she always is, and told me not to worry, that it was of no consequence, though I knew it was, or she would not have sent for it to me. The question in my mind is why Mrs. Lester could not have sent that pamphlet to me by mail if she could not come herself, as soon as she had finished using it. It would have taken her not more than three minutes to do it up, and cost a stamp, and then all this trouble would have been saved. People seem to have not the slightest sense of honesty with regard to these things. The convenient time to bring back what they look upon as only a trifle does not come, so they keep the article. Remember this, boys: Whatever is of importance enough for you to borrow, is important enough to its owner to have its return desired promptly, unless the contrary is specifically stated when you take it."

"Yes, mamma," said Bob, "but don't you think olives are more interesting to talk about than Mrs. H.'s book?"

Mrs. Bessamer laughed.

"That's all the impression my lesson makes upon youngsters' mind," she said.

"Well, olives it shall be then, but I do not want you to forget what I said, nevertheless, nor do I feel like holding out the olive branch to Mrs. Lester."

"What do you mean, mamma?"

"The olive, my dear, has been considered the emblem of peace ever since the dove returned to Noah with a branch from that tree in its mouth, which showed that the waters that were an evidence of God's displeasure, were abating from the face of the earth. It is also, because an evergreen, a symbol of prosperity. In Bible times it was one of the principal products in Palestine and the surrounding country, being mentioned many times and always with favor.

"The olive tree grows in the warmer temperate regions, it not being able to stand a low degree of temperature. While it shivers and dies where it is very cold, in every other way it is extremely hardy, flourishing upon dry, and almost lifeless soil so far as other vegetation is concerned, or in wet places, and even under water. It will strike root when the chances seem to be infinitesimal. The story is told of a military expedition in Morocco in olden days, that, wanting to encamp, chose a place near a town, and cutting down some olive trees in the neighborhood, drove pegs of the branches into the ground to which to picket their horses. Some sudden alarm sent them away leaving the pegs, which sprouted, grew, and became a beautiful olive grove."

"Sounds fishy, mamma, don't you think so?" queried Jamie.

"Well, I don't know. Willows strike root even more readily than that, and there are other trees which do also. Whether true or not, though, the story shows the great ease with which the olive is made to grow, otherwise it would never have been told. Its trunk is knotty and gnarled, with strength and hardiness in its appearance. The branches are covered with a smooth grayish or ash-colored bark, and take fantastic twists and turns as if in pain. In cultivation it rarely grows to be more than thirty feet high, and generally it is much smaller than that. The leaves are long and narrow, something like those of the willow, and they are of a dark green above and whitish gray upon the under side. A grove of olives never looks a brilliant green, even with the sun shining full upon it, but the leaves moving gently in the breeze have a soft, silvery look, like 'the down upon the breast of a bird.'

"The flowers are small and white, like little stars, and grow in dense clusters, but they have one curious trait. Their hold upon the stem is of the slightest, and a breath sends them floating to the earth. But there are millions of them—no other tree I can think of being so prolific—so that unless a strong wind sweeps over them, enough remains upon the branches to furnish a good crop of fruit.

"The olive tree is of very slow growth and is known to live to a great age. One is recorded, the trunk of which was 23 feet in circumference, and seven centuries old, and Pliny mentions a tree living in his day that was said to be 1,600 years old. Upon the road between Tivoli and Palestrina is one of great size, that stood as a boundary between these two before the Christian era, and the very olives that witnessed the scene in the Garden of Gethsemane are supposed to stand there now."

"What about the fruit, mamma? That is what I'm most interested in."

"The fruit is usually the shape we see it upon our tables, but it does vary from that in some species. For modern use it is picked when green, soaked a few hours in an alkali, generally lime water, washed well in clean water, and then put into brine. Sometimes spices are added, but not always. When left to get ripe, it commonly turns first violet, and then to so dark a purple that it is almost black. There are some kinds, however, in which the ripe fruit is almost white.

"The wild olive is found in most of the countries around the Mediterranean Sea, in Greece and the adjacent islands, and in the sea-bordered parts of Asia Minor. It is cultivated in France, Italy and Spain extensively, and lately certain varieties are grown extensively in Southern California, where, indeed, it is becoming an important product through the oil that is made from the fruit. Pure olive oil is becoming more and more popular as an adjunct to our food, and it is considered very nutritious and wholesome.

"The pickled olive which you like so much, Bob, is very disagreeable to most people at first taste. They have to learn to like it, but when they do, the little, bitter, sour, astringent things become as delicious as nectar, and are always considered a great treat at the most luxurious dinner table.

"So much for olives. Now, my dears, I think it would be well for us to go back to what are considered the staples, that is, the meat and vegetables. Suppose we learn something about old customs regarding meat serving and eating."

"All right, mamma. That suits me," said Jamie.

"And me," chimed in Bob.

"And I suppose I shall have to appear suited, no matter what I may really wish," remarked Mr. Bessamer. "That comes of being a man and a husband," he added, laughingly, looking back over his shoulder at his wife, as he passed out of the dining room.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

The editor of the HOUSEHOLD hopes that every BLADE reader will look carefully through the article about the White Cross society. It is a work in which the mothers of both girls and boys should be deeply interested.

Buffalo Bugs.

Another pest of housekeepers is one which has only made its appearance within the last two decades, and that is a species of beetle called the buffalo bug. It is peculiarly destructive to carpets, and in some parts of the country these creatures are so ravenous that floor coverings have to be entirely dispensed with. Carpets are often found cut as if by a knife or scissors in straight lines, following the cracks in the floor. The damage is done by the larva, and not by the full grown bug, the latter depositing its eggs in the fall and winter.

These bugs, or beetles, are very difficult to get rid of, but one of the most effective ways is to saturate cotton with benzine and then stuff it along the cracks, keeping it there through the winter. They seem to hate benzine as badly as do other pests.

A carpet should be carefully examined before tacking down, so as to see whether it is infested. Should any evidences be found, put a wet cloth along the edges and pass a hot iron over it, which will be pretty likely to kill eggs, larvæ or full grown beetles.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

PRETTY APRON.—Get a yard of fine cambric, mull or India muslin. Fold a hem about an inch and a half wide around three sides and hemstitch just above. Have a pattern stamped in the corners and etch in three shades of yellow or of pink. Hollow out the top so that it will set well; put in several lines of gathering threads; draw up as wished and put on strings of ribbon to match colors.

FIGURED MUSLIN APRON.—A piece of white embroidered figured muslin will be required. Choose a pattern that is distinct, with good-sized figures. Hem it and then follow these figures around with wash silk, any color desired, across the bottom, so that it will form a border. Trim it across with fine Italian lace, which is pretty and inexpensive. Have ribbon strings of color to match the figures.

BLACK SILK APRON—These are often found convenient and are quite dressy for home wear. Get a length of black silk such as you require, but do not have it as long as you would a muslin apron. Hem it up about two inches. Have a strip of narrow striped blue and white bed ticking, as long as the apron is wide. This can be made five or six inches wide. Run gold or silver braid upon the blue stripes, and make in different colors fancy stitches upon the white stripes. Hem this on above the silk hem with blind stitches. The strings may be of any color that is used in the stripe.—ED.

A WASHING APRON.—I have for some time wanted to make a scrap book of the many descriptions of fancy work, given in THE BLADE, but it would be quite a task to classify them in the hit-and-miss fashion they have always been printed. Since Miss Bouton's kind proposal to take up a certain article and print the numerous descriptions under one heading, I have thought I would surely have my scrap book.

Who admires a plain, dark print apron, even in the morning when one is about her work? Some do, because they think it does not show dirt as much as a white one; but I think if all readers of the HOUSEHOLD would try white, they would never wear calico again. I don't say have them all tucked and ruffled. Take a piece of cotton, bleached or unbleached, and make a plain apron with deep hem. Then take a silver dollar, half dollar, and a quarter, or any one of them you prefer, and above the hem mark around the silver pieces, with lead pencil, whole disks and parts of disks, joining together clear across, or arranging in clusters, in any way you think would be pretty, and outline with coarse white or colored floss. In a short time you will have a pretty border and an apron that can be laundried as easily as print.—"NEW HAMPSHIRE."

To make arrangements for the coming holidays, a copy of No. 3 of "Fancy Work and House Decoration" will help vastly with its description of pretty things. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

MIKADO LACE.—Cast on 22 stitches. 1st row—k 2—t t o 2—n—k 10—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 2; 2d row—k 4—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 12—p 1—k 2; 3d and 4th rows—plain knitting; 5th row—k 2—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 12—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 2; 6th row—k 4—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 11—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2; 7th row—plain; 8th row—k 2—n—k 1—n—k 1—n—k 1—n—k 1—n—k 1—n—k 1—n—k 1—n—k 3; 9th row—k 2—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—t t o 2—n—k 2; 10th row—k 4—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—11th row—plain; 12th row like 8th, 13th like 9th, 14th like 10th; 15th row—plain; 16th row—bind 9—k rest plain; repeat from 1st row; t t o 2 means throw thread over twice. A new and handsome lace, also correct, as I have worked from directions.

I very much want directions for a child's crocheted sacque, age 2 years. Also directions for a crocheted fascinator.—MRS. W.

We are greatly obliged to the correspondent who so kindly forwarded, at our request, the Mikado lace, given above.—ED.

CROCHETED EDGING.—Begin with 20 chain. In the 19th stitch work 1 d c, 1 t in the three next, 1 l on 2 next, 1 t on 3 next, 1 d c. This for the first leaf of the group of three. 2d leaf—Make 16 chain, 1 d c on the 15th, 3 t, 7 l, 3 t, 1 d c. 3d leaf—Make 11 chain, 1 d c on 10th stitch, 3 t, 2 l, 3 t, 1 d c, 1 d c on the 9th stitch of the 1st 20 chain Make 17 chain—these run along between the sets of three leaves. Make 11 chain for the first leaf of the next group, which work like the first leaf. Make 16 chain, work on it the second leaf; 11 chain, work on it the third leaf; then 1 d c on the end of the 17 chain between the leaves; repeat for the length required. Do not cut the thread off at the end, but work upon the chain, forming at the top of these leaves this second row: 1 t on the first chain, * 1 ch, miss 1, 1 t; repeat the whole length; at the end work 9 chain, 1 d c, on the point of the first leaf of all. 3d row—This connects the tips of the leaves, * Work 10 chain, 1 d c on point of 2d leaf; 10 chain, 1 s on point of 3d leaf; 9 chain, 1 s on 9th stitch of the 17th chain; 9 ch, 1 s on the point of the 1st of the next group of 3 leaves; draw this single stitch through the s of the 3d leaf of the first group at the same time; repeat the whole length; turn and work the 4th row—1 t on first ch * 1 ch, miss 1, 1 t 5 times; 1 t 1 ch in next twice; 1 ch, miss 1, 1 t 5 times; repeat the whole length from *. 5th row—1 l on 1st stitch. * 5 ch, 1 l on 3d stitch underneath 7 times, 1 l, miss 1 underneath. This should be over the joining of the 2 leaves, 1 l, miss 1; repeat the row. 6th row—In the 1st 5 chains, work * 2 d c, a p of 3 ch, 3 d c, 1 p, 3 d c, 1 p, 2 d c; repeat in each 5 ch and fasten off.

Terms—d c, double crochet; p, picot or little loop made by working 3 chain and one single crochet in first stitch of the chain; s, single; t, treble; l, long—made by turning the cotton twice round the needle instead of once, as in treble.

It may help readers to comprehend this edging more easily by noting that the groups of leaves are formed first, then the row above them, the second row of the instructions, then the row below the leaves—the 3d. The other three rows present no difficulty.

Correspondence.

THE PURE
BLESSED ARE
IN HEART

THE WHITE CROSS SOCIETY.—Miss Frances Willard, who has done such noble work for humanity, and who is still in the field with unfailing strength and purpose, made an address before the National Educational association at St. Paul, several weeks ago, upon "The White Cross in Education," and for the benefit of the many who have written to know about this glorious work, and for mothers particularly, the following outline of her thought, as elaborated in that address, is given to the HOUSEHOLD. The editor hopes that her words will arouse thought and action in the right direction:

The White Cross stands for purity of personal life and purity in the people's homes. The chief corner-stone of the state is the hearth-stone. The faithfulness of two each to the other alone makes possible the beatitudes of fatherhood and motherhood, of brotherly and sisterly affection, the passion of the patriot, the calm and steadfast love of the philanthropist. Marriage is not an episode in man's life and an event in woman's. It is the sum of earthly weal or woe to both. Men prove how much it means to them by suicides of lovers, by sweethearts shot and murdered wives. They also prove their love of home in that they enter marriage freely and royally while oftentimes women are hedged into it by considerations of dependence or conventionality.

Though most teachers are unmarried, they are just as loyal to life's most significant and sacred tie as are those who form that tie. Perhaps an estrangement unexplained, a financial burden bravely borne for kindred's sake, or faith kept with the dead may help explain the situation.

TO RAISE THE WHITE CROSS.

There are four great movements which in the largest way will lift the white cross of purity to its rightful place in the lives of our young people. They are (1) co-education—the training with each other of those formed for each other, that their intellectual sympathy may be increased and their mutual estimate based on a more thorough knowledge than society affords; (2) the financial independence of women, that they may not be tempted to marry in order to secure support; (3) a reform in dress, that women may have better health, greater vigor, and thus enter upon home life under more hopeful conditions; and (4) equal suffrage, that woman's influence and character may react upon government so as to secure more just laws for home protection and heavier penalties against those who assail the physically weaker.

All these reforms should be inculcated in the public schools and wrought into the thinking of the young people. I do not mean that this should be done in any formal way, but as the outcome of that "public opinion" in a public school that is largely developed from the teacher's influence, record, and most of all, his or her character.

HOW TO BUILD.

Build the child's education up from a physical foundation. Bodily habits that are healthful and pure mean more to the Republic's future than intellectual acumen or acquirements. The man wonderful lives in a house beautiful, but science teaches even as the Bible does, that, "Whoso defileth this temple him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." The child should learn that this destruction is not wrought in vengeance, but as the inevitable sequel of violating natural laws so beneficent that obedience to them would insure a happy life.

Catholics have excelled Protestants in teaching to the young the basis and enforcing precepts of a pure life. Ireland has the most virtuous peasantry in the world, confessedly as the outcome of early education. Before their first communion boys and girls are specifically taught the duty and reasonableness of personal purity.

From the point of view of science they should thus be taught in our schools. This can not be done in the direct manner that we teach them to let alcoholic drinks and tobacco alone, but by abolishing the recess and using that time for physical training according to the systems of Delsarte and other masters; circulating the White Cross pledge and literature (to be had of W. C. T. U. Publishing house, 161 La Salle street, Chicago, whence millions of pages have gone out,) and personally teaching the pupils one by one, or in small groups of boys by themselves and girls by themselves, the facts of physiology and hygiene in reference to a life of personal purity. Fewer pupils should be assigned to each teacher, and physical culture should be the basis of all education. Recitals of impurity should be carefully avoided. Keep the eye lifted to the heights, not lowered to the slums.

THE AGE TO BEGIN.

The age at which to begin teaching may vary, but let purity have the first word. The child will ask questions early; let not the coarse reply get in its work before the chaste one comes. Science is like fire; it burns away dross; tell him what science says. God's laws are all equally clean and holy; tell him of the laws of God. The child is like clay in the hands of the potter. Shall he be moulded into a jug or a vase? Give him as early as you can the arrest of thought. It is now taught by the best scientists that young men of chaste life make the most brilliant students, and for hygienic reasons. Let the sanctity of potential parentage be invoked to offset the delirious dream of self indulgence. Let your watchword be one standard for man and woman—a white life for two.

Teach girls the gospel of dress that imposes no ligature; the vulgarity of that "death line" made in the waist that reminds one of an hour-glass or a "yellow-jacket;" and the danger of tilted heels that throw all the vital organs out of their natural place. Let the teacher of physical culture, whom I like to call a "moral horticulturist," train the children not to permit the insignia of impurity upon the walls; and not to accept debasing literature upon the play-ground. Put women on school boards that they may help the teachers to guard the little ones against these dangers. Ask our educational journals to establish a department devoted to the "White Cross and Healthful Habits," and let the purest pens furnish the material for its columns. Get the boys to read "My Little Sister," a leaflet by Ellice Hopkins, and to understand why the highest compliment that one Arab youth can pay to another is to call him "a brother of girls."

THE WHITE CROSS EMBLEM.

The white cross is the hallowed emblem of the whole social purity movement. The poetry of religion and the insignia of a chivalric age here veil a meaning sometimes too rudely told. It supplies just what has been lacking in the education of our youth. The fullness of time has come—the world is ready for it. This is its solemn pledge: "I promise to treat all women with respect, and endeavor to protect them from wrong and degradation; to endeavor to put down all indecent language and coarse jests; to maintain the law of purity as equally binding upon men and women; to endeavor to spread these principles among my companions and try to help my younger brothers; to use all possible means to fulfill the command, 'Keep thyself pure.'"

The age of sixteen is the one at which the pledge is usually given, though I deem fourteen none too early.

Meanwhile, let its hallowed significance be wrought into the warp and woof of forming character lest we miss our golden opportunity, and in later years be left to say in unavailing sorrow, "While I came and went the child was gone."

MY POULTRY.—I notice with regret that few, if any, farmers' daughters tell their experience with the source of their "pin money," in THE BLADE. I often wonder whether they all depend on father or have independent sources of revenue. I have for several years earned my pin money, and it has been a pleasure. This year I am working in an original manner and find it a very satisfactory one for me.

Since January 1, I have kept 25 hens—mixture of Leghorn and Plymouth Rock—and from then until July 1, they have laid 107 dozen of eggs. I have six turkeys, the eggs of which were set under hens bought for the purpose, and were not counted with the others. In June and July I set these turkeys with hen's eggs, for the following reason: Am setting pure Leghorn eggs, as those hatched in July will lay after five months' of age, therefore will lay well next winter. My turkeys are setting on the ground, and if too far from the house for safety, I move them nearer, giving them from twenty-five to thirty eggs each, and after six or seven days, test them with an egg tester, and throw away all unfertilized ones. This is all the care necessary, as the ground affords moisture and also prevents lice from troubling them.

The turkey is fed well during setting time, but the little chicks are not fed once, except in stormy weather, when they are sheltered. In this way they will depend upon the insects in the fields for food. They will grow faster, be more healthy, and be free from lice. I give them no care except keeping them away from the habitation of large and wild vermin. It is really inspiring to watch their growth during this warm weather.

The Leghorn is my favorite, even for market, as they are so small-boned, plump and full-breasted; the meat is much finer grained than the larger breeds and much finer flavored. Epicures prefer these qualities, and they command a better price in most markets.

The foundation for success is to change the blood, (not breed), at least every two years, keep the houses clean, yards well-plowed, and keep no fowls longer than two years. Of course the house should be warm in winter, and they should have plenty of gravel and good feed. Any kind of grain will do if other circumstances are favorable. Should like to read the expressions of the farmers' daughters in this line.—CHICK.

THE HOME-KEEPER.—How many things there are in life that worry and fret us and grievously vex the soul! It requires a vast amount of patience and control to hold self in check, when the cares and annoyances of one trying day rest like an incubus on our spirits, and brain is heavy with our efforts to straighten the tangled ends of earthly woes.

Particularly is this true in the domestic sphere, where woman should be queen as well as drudge. I am not quarreling with my sex and lot in life by the above remark. I try to assimilate as much as possible to the first appelation; even make it my ideal to work to; and as to the second—it may be found in the term, housekeeper.

That with me is a very elastic word, embracing wife, mother, nurse, cook, chambermaid, seamstress, "ad infinitum."

But I profess not to have descended to the household drudge.

I love home making which involves the necessary housekeeping, and prefer to be the head of its various departments, than delegate any of it to the careless servant girl. But even when there is a sufficiency of strength and will to execute and do, our energies will lag at times, the limbs will be heavy with much going, the head ache and the whole body will cry out against the monotonous work. When everything seems to have gone wrong, ourselves most of all, let us stop the household machinery as soon as possible, even if we can think of a dozen things to do, and rest in a comfortable rocker, or, if we can reconcile ourselves to this abandon lie down on a couch and close our eyes for a time to the little world of home and its cares. If we are equal to the task of getting ready for an outing, make a call, perform that little errand up town, or take a walk, and nature around us and the pleasant faces we may chance to meet, will cause us to forget our ills, and we will return, more contented, if not happier with our lot.

Let us extract all the sweets we can as we go along life's path, and this determination will ofttimes make it velvety.

Let us make the best of our surroundings, our circumstances, the weather and ourselves.—LORENA.

IN HIS NAME

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.—We gave last week a letter from Washington, this week we have one from the other extreme of the United States—Florida. We shall be glad to hear from others. Here is the letter:

"Our circle consists of twelve girls from 10 to 15 years of age. Our object, for want of a better one, is self-improvement, and our motto, 'First cast out the beam out of thine own eye.' It seems like a selfish object, but if we try to make ourselves more agreeable to those around us, won't that be doing the King's work? We promise not to use slang words; not to neglect our duties for pleasure, not even to read a story book till our school lessons are learned; not to ask unnecessary questions, and to obey our parents promptly and cheerfully. We read about Alice Boyd's circle in THE BLADE, and thought we would tell you of ours.

"ANNIE GRAHAM, Leader."

These girls have made a beginning in the right direction. Too many persons have an idea that the "King's Daughters" is a purely charitable organization, whereas the constitution expressly states that the first object of the order is the spiritual advancement of its members, the "Christian activity" being second, and a natural sequence of the first.

Inquiries.

Let the members of THE HOUSEHOLD express their views freely upon the following questions:

I often wonder what the "women" have to say in regard to their husbands going to "secret societies?" From what I hear it often causes trouble between husband and wife. I know of one family, where husband and wife were truly as happy as could be, the heart of each being open to the other. The husband joined the I. O. O. F. and then he could not answer his wife as freely as he once did. One thing brought on another, until the wife really began to doubt her husband's sincerity, believing that much of his love for her had been destroyed. I believe from what I know that the majority of women would rather see their husbands out of secret societies than in them.—READER.

On housecleaning day my thermometer was thrown into an unnatural position, so that the mercury is divided. Can you tell me how to unite it?—E. S. HULIN.

Answered in "Question Bureau" of August 28.—ED.

Will some reader of THE BLADE please tell me what kinds of powder should be purchased to make the colors used in painting water colors? There are powders that can be mixed to make any color desired.—MRS. C. C. DAUBIN.

Please give a method of bleaching celluloid goods. How can they be prevented from turning yellow?—E. D. B.

Will some one repeat the recipe given in THE BLADE some time ago for making green tomato pickles?—A READER.

Will some one give a recipe, through THE BLADE, for preparing clay for bisque work?—W. H. SIMMONS.

Will some one please tell me what will remove liver spots from the face?—EMMA B.

Will you please answer my question about the hair; what will restore faded hair to its original color?—E. BYNUM.

Recipe for a hair dye claimed to be harmless, was given in HOUSEHOLD of August 21.—ED.

Will some one please tell me how to color a terra cotta straw hat black?—MRS. F. A. CHEEVER.

Will Mrs. J. D. R., of Iowa, write further in regard to Photography for Women, to THE BLADE, and also send her address?—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

"Rural Mob," you should not stop and invite everybody present at a house where you are making a call, to call upon you. In fact, it is not necessary to ask anybody, for the very fact that you are there presupposes that you expect it to be returned by the family. Leave your cards upon the table for those upon whom you call, unless you have already handed them to the servant who admitted you. All that you have to do with those present in the room is to bid them a courteous good afternoon.

It is immaterial whether the lady waits for the gentleman to speak of the time of starting for an entertainment or asks if it is time to put on her wraps.

It is *not* customary for a lady to take a gentleman's hat and coat, when he calls in the evening. He should leave them in the hall upon entering, if he expects to spend an hour or two.

Say "Thank you, I should be happy to go," or "I am sorry not to be able to accept your invitation."—ED.

"Willows:" The lady should take the lead in entering the church after the usher, and go into the pew first.

The hostess should lead the way for her guests to follow, then stop and allow the lady to enter the pew, immediately following her, and leave the gentleman to sit at the end.

In the case last mentioned, there can be no rule given. Such matters usually arrange themselves. Ladies are generally given the inside seats in the car, and it would be proper for you to take one, courteously choosing, if left to your choice, the one in which you ride backward. Should you feel unable to ride that way, you should say so, and the matter would then be arranged accordingly.—ED.

I want to tell you who have children to tear the books, or when you are unfortunate enough yourself to tear them, one way to fix them; Get thin, yellow, oiled paper that comes around tobacco, and put it over the torn places in strips, with white glue, and you can read right through it. Put a strip on each side the leaf.

If it will be acceptable, I will come again, and tell you some ways I have to save a little time from the housework, and "How the children help me."—BUFFALO-GRASS.

We should be glad to hear from you.—ED.

Mrs. Mary Young, Kan.: There is a paper published at Oakland, Cal., called *The Signs of the Times*. Perhaps it is the same which you had reference to in THE BLADE of July 24.

If "Ollie" would give her ice plants plenty of water and sunshine she would not have any trouble in growing them.

What do you have to do to become a member of THE BLADE HOUSEHOLD?—MRS. A. WINANS.

Nothing except to write something for it of use or interest to the members.—ED.

Recipes.

CANNED CORN.—I saw a request in THE BLADE of May 13 for recipe to can corn with tartaric acid. As I have not seen it answered, will send one I have used for several years with the best of success. To corn enough to fill four 1 qt. tin cans, use ½ oz. tartaric acid. Put the corn on in hot water enough to cover it. Let it cook nearly an hour; have plenty of water on it when done. When nearly done dissolve the acid in a little water and add to the corn and let it cook through; then fill cans and seal as quickly as possible. Do not pack the corn in the cans, as that will cause them to burst open, but fill them with plenty of juice to cover the corn. When wanted to use, pour off the acid water and add just enough soda to the corn to remove the sour taste (no more, or it will yellow the corn), also a spoonful of sugar to the can, and other seasoning to suit the taste.—M. A. K., Odessa, Mo.

CUSTARD CAKE.—Two eggs; 1 cupful white sugar; 4 tablespoonfuls sour cream; 1½ cupfuls flour; 1 teaspoonful saleratus.

CREAM.—One-half cupful sugar; ¾ cupfuls sweet milk; 1 heaping tablespoonful corn starch. Flavor with lemon. Let the milk and sugar come to a boil; stir in the corn starch, boil till thick as jelly. When cool put between the layers.—TRIXY.

CUCUMBER PICKLES—That will keep crisp. Put cucumbers in a pot with vinegar, a little cayenne pepper and salt. Let them come to the boil, then can in glass cans. They will be just as good at 2 years old as when you made them.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—Take 2 cupfuls of sugar; ½ cupful of butter; ¾ cupful of milk; 3 cupfuls of flour; 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder; whites of 6 eggs. Filling—Yolks of 6 eggs, 1 cupful of sugar; butter size of an egg; 1 tablespoonful hot water, rind and juice of 2 lemons. Simmer until thick.—MARY E. TEALE, Iowa.

TO OPEN CANS. — The easiest way to open a self-sealing jar is to run the edge of a knife blade around under the rubber, then it will open without any trouble.—M. A. K.

BISQUE OF LOBSTER.—Take a can of lobster, 3 ozs. of butter, 1 qt. sweet cream, 1 qt. clear soup stock, 1 teaspoonful Worcester sauce, 4 tablespoonfuls corn starch; chop or shred the meat fine; take the soup stock, boil five minutes, add butter, cream and seasoning, thicken with corn starch. Serve as a soup, passing crackers and sliced lemons.—ELLA H.

COMPOSITION POWDER.—I saw, some time ago, a request in THE BLADE for a recipe to make composition powder. I once had a brother-in-law that was a Thomsonian doctor, now dead. He left us the recipe, so I think it is correct: Bayberry root bark, 2 lbs.; of the inner bark of hemlock, 1 lb.; 1 lb. ginger; 2 ozs. cayenne pepper; 2 ozs. cloves; all pounded fine. Sift through a fine sieve and mix well together. For a dose, take 1 teaspoonful of the powder, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, and put to it ½ teacupful of boiling water. To be taken when sufficiently cool, keeping the patient warm.—A SUBSCRIBER TO THE BLADE.

The Best Advertising.

The most efficient advertising in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla is that which comes from the medicine itself. That is, those who are cured by it, speak to friends suffering similarly, who in turn derive benefit and urge others to try this successful medicine. Thus the circle of its popularity is rapidly widening from this cause alone, and more and more are becoming enthusiastic in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it actually demonstrates its absolute merit. All that is asked for Hood's Sarsaparilla is that it be given a fair trial. If you need a good blood purifier, or building up medicine, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Why He Kicked.

Engineer—That drug store has got to be moved back from the railroad track.

Director—What's the matter with it?

Engineer—I forgot about its being there last night, and when I saw the red light in the window I thought it was a danger signal, and I stayed here for one blessed hour before I remembered.—[Harper's Bazar.

—BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Costiveness and Indigestion.

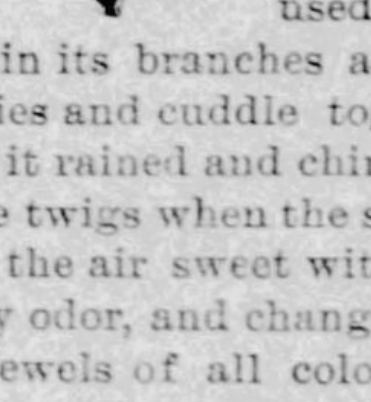
THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE QUITE TRUE STORY OF A HAWTHORN TREE.

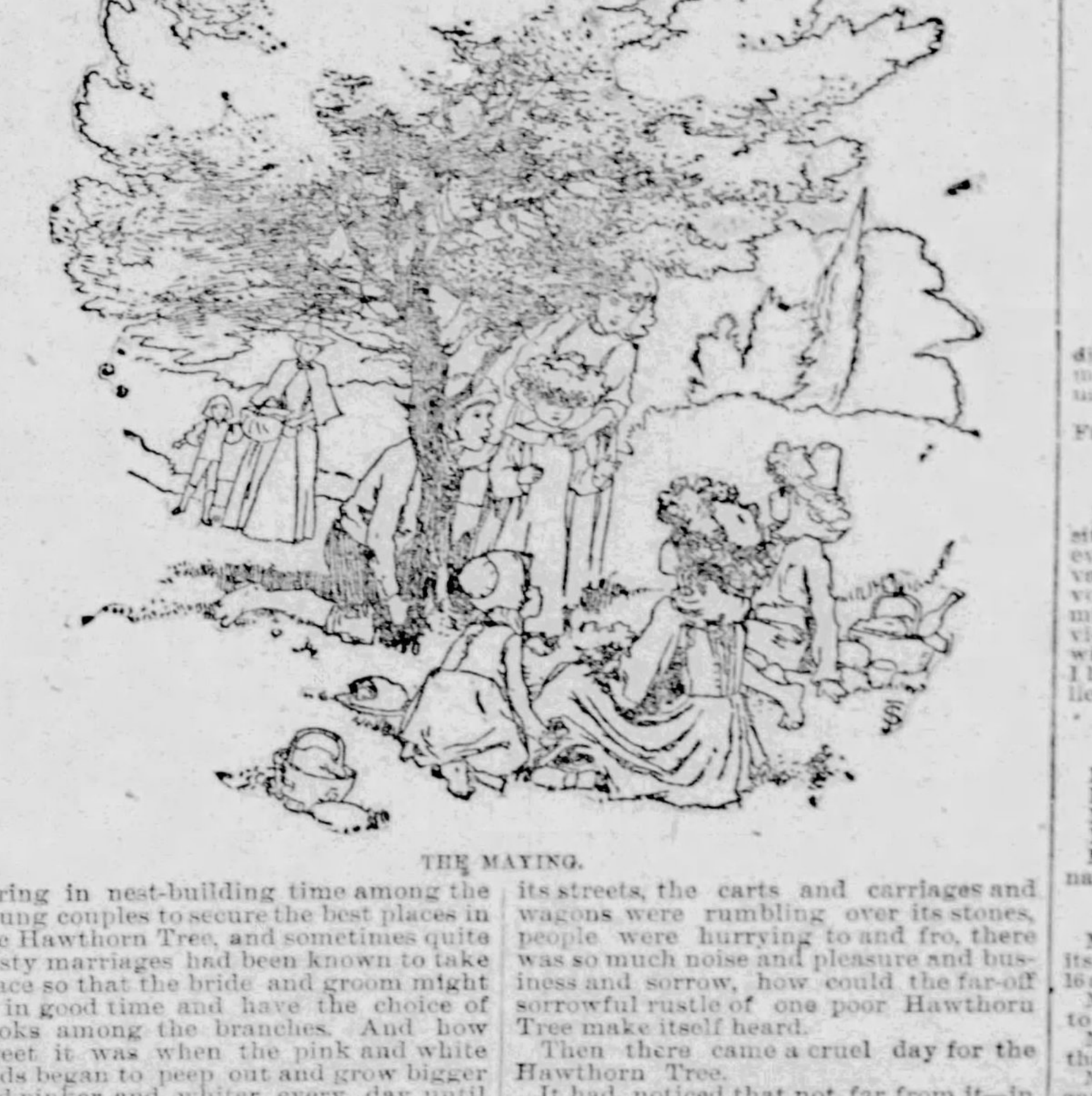
BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sarah Crewe," "Little Saint Elizabeth," etc.

PART I.



WHEN it was young it was very happy. It stood in the deep grass where daisies and buttercups grew, and sleepy, kind-eyed cows used to lie under its shade, and birds used to build their nests in its branches and bring up their families and cuddle together, twittering when it rained and chirping and singing on the twigs when the sun came out and made the air sweet with a warm, fresh, earthy odor, and changed the rain drops into jewels of all colors. It was a tree with an affectionate nature and it was very fond of the birds and always rustled a praise of their singing and tried to hold its leaves close together to make a shelter for them when it rained. It was so kind to everything that chirped in its branches or rested under them that it was a great favorite. There was always the greatest haste in the spring in nest-building time among the young couples to secure the best places in the Hawthorn Tree, and sometimes quite hasty marriages had been known to take place so that the bride and groom might be in good time and have the choice of nooks among the branches. And how sweet it was when the pink and white buds began to peep out and grow bigger and pinker and whiter every day until some fine morning the whole tree was a mass of fragrant blossom and the air all around it was perfumed. Then the little childred used to come to gather the "May," as they called it, and roll it about on the grass and dance and sing and make wreaths for their heads and have little feasts in the shade and enjoy themselves until they had to go home and leave the Hawthorn Tree to the birds' twitter and the soft, warm night wind again.



THE MAYING.

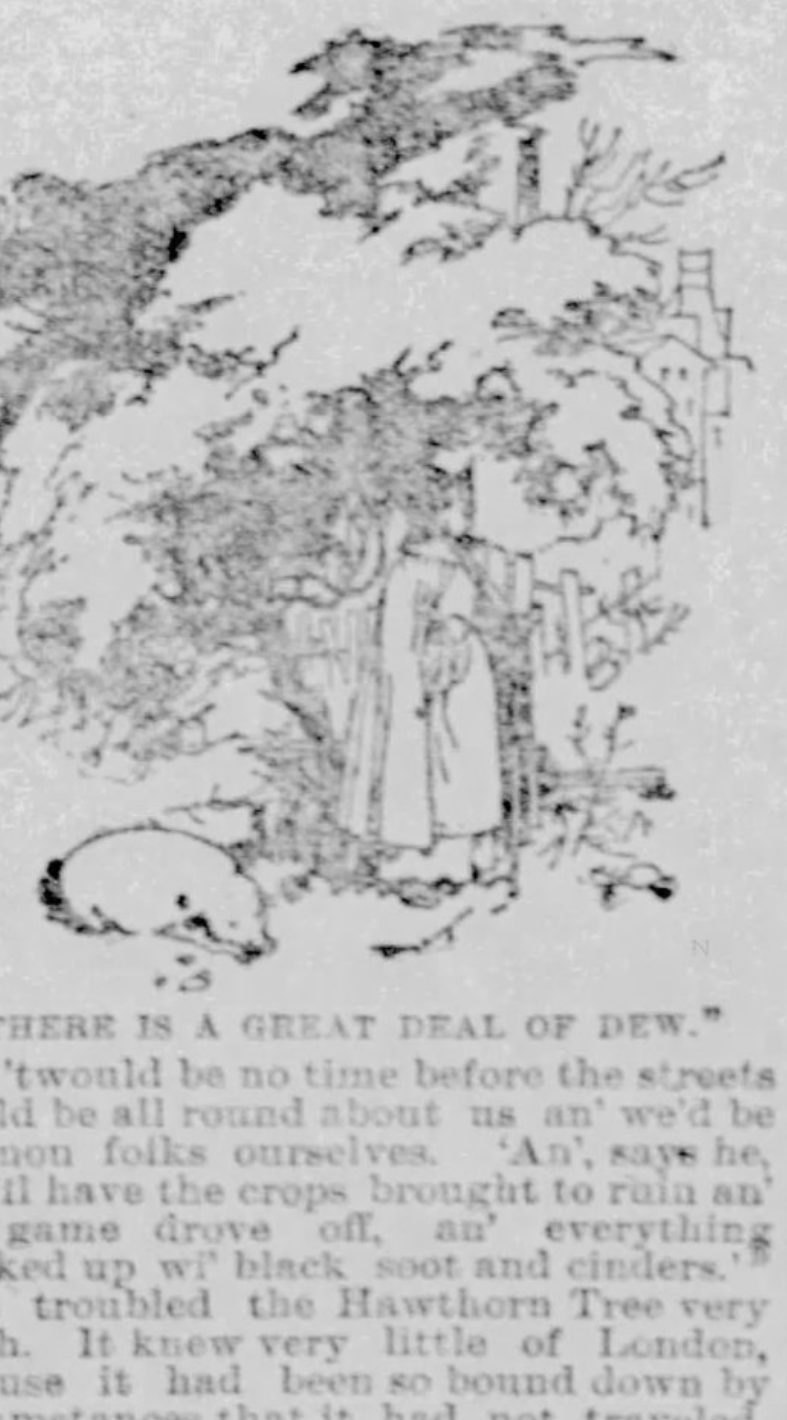
When it grew old and sad times came and all was changed even to the very air it breathed the hawthorne tree used to remember those days with an aching heart.

"Oh," it used to sigh with all its leaves. "If I could only bloom again as I did then—if I could only see the children dancing and see them with rosy faces and laughing eyes instead of always so pale and sad and dirty. Everything is dirty now, even the birds have soot on their wings and can't keep their nests clean."

The change in its happy life had come about so gradually that the Hawthorn Tree could scarcely tell when first it had begun. It had an idea, however, that the first signs of it appeared when it had noticed years and years ago—on a spring morning—that the smoke of great London town seemed nearer. It had been very busy blooming at the time and it was not quite sure that it was not mistaken but later in the year when it had more time to notice it began to be quite certain that somehow the smoke had advanced more into the country. This puzzled it very much for a long time—it did not know how long—but there came a time when it heard a sort of explanation. It heard it from two laborers who stopped to sit down and rest under it on their way home after their day's work. "Lunnon Town," said one of them wiping his brow with his rough hand, "Lunnon Town it do be growin' wonderful."

"So it be, man, so it be," answered the other.

"A growin' and a spreadin' over all the land," said the first, "whether it be for good or bad there's no knowin', but, 'Squire, I hear him swearin' tother day an' sayin' that as buildin' was goin' on so fast that a body could taste smoke when a' swallowed his tankard o' ale. An' a' said 'twould be no time before the streets would be all round about us an' we'd be Lunnon folks ourselves. 'An', says he, 'We'll have the crops brought to ruin an' the game drove off, an' everything marked up wi' black soot and cinders.'"



"THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF DEW."

This troubled the Hawthorn Tree very much. It knew very little of London, because it had been so bound down by circumstances that it had not traveled, but some how the things it had heard of the great city had given it a terror of it. It regarded it as a great black monster doing only harm; starving poor people, making rich people careless and worldly and selfish, harboring thieves and poisoning the pure air with its smoky breath. This was not altogether a just opinion, but then the Hawthorn Tree had lived a very quiet, limited life, an innocent, pure country life, but not a life in which it could learn how to look at all sides of a subject. But it had this good quality, however, the simple country Hawthorn Tree, it was not obstinate and set in its opinions, it was experienced and ignorant in some ways, but it was not so ignorant as to think it knew everything. That is an ignorance that people do not recover from. But it was very much afraid of London and indeed time proved that it had reasons to be. And it passed through many sorrows. The years passed by—a great many years—and as each year passed the dark cloud overhanging London town crept nearer and nearer, and the sky, which had always before been fair and clear, began to look as if its blue was dulled. More than this the Hawthorn Tree could see not only the dark pall of smoke but the chimneys themselves which poured it forth. Not only the chimneys of houses but tall chimneys of factories of all kinds, from which volumes of blackness rolled all day, and sometimes it seemed all night. Everything changed again and again; as the years went by the people changed, the fashions of the clothes they wore, their very speech itself. Oh, the Hawthorn Tree saw many sad and many gay and many interesting things. The 'Squire, who had tasted the smoke in his tankard of ale, died, and his son and heir got into debt and sold his estate, and the trees were cut down and the estate cut up into small pieces for building houses upon. And the smoke and chimneys kept coming nearer and nearer, and the air was not as fresh as it had been, and the people who passed oftenest were not rosy country farmers and their wives, but sometimes richly dressed people, who dashed by in fine carriages, or poorly dressed ones, who had pale faces, and who often looked hungry and tired. They were all either going to or from great London, and the Hawthorn Tree saw them all, and often used to scatter its blossoms over the pale ones and sigh so with all its leaves that sometimes they would look up and think the wind had risen. "Oh, great London," the Hawthorn Tree was whispering, "Oh, great busy, sorrowful, dark London, do not come near; do not, do not." But great London was too busy to hear. There was too great a whirl in its streets, the carts and carriages and wagons were rumbling over its stones, people were hurrying to and fro, there was so much noise and pleasure and business and sorrow, how could the far-off sorrowful rustle of one poor Hawthorn Tree make itself heard.

Then there came a cruel day for the Hawthorn Tree.

It had noticed that not far from it—in a place it could quite easily see—something was being built, a large building. Men were at work constantly. At length it began to grow taller in one part than in another, much taller.

One day at noon some men passed, talking.

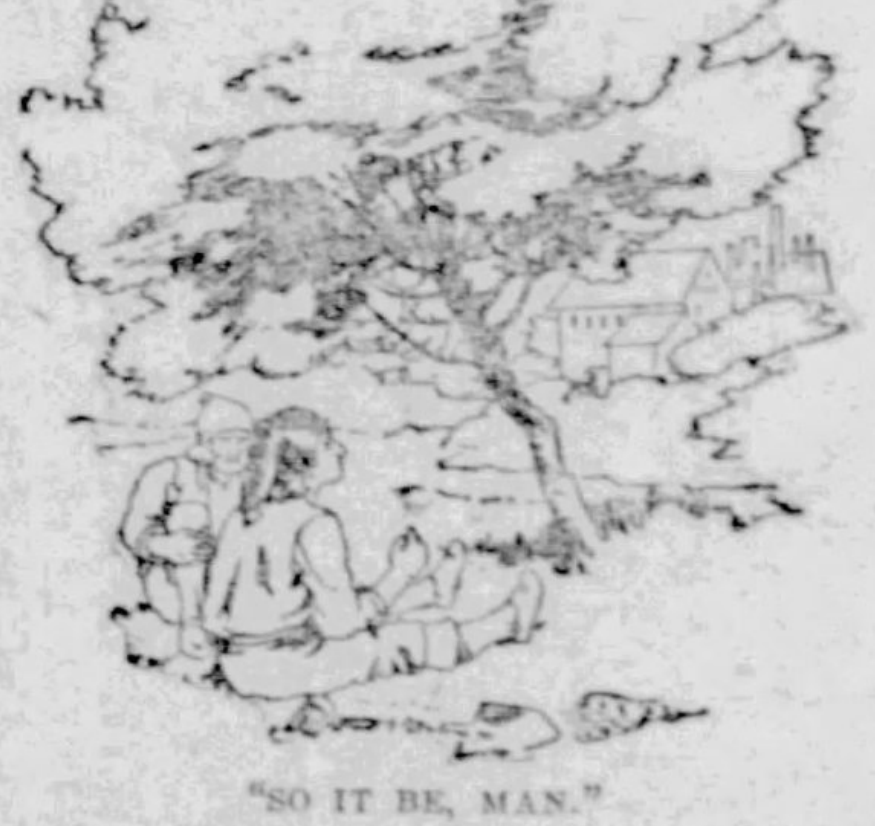
"The factory chimney 's coming on," said one.

"Yes," said the other; "they expect to finish it and set to work soon." And they went their way.

"It is a chimney," said the Hawthorn Tree, "a factory chimney!"

It was just putting out its first blossoms, and those that opened that day had no pink on them at all—they were quite white.

By the time the tree was in full bloom the factory chimney was finished, and then it began work. How the black



"SO IT BE, MAN."

smoke rolled out and darkened the blue sky, and touched the edges of the fleecy, snow-white, little young clouds with dingy yellow.

And, alas! it was not long before the Hawthorn Tree felt something begin to fall lightly on its blossoms, on its fresh snow-white and pink innocent blossoms; its lovely, tender, fragrant blossoms.

"What is it?" she cried trembling. "It is black and like very small flakes of black snow." Then the cruel truth flashed upon it.

"It is soot!" it cried.

The Hawthorn Tree burst with tears.

"There is a great deal of dew this morning," said some one who stood under the branches. Once many years before one of the many people from whom the tree gained its information, one of those who rested in the shade, had told to some children a story. It was about a great black dragon which swallowed up everything beautiful that came in its was, and left behind it in its track only dust and ashes.

How often the Hawthorn Tree thought of that story in the years that came after the soot first fell on its blossoms! Great London was the dragon. How it crept onward, how it swallowed up the green fields, the flowers, the trees, the hedges with the birds' nests in them, the clean country roads, the cottages with thatched roofs and diamond-paned windows, with tiny white curtains and flower pots in them. How it swallowed up the fresh, rosy children and their games and laughter. And in its track it left hundreds of dingy houses, hundreds of tall chimneys, hundreds of black, close, ugly streets, thousands of pale, hungry-looking people, some with worn-out faces, some with cunning, evil ones, some simply dull and brutal.

It was not the rich and gay part of London which had crawled out to the Hawthorn Tree and beyond it; if it had been so perhaps the Tree might not have feared and hated it so, and called it a dragon. It might then have had quite a different idea, and been delighted with the bright, luminous world it would have seen, with the carriages and horses, the beautiful women and pretty children. But it was only the wretched, squalid part the Hawthorn Tree saw. And after a long time, when its heart was almost broken, and it really thought things could not be any worse, it found that it lived on what was called the East End, and in one of the worst and most crowded parts of it.

It was a long time, too long for the Hawthorn Tree to calculate the months and years, before the worst came to the worst, before all the air was thick with stifling smoke and unhealthy odors, before the miserable houses had huddled themselves together onto wretched, filthy streets, where wretched filthy people starved and quarreled and fought, and suffered and died, where little children cursed each other as they played in their rags in the gutters where their drunken mothers staggered and fell on the pavements or on the steps of the noisome houses and slept their horrible besotted sleep. There were alley-ways and courts where decent people dared not go in the broad day, and in the dreadful rooms were packed together drunkards and thieves, and sometimes murderers hiding from justice. And, oh, the hunger and the pain and the helplessness of the little ones born there. The Hawthorn Tree used to tremble at the sight of them more than at the sight of the great heavy brutal men who lounged about or crept stealthily round corners or bandied coarse jokes with each other. They had such pale cunning old little faces with stunted bodies, such unchildish ways when they played or fought together. They were most of them used to oaths and lies and tricks and abuse, the first they were not troubled by, the last they were sharp at slipping out of the way of. They were all alike in one thing, however, they all liked the Hawthorn Tree, black and scanty-leaved and unlike itself as its troubles had made it.

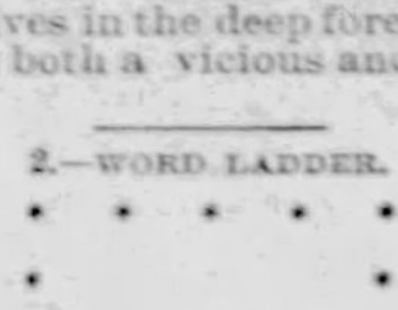
TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT IS IT?

The family to which I belong has its headquarters in Africa although some of its branches live in Hindoostan, Farther India, and one in Western Europe and America. We are exceedingly swift of foot and are called the most beautiful and graceful of animals. We migrate considerable distances and in groups, that sometimes unite in vast herds. Our limbs are very slender, and we have small hoofs, short tails, and cyrate or conical horns placed above the eyebrows. We have some cousins who have long tails and short, deer-like bodies. We are ruminating animals and most of us of a kind disposition, never offering to harm anybody. One branch of the family, however, lives in the deep forests of India, where it is both a vicious and dangerous animal.

2.—WORD LADDER.



Across.—Relating to a city or citizens; a diminutive person; lost to view (Fr.); first month of the Hebrew year; an assumed name.

Uprights.—Primals—A Queen of Egypt. Finals—A Chinese philosopher.

CHARLEY.

3.—A PUZZLE.

I am in the center of gravity, hold a capital situation in Vienna, and as I am foremost in every victory, am allowed by all to be invaluable. Always out of tune, yet ever in voice; invisible, though clearly seen in the midst of a river. I have three associates in vice, and could name three who are in love with me. Still it is in vain you seek me, for I have long been in heaven, and even now lie embalmed in the grave.

FRED A. BELL.

4.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

My 1, 4, 8, is an implement.
My 1, 7, 5, is a girl's name.
My 2, 3, 5, 6, is not fat.
My 3, 5, 9, is a part of the body.
My whole, consisting of 9 letters, is a boy's name.

5.—CHARADE.

My *first* is a disease which usually has for its victims young people between the ages of 16 and 30.

My *second* is what ward politicians are said to be in the habit of telling.

My *third* is apt to prove much more fatal than my *first*.

My *whole* is the name of an old-fashioned garden flower.

6.—BEHEADINGS.

Behead the first definition and leave the second. Thus: A spirit—an entertainer. G-host. All words are of equal length.

1. Asiatic trees—Charity.
2. To assemble—A confederate.
3. A town in New York—Slim.
4. A foreign fruit—What we all do.
5. Something that gives light—Crippled.
6. To send back—To send forth.
7. To run away—One gait of a horse.
8. A kind of quartz—What lovers swing on.
9. Resided—To enclose a cord with cloth.
10. An incident—A hole in a cannon.
11. To arrive—Every one.

The letters taken off spell the name of a very important person on all first class papers.

NED.

7.—ENIGMA.

In declaim, not in obey;
In enhance, not in purvey;
In explain, not in conform;
In enact, not in perform;
In search, not in find;
In seeing, not in blind;
In sorrow, not in pity;
Whole's the name of a large city.

Downs, Kan. JACK.

8.—CHARADE.

My *first*, to order is decidedly opposed;
My *second*, used to open what is closed;
My *third*, the study of anatomy will show;
My *whole*, a stinging, fierce, relentless foe.

9.—CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a good wife like the evil one?
2. Why are good resolutions like fainting persons?

E. D. BAKER.

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles.

1. Jerusalem Mouse.
2. Loco-motive.
   Adam.
3. Handsome Mirror.
4. Elephant.
5.
  B
F L O
L A D E
O D E
  E
6. Washington, Dorr, Bartlett, Yates, Beach, Oak, Madison, Water, Locust, Kent, Urbana.
7. XIX—XI—X. XIV—XV—L. IV—V—L. XIX—XX—I. XL—L—X.
8. The Demagogue.
9.
C O R N
O L I O
R I G A
N O A H
10. The mill will never grind with the water that's past.

Two of the girl guessers for the month of August came out so nearly even that THE BLADE has decided to award a prize to each. Their names, as well as the names of those who showed a strong effort to reach the highest standard, are given below:

Prize Winners { Stella M. Bayes, May Fisk.

Other guessers are: Mary Rowland, Laura Clark, Laura Allen, Mabel Sherritt, Clara Scoffern, Sarah Canico, James Van Riper, Harry Berrian, Daniel Lawless, Mary Wilkins, J. R. Carpenter, Blanche Baldwin, Minnie Stevens, Linnie White, Wm. Jackson, Jr., Ralph Tuthill, E. J. Northup, J. D. Martin, Ada Tine, Miss A. Lucas, Anna Mackintosh, Jennie McWhorter, Mary Haskins, Edith Medhurst, Harriet Sloan, Anna Ries, M. S. Witherill, Charles Armstrong, Edith Haughton, Mirah Harte, Christie Peck, Stanley Jennings, Mattie Hobey, Edith and Kate Ryder, Maud Davis, Charles Ritchie, Sterlie King, Edith Bradley, Emma Clapp, George Kaupp, E. D. Baker, "Will," "Lydia."

A great improvement is visible in the preparation of the answers. Always sign the full name and address. Two, who did most excellent work, gave only their first names, and hence their papers were thrown out.

Where are the boys? Very few "Answers" were returned by them. Are they willing to leave the field entirely to the girls?

For September.

Two prizes will be given for this month. The titles of these handsome books are, "All Taut," by Oliver Optic; and "Young Folks' Queries," a story, by Uncle Lawrence. Send in your answers.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

Names this week, 2. Total, 29,840.

BEACH'S CORNERS, NEW YORK.

Caleb C. Beers, Hugh Beers.

The above embraces all names received up to September 8.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1. Send your real name and address, and make your questions plain.

2. Do not ask us where you can *buy* or *sell* anything, nor ask for addresses of business men or firms. This would be free advertising.

3. Do not ask whether any business man or firm is reliable.

4. Send only questions whose replies will be of general interest to our readers. We reserve the right not to answer queries which we consider are not so. Mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., are barred by this rule.

5. No replies by mail to questions, in any case.

Our Agricultural Imports.

J. J. R., Lovington, Ill., asks: "How much products of the farm have been imported into this country from June 30, 1889, to June 30, 1890? I mean such as we raise here. Democrats say there is nothing shipped here."

When a Democrat makes such an assertion, call on him to prove it. The reports of the statistical bureau of the Treasury department can always be had by applying to your Representative in Congress, and they will show the facts. It is not customary, by any rule of logic, to require you to disprove an assertion; the man who makes it must prove it.

However, we give you the figures of our imports of agricultural products into this country, for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1890:

FREE OF DUTY.

	Value.
Live stock:	
Cattle	$75,151
Horses	2,700,887
Sheep	69,824
All others	365,245
Cotton, unmanufactured	1,332,728
Eggs	2,074,912
Farinaceous substances	1,163,726
Hides and skins	21,832,086
Silk, unmanufactured	24,331,867
Wood, unmanufactured	4,241,324
Rice	488,554
Molasses	9,314
Brown sugar	11,549,328
Other sugars	861

DUTIABLE ARTICLES.

Live stock:	
Cattle	$171,916
Horses	1,932,653
Sheep	1,149,765
All other	45,093
Breadstuffs:	
Barley	[illegible]
Corn	[illegible]
Oats	8,950
Oatmeal	59,300
Rye	115,637
Wheat	112,343
Wheat flour	5,049
All other breadstuffs	102,356
Bristles	767,128
Sumac, ground	302,375
Flax, hemp, etc., unmanufactured:	
Flax	2,188,021
Hemp	7,341,956
Plums and prunes	1,789,176
Raisins	1,997,183
Hair	163,696
Hay	1,143,445
Hops	1,059,616
Malt, barley	161,666
Meat products	603,734
Dairy products:	
Butter	13,679
Cheese	1,295,566
Milk, condensed	9,355
Rice	2,142,120
Flax seed	2,832,057
Leaf tobacco	17,604,603
Vegetables:	
Beans and peas	1,307,732
Potatoes	1,365,898
All other	1,335,467
Wood:	
Unmanufactured	12,764
Timber, sawed or hewed	11,900
Wools:	
Clothing wools	3,894,760
Combing wools	1,902,970
Carpet wools	9,463,353

The above figures are taken from the official "Summary of the Imports and Exports of the United States," No. 12.

National Conventions.

C. K. S., Danville, Ind., asks: "1.—How are the temporary and the permanent chairmen of national conventions selected? 2.—How are the different committees selected? 3.—On what basis are the delegates to a national convention selected?"

The present system of nominating conventions originated in the state of New York, where it was suggested by the Tammany society as early as 1813, but it was not put in operation in that state until 1824. By 1835 it was completely established, including county, state and national conventions, in the Democratic party, but it was not till 1844 that the Whig party organized in the same manner.

The national conventions of both Republicans and Democrats are made up of two delegates for every electoral vote from each state—that is, twice as many delegates from every state as it has Senators and Representatives in Congress. The Republicans also allow two delegates from every territory; the Democrats do not allow the territories any representation. In Democratic national conventions every state votes as a unit; thus the Ohio delegates vote in secret caucus for candidate for President; if one gets 24 of her 46 delegates, the chairman casts Ohio's 46 votes for that man. This is called the "unit rule." It requires two-thirds of the delegates to nominate. In Republican nominations, each delegate votes as he sees fit, and a majority only is required to nominate. All these regulations of course can be changed by any national convention, whenever it sees fit to do so.

1.—The temporary chairman is selected by the national committee; the permanent chairman is chosen by the convention itself. 2.—Each state is entitled to one member of each committee—on resolutions, on credentials, permanent organization, etc., and the delegates from that state, in caucus, select them. The third question is answered above.

The "Star of Bethlehem."

Buckeye, High Creek, Iowa, asks: "Is the Star of Bethlehem visible? If so, give instructions for finding it. Name some star or planet for a starting point."

Please read the account of the star of Bethlehem, in Matthew, ii, 1, 2, and 9. You will see that when the wise men left King Herod at Jerusalem, the star "went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." Bethlehem is six miles from Jerusalem, a little west of due south. Hence this star could not have been any star in the heavens, but must have been a miraculous appearance.

Somebody, a good many years ago, gave publicity to the wild supposition that it was the variable star seen by Tycho Brahe, the astronomer, in the constellation Cassiopeia in 1572, when it became very bright, equaling Venus in splendor, and then in the course of a few months dying away until it was invisible. Newspaper writers every now and then start this old story on its rounds again. We have seen it every two or three years for the past quarter of a century. It is all bosh. There is no connection between any star in the heavens and the miraculous sign to the wise men.

The Gordian Knot.

J. C. R., Springport, Mich., asks: "Please tell us all about the Gordian Knot."

The legend is this: Gordius was a king of Phrygia. Originally a peasant, he was plowing one day, when an eagle alighted on his yoke of oxen and remained there until evening. A prophetess whom he consulted declared it to be a sign that he should rise to greatness; and he married her in return for her interpretation. Some years later, Phrygia was torn by internal dissensions, and an oracle declared that a new king, who would end all disturbances, would be brought in a peasant's cart. While the wise men were deliberating, Gordius, his wife and son came by in a cart, and was at once hailed as king. Gordius consecrated the yoke of his team to Jupiter, and fastened the yoke to a beam with bark rope so ingeniously that no one could open it. An oracle declared that whoever should untie the knot should become master of Asia. Alexander the Great visited the acropolis of Gordium in Phrygia, and was shown the knot and told the oracle. "Then," said he, "I will perform the task," and thereupon he cut the knot with his sword.

Old Coins.

P. M., Kingman, Ind., writes: "Is there any premium on the $3 gold piece of 1854?"

No; there are only three issues of the $3 gold piece which bear premiums; they are

1873	$4.00
1875	3.50
1876	3.15

J. T. W., Wheeler, Ill.: We published a list of all issues of half-dollar which bear a premium, in the Bureau of July 3. Refer to it. We can not republish, nor reply to questions about half-dollars.

G. B., Tullahoma, Tenn.: As to your half-dollars, see reply above to J. T. W. The 10 cents (dime) of 1830 bears no premium, nor does the other coin.

J. C. K., Holstein, Iowa, writes: "If you know of any reliable dealer in 'old coins' you would confer a favor by giving his address."

If any coin dealer wishes the patronage of BLADE readers, he must advertise in its columns, and pay for it. We can not give him free advertising by publishing his address. See rule 2 above.

Cabinet Officers—Veto Power.

J. G. K., Tawawa, O.: 1. How many portfolios in the President's Cabinet? What is one and name them in the President's Cabinet. 2. What is the veto power? 3. Why was not that power given to the Governor of Ohio?

1. It is common to speak of a Cabinet officer as holding "the portfolio of state," or the treasury, or the interior, etc. It is simply a figure of speech in allusion to the members of the Cabinet, on assembling for a meeting, bringing papers, etc., in a portfolio. The Cabinet officers are the Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Navy, Interior and Agriculture, and the Postmaster General and Attorney General. 2. The veto power is the power the President or other chief executive has of preventing a bill becoming a law by refusing to sign it. See Constitution of the United States, Article 1, section vii. 3. We have no idea why the framers of the Ohio state constitution did not invest the governor with the veto power.

The Red Cross Society—Ohio Presidents.

W. M. S., Prohibition, Ohio, asks: "1.—What is the Red Cross Society? 2.—How many presidents have been natives of Ohio? 3.—Where in the Bible do we learn that the soul is in the head? It reads something like this: 'Boast not of the head because the soul is therein.'"

1.—The "Red Cross Society" is an organization for the relief of suffering humanity, such as from wounds in battle, the Johnstown disaster, the Charleston earthquake, the yellow fever in Jacksonville, etc., sending nurses, medicines and supplies. Its symbol is a red cross—the cross of Geneva, Switzerland, where it first originated.

2.—The Ohio-born Presidents are: Wm. Henry Harrison, U. S. Grant, R. B. Hayes, James A. Garfield and Benjamin Harrison.

3.—There is no such passage in the Bible. A thorough search of Cruden's Concordance fails to show anything at all resembling it.

Stephen A. Douglas.

J. B. L., Rome, Mich.: Stephen A. Douglas, the "Little Giant," was born in Vermont in 1813. He gained an education by hard labor, and then migrated to Illinois, settling in Jacksonville. His first speech in Congress in 1843, established his reputation as an orator. He defended the Missouri Compromise on the ground of abstract right; supported President Polk in the war with Mexico, and opposed the Wilmot Proviso in 1846. He was elected to the Senate in 1847, and reelected in 1852. He was the originator of "squatter sovereignty," in 1854. He was one of the four candidates for the Presidency in 1860, and died June, 1861, urging his sons to support the constitution.

2.—We have no means of ascertaining the proportion of Catholics and Protestants in France. 3.—We cannot give the vote on Grow's homestead bill in the Senate in 1860.

The Presidents' States.

H. C. E., Marceline, Mo.: 1.—The Presidents were from the following states:

Virginia—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Tyler.

Massachusetts—John Adams, John Q. Adams.

Ohio—W. H. Harrison, Hayes, Garfield.

New York—Van Buren, Fillmore, Arthur, Cleveland.

Tennessee—Jackson, Polk, Johnson.

Illinois—Lincoln, Grant.

Louisiana—Taylor.

New Hampshire—Pierce.

Pennsylvania—Buchanan.

Indiana—Benj. Harrison.

2.—We published the origin of the phrase "Uncle Sam," some months ago. 3.—Consult a doctor. We have no copies of THE BLADE that far back.

Colonial Land Titles.

L., ——, O., asks: "By whom, or by what governments, and how, were copies of grants, patents, leases, deeds, etc., kept in America preceding 1776 and afterwards until the country became settled enough to have state and county records? Especially where were such records kept in New Amsterdam and later in New York, New Jersey and Maryland?"

Of course the records of patents of large areas—such as that granted to Lord Baltimore, or to William Penn—were kept in the archives of the government granting them. The records of deeds, etc., for lands in small tracts must be looked for in the county seats nearest the lands, or in the archives in the state capitals. Your best plan is to employ a competent person to make search.

A Little Cyclopedia.

J. W. B., Belden, Ind., asks: "1.—How should one proceed to prepare an index for a set of scrap books? 2.—Who were Pliny and Corpernia? 3.—Please give story of the besieged city of Wiensberg where the women were allowed to take with them so much of their valuables as they could carry, and then took their husbands."

1.—Buy a blank index of some stationer or blank book dealer. 2.—Pliny was the name of father and son, noted in Roman history. We published sketches of both a few weeks ago. We do not know who you refer to as "Corpernia." Perhaps you mean Calpurnia, the wife of Julius Cæsar. 3.—We know nothing of the story except the fact you state.

Exterminating Rabbits.

A correspondent writes: "Will you please tell me with whom I should correspond to find out about the prize offered by the Australian government for the best method of exterminating the rabbits from that island."

We know a reward was offered a number of years ago, but we do not know which of the different governments in Australia offered it. Australia is not under one government. Nor do we know whether the offer is still good. We hope some reader will give the information desired for publication in the Bureau.

Unsealed Letters.

D. W. L., Eggleston, Va.: asks; "Are unsealed letters second-class mail matter, or must they have a 2-cent stamp?"

This query refers to a bit of stupidity that is current among a great many people, that if a letter is unsealed, it is second-class matter, and can go through the mails for one cent instead of two. This is wrong. The postal law says that all *written* matter is first-class matter. An unsealed letter must pay just the same postage as though it were sealed.

2.—We do not know whether the Farmers' Alliance is incorporated or not.

Fogs on the Banks.

T. D. B., Koch's, O.: You will find discussions of the theory that the interior of the earth is a molten mass, in any school geology, and in some school astronomies. The causes of sea and land breezes along the coast are fully explained in any physical geography. The fogs along the banks of Newfoundland come from the air, which becomes loaded with moisture in passing over the warm Gulf Stream, and then strikes the chill waters around Newfoundland, often full of floating icebergs.

Worth of Silver in a Dollar.

A. W. C., Lincoln, Neb., asks: "How could I find the value of the amount of silver in a standard dollar, from the silver quotations at New York, in the market reports?"

The following arbitrary rule, which we find in an exchange, has worked correctly as far as we have tested it: Multiply the price of silver per ounce by .7734⅜, and the result will be the value of the silver bullion in the standard dollar.

Short Answers.

L. A. C. B., Smith Co., Kan.: It would not pay you to copyright the painting.

M. L., Athens, Tenn.: You will find "Paul Revere's Ride" in Longfellow's poems.

A. F. R., Winfield, Kan.: We do not know. Get your railroad ticket agent to find out.

J. W. P., Adams Center, N. Y.: We do not know. Better write to the officials of the association to find out.

C. E. B., Leonidas, Mich.: When the McKinley bill is finally passed, we shall publish a synopsis of its provisions.

J. I. E., Neosho, Mo.: We do not know of any periodical that devotes a column to free exchanges between subscribers.

J. T., Mitchell, Ind.: We do not know what the law of Colorado is in such a case as you mention. Better get a lawyer to ascertain for you.

B. F., Beaver Falls, Pa.: The "original package" law went into effect when it received the President's signature. It is of full force now.

W. S. C., Strawberry, Kan.: We do not know what number of British troops are kept in Canada, nor what British war vessels are in Canadian waters.

M. L. T., Fort Shaw, Mont.: Advertise in the *Scientific American*, New York city, for a manufacturer who wishes to make your patented sheep-shears on royalty.

H. C. B., Odell, Ill.: We do not know who A. T. Stewart's wife was. His property was divided up by will, with a proviso that whoever contested it should forfeit his share.

M. E. F., Abingdon, Ill.: Get a druggist to order a crucible for you. Tell him what you wish to use it for, and he will know what size to order. They are kept in stock by all wholesale druggists.

J. M. R., Forest, Ill., asks: "How is the natural color of leaves preserved when pressed, by the use of sulphuric acid?" Sulphuric acid would destroy both color and the leaf itself. Can some one give a method for publication?

J. L. A., Camden N. J.: The Blade building is at the corner of Superior and Jefferson streets, Toledo. Miss Bouton receives many more letters than she can publish in the Household, and of course exercises her judgment as to which to print.

A. C., Alvada, O.: The Ohio game law allows the hunting of quail between Nov. 10 and Dec. 15, inclusive, but it prohibits trapping or snaring of them at any time. The only legal provision concerning rabbits is that they shall not be hunted with ferrets.

A. J. N., Spokane Falls, Wash.: 1.—We do not know the nature of the illness from which Stephen A. Douglas died; who can tell us? 2.—Lincoln's promise to the soldiers was to the effect that no soldier should suffer want in his old age if he survived the war. 3.—James G. Blaine was born in 1830, hence is 60 years old this year.

J. W. O., Wind Ridge, Pa.: 1.—National banks are incorporated under the national banking law; state banks, under a state law. 2.—A bank note is not legal tender except the law makes it so. Look on the back of a national bank note. 3.—For history of the greenbacks, see answer, "About Greenbacks," in Bureau of Weekly BLADE of Sept. 4.

D. W., Woodland Park, Colo., asks how much powder it took to load the largest gun in the late rebellion, and which side owned it, the North or the South? The largest guns were heavy siege guns used in the Union armies. We do not know the size of the largest one, and it is a matter of no importance, for modern guns are very much larger and carry much further. Guns of the kind used in the rebellion would be of no value in warfare to-day.

——, Shelbyville, Tenn.: 1.—We gave a description of the Bastile a few months ago, and can not repeat it. 2.—The Behring Sea dispute was fully explained on the editorial (4th) page of the Weekly BLADE of July 31; also on same page, Aug. 28. If you will read that page regularly, and the "News of the Week," 7th and 8th pages, you will keep posted on all important topics of public interest. For the cause of the fogs off Newfoundland, see answer to T. D. B., Koch's, Ohio.

A Desirable Neighborhood.

Chickering—Some of the new houses up-town are so narrow that a piano can not be put in.

Baus (excitedly)—You don't know the rent of the house next door to them, do you?—[Puck.

Fire-Proof.

"I thought that building was fire-proof," remarked Burns, as he looked at the ruins.

"Well, it's pretty good proof-of-a-fire just now, anyhow," returned Under writer.—[Puck.

Talmage's Sermon.

HE TALKS ON CELESTIAL MELODY.

How the Soul Attuned to Music on Earth Will Revel in the Noble Harmonies of the Heavenly Choir.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 7.—Dr. Talmage's sermon for to-day is a glowing description of the melodies of the Celestial land. His text was Rev. vi. 9: "And they sang a new song." Following is the sermon:

Nearly all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music, and associations whose object it is, by voice and instrument, to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday nights Exeter Hall, of London, used to resound with the music of first-class performers, who gave their services gratuitously to the masses who came in with free tickets and huzzaed at the entertainment. At Berlin, at 11 o'clock daily, the military band, with sixty or one hundred instruments, discourses at the royal opera houre for the people. On Easter Sunday, in Dresden, the boom of cannon and the ringing of bells, bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peals, and the exciting sounds of trumpet and drum. When the great fair-day of Leipsic comes, the bands of music, from far and near, gather in the street, and bewilder the ear with incessant playing of flute and horn, violin and bassoon. At Dusseldorf, once a year, the lovers of music assemble, and for three or four days wait upon the great singing festivals, and shout at the close of the choruses, and greet the successful competitors as the prizes are distributed—cups and vases of silver and gold. All our American cities at times resound with orchestra and oratorio. Those who can sing well or play skillfully upon instruments are greeted with vociferation and

Garlanded by Excited Admirers.

There are many whose most ecstatic delight is to be found in melodies; and all the splendor of celestial gates, and all the luciousness of twelve manner of fruits, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of God, would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting harmonies. Passing along our streets in the hour of worship, you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the building. And passing along the street of heaven we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilate. We may not yet enter in among the favored throng, but God will not deny us the pleasure of standing awhile on the outside to hear. John listened to it a great while ago, "and they sang a new song."

Let none aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although it is many ages since the thrones were set, and the harps were strung, there has been no cessation in the song excepting once for about 30 minutes, and, judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever accumulating triumphs of the Messiah, that was the last half hour that heaven will ever be silent.

Mark the fact that this was a new song. Sometimes I have in chuches been floated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices, and I have, in the glow of my emotions, said, Surely this is music good enough for heaven. Indeed I do not believe that "Luther's Hymn," or "Coronation," or "Old Hundred," or "Mount Pisgah," would sound ill if spoken by sainted lips, or thrummed from seraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut heaven's gate against these old-time harmonies. But this, we are told, is a new song. Some of our greatest anthems and chorals are compositions from other tunes—the sweetest part of them gathered into the harmony—and I have sometimes thought that this "new song" may be partly made up of the sweet strains of earthly music mingled in eternal choral. But it will, after all, be a new song. This I do know, that in sweetness and power it will be something that ear never heard. All the skill of the oldest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of God's heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their hands, and it will drop with the sunlight of everlasting day, and bloom with odors from the blossoms of the tree of life.

"A New Song"—Just Made for Heaven.

Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a tune; and the land is flooded with notebooks in which really valuable tones are the exception. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or moved by some terrible agony, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down to write a tune or a hymn, in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from the forge of his own burning emotions. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven, and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfortune until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and asked the cab driver to take him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cab-driver lost his way, and Cowper began to think of his sin, and went back to his home and sat down and wrote:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

Mozart composed his own requiem, and said to his daughter Emily, "Play that," and while Emily was playing the requiem, Mozart's soul went up on the wave of his own music into glory. Emily looked around and her father was dead.

Further: It is a commemorative song; we are distinctly told that it makes reference to past deliverances. Oh, how much have they to sing about. They sing of the darkness through which on earth they passed, and it is a night song. That one was killed at Yorktown, and with him it is a battle song. That one was imprisoned for Christ's sake, and with him it is a prison song. That was a Christian sailor boy that had his back broken on the ship's halyards, and with him it is a sailor's song. That one burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a fire song. Oh! how they will sing of floods waded, of fires endured, of persecution suffered, of grace extended! Song of hail! Song of sword! Song of hot lead! Song of ax! As when the organ pipes peal out some great harmony there comes occasionally the sound of the tremulante, weeping through the cadences, adding exquisiteness to the performances, amidst the stupendous acclaim of the worshipers shall come tremulous remembrances of past endurance, adding a sweetness and glory to the triumphal strain. So the glorified mother will sing of the cradle that death robbed; and the enthroned spirit from the almshouse will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe away all tears, but not the memory of

The Grief that Started Them!

Further: It will be an accompanied song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments; and even among those who like them, there is an idea that they are unauthorized. I love the cymbals, for Israel clapped them in triumph at the Red Sea. I love the harp, for David struck it in praising the Lord. I love the trumpet, for we are told that it shall wake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and organs; for God demands that we shall praise him on stringed instruments and organs. There is in such music much to suggest the higher worship; for I read that when he had taken the book, the four-and-twenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them "harps," and "I heard the voice of the harpers harping with their harps," and "I saw them that had gotten the victory from the beast standing on the sea of glass, having the harps of God."

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You say that all this is figurative. Then I say, prove it. I do not know how much of it is literal and how much of it is figurative. Who can say but that from some of the precious woods of earth and heaven there may not be made instruments of celestial accord. In that worship David may take the harp, and Habakkuk the shigionoth, and when the great multitudes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Mozart ever fingered or Schumann ever dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous minstrelsy, and

The Roll of the Eternal Orchestra.

Further: It will be an anticipative song. Why, my friends, Heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken the opening piece of music to-day for the whole service, you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that Heaven is fully inaugarated. Festal choruses on earth last only a short while. The famous musical convocation at Dusseldorf ended with the fourth day. Our holidays last only eight or ten days; but Heaven, although sung for so many years, has only just begun "the new song." If the glorified inhabitants recount past deliverances, they will also enkindle at glories to come. If, at 9 o'clock when the church opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it as the main audience, you would not have made so great a mistake as if you supposed that the present population of Heaven are to be its chief citizenship. Although millions are already there, the inhabitants are only a handful compared with the future populations. All China is yet to be saved. All India is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to be saved. All Switzerland is yet to be All Italy is yet to be saved. All Spain is yet to be saved. All Russia is yet to be saved. All France is yet to be saved. All England is yet to be saved. All America is yet to be saved. All the world is yet to be saved. After that there may be other worlds to conquer. I do not know but that every star that glitters in our nights is an inhabited world, and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heaven. There will be no gate to keep them out. We do not want to keep them out. We will not want to keep them out. God will not want to keep them out.

I have sometimes thought that all the millions of earth that go into glory are but a very small colony compared with the influx from the whole universe. God could build a heaven large enough not only for the universe, but for ten thousand universes. I do not know just how it will be, but this I know, that heaven is to be constantly augmented; and that the song of glory is rising higher and higher, and the procession is being multiplied. If heaven sang when Abel went up—the first soul that ever left the earth for glory—how must it sing now when souls go up in flocks from all Christendom, hour by hour, and moment by moment.

Our Happy Gatherings on Earth

are chilled by the thought that soon we must separate. Thanksgiving and Christmas days come, and the rail trains flying thither are crowded. Glad reunions take place. We have a time of great enjoyment. But soon it is "good-bye" in the hall, "good-bye" at the door, "good-bye" on the street, "good-bye" at the rail train, "good-bye" at the steamboat wharf. We meet in the church. It is good to be there. But soon the doxology will be sung, the benediction pronounced, and the audience will be gone. But there are no separations, no good-byes in heaven. At the door of the house of many mansions, no good-bye. At the pearly gate no good-bye. The song will be more pleasant, because we are always to sing it. Mightier song as our other friends come in. Mightier song as other garlands are set on the brow of Jesus. Mightier song as Christ's glories unfold.

If the first day we enter heaven we sing well, the next day we sing better. Song anticipative of more light, of more love, of more triumphs. Always something new to hear, something new to see. Many good people suppose that we shall see heaven the first day we get there. No! You can not see London in two weeks. You can not see Rome in six weeks. You can not see Venice in a month. You can not see the great city of the New Jerusalem in a day. No; it will take all eternity to see heaven, to count the towers, to examine the trophies, to gaze upon the throne; to see the hierarchs. Ages on ages roll, and yet heaven is new! The joy new! The song new!

I stayed a week at Niagara Falls, hoping thoroughly to understand and appreciate it. But on the last day they seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day. Gazing on the infinite rush of celestial splendors, where the oceans of delight meet, and pour themselves into the great heart of God—how soon will we exhaust the song? Never! Never!

The old preachers, in describing the sorrows of the lost, used to lift up their hands and shout: "The wrath to come!" "The wrath to come!" To-day I lift up my hands and looking toward the great future, cry, "The joy to come!" "The bliss to come!" Oh, to wander on the banks of the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little further down we shall find still brighter floods entering into it! Oh, to stand a thousand years, listening to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that

The Harpers are Only Tuning Their Harps.

Finally, I remark, that it will be a unanimous song. There will, no doubt, be some to lead, but all will be expected to join. It will be grand congregational singing. All the sweet voices of the redeemed! Grand music it will be, when the new song arises. Luther sings it. Charles Wesley sings it. Lowell Mason sings it. Our voices now may be harsh and our ears uncultivated, but our throats cleared at last, and our capacities enlarged, you and I will not be ashamed to utter our voices as loudly as any of them.

Those nations that have always been distinguished for their capacity in song will lift up their voices in that melody. Those who have had much opportunity to hear the Germans sing will know what idea I mean to give, when I say that the great German nation will pour their deep, full voices into the new song. Everybody knows the natural gift of the African for singing. No singing on this continent like that of the colored churches in the South. Everybody going to Richmond or to Charleston wants to hear the Africans sing. But when not only Ethiopia, but all that continent of darkness, lifts up its hands, and all Africa pours her great volume of voice into the new song—that will be music for you. Added to this are all the sixteen thousand millions of children that are estimated to have gone into glory, and the host of young and old that hereafter shall people the earth and inhabit the stars.

Oh! the new song! Gather it all up! Multiply it with every sweetness! Pour into it every harmony! Belt it with every splendor! Fire it with every glory! Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest cycle of eternity!—and then you will have but the faintest conception of what John experienced when, amidst the magnificence of apocalyptic vision, he heard it—the new song!

God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ upon earth, we will never sing it in heaven. Be sure that your hearts are now attuned for the heavenly worship. There is a cathedral in Europe with an organ at each end. Organ answers organ, and the music waves backward and forward with indescribable effect. Well, my friends, the time will come when earth and heaven will be but different parts of one great accord. It will be joy here and joy there! Jesus here and Jesus there! Trumpet to trumpet! Organ to organ! Hallelujah to hallelujah! "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether!"

A Letter-Carrier Detective.

There is a little green card in use by the postoffice department that is a terror to some of the more careless letter carriers. It is a terror only when they have once been caught. Very seldom indeed, are they caught the second time. This card is dropped in a letter box and on it is marked the time it was put in and also the time it should be taken out by the carrier. A record is kept by the chief of the carriers and if that little card does not turn up with the other mail with which it is due it is clearly to be seen that the carrier has not taken the mail from that particular box.

The object, of course, is to test the reliability of the carriers. When there is any complaint on the part of the citizens about the tardiness of local mails, then a little green card is dropped in one or more boxes in the district from which the complaint comes. Sometimes it shows carelessness on the part of the carrier and sometimes it does not. It is, however, not necessary that there should be complaints, for frequently the cards are put in the boxes of the most efficient men. Of course they are happy when they discover them. But where a box is missed in which there is a green card, then the carrier is bound to get into trouble, and very serious trouble at that.

This card has been in use by the postoffice department for a great many years in all parts of the country.—[Trenton Times.

News of the Week.

Under this head we aim to give a summare of all important events occurring within thy week, in compact yet easily understood form, accompanied by such explanations as may be necessary to a perfect comprehension. We regard this as a feature of the greatest value to all our readers, and especially to the younger members of the family.

SPEAKER REED.

HIS SPEECH AT FANEUIL HALL.

A Clear Exposition of the Work of the Republican Congress.

Speaker Thomas B. Reed, of the national House of Representatives, who is on his way to Maine to participate in the campaign in that state, addressed a large audience at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Sept. 3. Hon. Jonathan A. Lane, president of the Boston Merchants' association, presided: Mr. Reed said:

All progress is over the ruins of old institutions. Men are intrenched behind the use and want of their lives, and fight desperately against any one who carries the breastworks; and if you look at some of the newspaper headlines you will see what the feelings were of some gentlemen whose entrenchments were being carried. It was amazing to notice the history of the House of Representatives and of Congress to see how in detail is carried out this principle—that when things are to be done, the Republican party does them.

The great struggle which has been made by the Democratic House of Representatives for years has been not to be economical in the expenditures of the government, but to cut down the sum total of appropriations. They have been striving in every way to pile up the surplus, not merely by taxation, but by parsimony in their action in the expenditure of money. So long as they could point to the clogging of business which results from the storing money in the Treasury, they seemed to be happy, but now they are busily engaged in showing that the surplus has disappeared. They are unable to be contented either with a surplus or without one.

There is no doubt but that the expenditures of the government are about to approach its receipts, but any man would make a mistake if he believed it was in any way the result of extravagance or carelessness with public money, that a dollar has been appropriated by either house which does not carry upon it the stamp of the necessities of the government; and nobody who does not carefully consider this matter, can ever realize the righteous action of the Republican party in both house and senate, and how much it has cost them to be economical in a true and proper sense.

There has been advertisement broadcast of this surplus and every human need and want has been set together to try to get money out of the treasury for other than public purposes, but not one of these schemes has been successful. All the expenditure has been legitimate, just and proper. We shall expend nearly our income. We shall also reduce taxation to the extent of $50,000,000 in addition thereto. One great element of expenditure is pension legislation, which is not understood in New England, and the character of it is not fully appreciated.

With us the soldier is comparatively content with what he has received and with what is promised him in the near future. But in the West there exists a different feeling. These stories about a vast surplus have set men wild with the idea of a service pension which would bring emolument to every man in the service. We have had to meet not merely the contention of those who are parsimonious and not willing to do what was fair to the soldier, but those who wished to do such things as, with the present revenues of the government, are impossible without bankruptcy and ruin.

It is with those that the Republican party grapples with the question and solves it with that measure of justice which is satisfactory to the whole people of the country. So have we met all such questions. We have given to the Postoffice department its due meed of increase. Wherever the necessities of the government require any addition, we propose to give it to the people. Such is the magnificent growth of the country, we can do this safely. We have met all questions in this spirit. Here was that question of currency, with widely diverse ideas. On the Pacific coast and silver states there was a wild demand that the mints should be open to the free coinage of all the silver in the world. On the other hand there was a reasonable fear on the part of men living in other parts of the country lest we should do something which in some way would drive gold out of the country and cause mono-metalism on a lower plane. The result has been very much owing to the good action of a member of congress from the state of Massachusetts. The righteous judgment has been reached which seems to be sending silver safely to par, to the great advantage of this country.

The loss of bank circulation will be made up and the circulation of the country be adapted to its vast and growing needs. This population grows at the rate of 2,500,000 in a year, and its circulation increases in a still greater ratio. I did not come here to outline the policy of the Republican party, but stopped merely to greet you and give you the thanks of the Republican party for the help which Massachusetts has given to the party during the past year.

Hon. H. C. Lodge spoke briefly after Mr. Reed closed.

AT PORTLAND.

The Speaker Shows the Necessity of the New House Rules.

Three thousand people greeted Speaker Reed on his return to Portland, Maine, on the evening of September 4. The city hall was packed to its greatest capacity half an hour before the time for the opening of the meeting. When the speaker entered the hall, on the arm of Mayor Melcher, he was greeted with a perfect storm of applause. When quiet had been restored Mr. Reed spoke as follows:

"Parties have their years of depression and their years of exaltation just as individuals have their moments of depression and of good cheer. Parties have periods when they do great work and periods when they seem to have no other hope than the preservation of existence. Since 1874, when the Republican party first faltered in its great duty of preserving liberty and equality before the law of all citizens of the United States, a Republican House of Representatives has been very rare. This has not been because there is no longer a Republican majority, but because by frauds too apparent to be denied, by ballot-box stuffing too notorious to be disputed, twenty-five seats in the House have been wrested from us under the open, defiant declaration that the Southern Democratic white man shall not only rule the black man of the South, but the white man of the North.

Two years ago, under the tremendous stress caused by the battle set in array by the free traders, the Republican party triumphed so signally that even the cohorts of fraud were routed, and, after a few ineffectual struggles to count us out, we had the House by a small majority of five instead of our real majority of twenty-five.

Democratic Scheming.

Long before Congress assembled, the air had been resonant with the hopes and threats of the minority, with declarations that they were to rule in utter disregard of the will of the people of the United States. At the very worst, no measure should pass which did not have the sanction of their high approval. If any man here thinks they reckoned without their host, that they had no foundation on which to build their hopes and their threats, he knows little of the deep-laid schemes of many years to render the Republicans powerless whenever they should get control. For years rule has been piled upon rule and decision upon decision to render legislation dependant upon the suffrance of the minority.

Filibustering lurked in every line. Power of obstruction was without limit. You will naturally ask why it was that those who most of the time had the majority, should so strengthen the minority. If you will consider the nature of the two parties, the cause cannot escape you. The Democratic party wants no legislation. It is not charged with the progress of the world. All the Southern men who control the party want or ask for, is to be left alone. When the Republican party comes into power it has work to do. If that action can be prevented, what more should the Southern Democracy desire? Hence all their plans, whether in power or out of power, are centered in obstruction.

The House Naturally Sluggish.

Now the House of Representative is not a body quick to do business under any set of rules. Its large numbers and the diverse interests they represent, will always make it slow and cumbersome. But a system which enabled one member to hold the whole House at bay until the going down of the sun and then hold it until physical exhaustion set it free, and one-fifth to hold it forever, was evidently a system which rendered elections useless and called a halt to civilization itself. Of what use was it to summon into the field an army of orators to explain the questions of party policy? Of what use was it that the great throng of journals set themselves to explain to the people the needs of the hour? Of what use was an election itself, that grand culmination of the power of the citizen, if after all nothing could be done without the sanction of the beaten party. What statesman could be so foolish as to battle for power with responsibility when he could have the same power without responsibility? What kind of a fight is that to go into where the victim will be victorious and the conqueror powerless? Says the Koran, "Dost thou think, O man, that we created the heavens and the earth in jest?" Are elections a farce, and is government by the people a juggle? Do we marshal our tens of millions to the polls for sport? If there be anything in popular government it means that whenever the people have elected one party to take control of the House or the Senate that party shall have both the power and the responsibility. If that is not the effect, of what use is the election?

It was with far other ideas of public duty that the minority met us at the opening of the session. Not only were no measures to pass which did not have their approval, but no rules even of procedure, were to be permitted except those which seemed suitable to the brave party.

The House Its Own Master.

So we began life without any rules. The constitution says: "The House may determine the rules of its procedure" and does not say that it must. After two months time the opposition found that under the parliamentary law which had been built up by the American people in consonance with their institutions, the public business was going on every day without their consent, and they began to clamor for the very rules they had denounced. I need not describe to you the scenes of disorder which were preliminary to the establishment of sound business principles in the House. It is enough to say that the good work was done and the House of Representatives has taken a large stride towards business and the performance of duty. Will you, my old friends and neighbors, permit me just one word which is purely personal. Any time these last eight months I have been the subject of much indiscriminate praise and much indiscriminate blame. The one is just as much deserved as the other. Great events do not turn upon one man. The House of Representatives was ready and ripe for change and the people stood ready to approve. What all the world wanted was easy to do. I am not greatly proud to be speaker of the House, but I am proud with all my heart to be one of that magnificent majority of the House of Representatives of the Fifty-first Congress, which for nine long months has never for one moment faltered in its duty.

When we cleared our decks for action there was plenty of work to do and we have done it to the full measure of satisfaction. We have achieved all that the Republican party promised and more. Most platforms are but glittering generalities, good enough for the campaign, but our last platform has been treated by the House of Representatives like a deed of trust.

We promised the people that the tariff should have fair and exhaustive treatment; that the principle of protection should have full recognition, and in three important bills we have kept the promise to the hope. By the administrative bill a wise and discriminating effort has been made to secure to our manufacturers and merchants the complete benefit of the rates of duty imposed by law. By virtue of that bill we hope we have made valuations and duties alike in all ports.

Two years ago the Democracy in the House admitted that, owing to the change in the methods of manufactures, the whole woolen industry was tottering to a fall unless woolens and worsteds were put upon a footing of equality. Nevertheless, for the purpose of adding to the votes of the Mills bill, which could never pass, they sacrificed the woolen industry, which needed immediate attention. Without delay and without waiting to strengthen their own tariff bill by the support of the worsted men, Maj. McKinley and Gov. Dingley pushed through the measure of justice which has rescued so many of our woolen mills from disaster and ruin.

But these bills, useful as they are, were but the forerunners of that tariff bill over which the Senate are now pouring the multitudinous waves of oratory. The McKinley bill was not made in the closet, was not the product of one man who tried to know everything. If any tariff bill was ever the results of the beliefs of the whole people of the United States the McKinley bill was that bill.

The Silver Bill.

Another great achievement of the House of Representatives is the silver bill. It was necessary to provide such increase of currency as would supply the loss of circulation of national banks, such increase, too, as would provide a growing people the money they need for more prosperous business. The mining camps, the great pioneers of civilization in the Far West, deserved, also, all the encouragement they could have consistent with sound currency and genuine bi-metalism. On that subject the Republicans had promised that all the silver dollars should be furnished which could be kept equal with gold. Such a bill, fulfilling that promise to the uttermost, now adorns our statute books as a tribute to the wise conservatism of the Republican majority of the House. Already silver seems to be climbing to par with safety to all the interests of the country.

An Honest Ballot.

There was also another promise to be kept, made long ago and often renewed. For years the Republican party have declared most righteously that there could not be in a Republic a duty more sacred than the duty of upholding the right of every citizen to participate in government. Who has forgotten the ringing words of that great soldier, so soon to lie among the unforgotten brave of Arlington: "The people have made up their minds that they will have a loyal government and an honest ballot and a fair count." The House of Representatives, true to its duty, has passed a bill which, when it becomes a law, will give to the people of the United States the suffrages of millions. It will enable votes to be cast and to be counted as cast.

What an enormous hubbub has been raised about that simple bill. There has been nothing like it since Walter Scott described the uprising of the virtuous people of Alsatia on the approach of a sheriff. What is this bill on which so many interesting epithets have been rained? It is a simple proposition to have United States supervisors to see that United States elections of United States officers shall be honestly conducted; that all honest votes shall be cast and honestly counted as cast. If there be any man in this country who opposes this bill there will not be many years before he will look like those who proclaimed the divine origin of slavery. That the Democrats now denounce with violent epithets a Republican measure is no new fact in their history. So persecuted they the saints. When Abraham Lincoln proclaimed that this land could not be permanently half free and half slave, the Democracy of my younger days all declared that he said so because he wanted his sister to marry a negro. So when the Republicans of our day proclaim that in a republic 1,000,000 of voters can never be permanently disfranchised, the Democrat of our day shouts, "Negro domination!" and "bayonets!"

The speaker next referred to the opening of Oklahoma and the admission of new states. He cited further, as creditable legislation of this Congress, the measure to relieve the stress on the Supreme court; also the bankruptcy bill; the meat inspection bill, and the lard bill. Every bill presented by organized labor had been passed, and state control over license had been preserved by action of the House after the package decision. The mails had been closed to lotteries, and before the end of this Congress the speaker expected the passage of the tonnage bill.

Then Mr. Reed continued thus:

Every inch of our progress has been contested by the opposition. Highway robbery of time has been abolished. Petty larceny has not. Only a strong, vigorous public sentiment prevailing among all the constituencies will ever do that. We spent two months and a half in organization, in the preliminary struggles to settle the right of the majority to control, and in determining the rules of the House proceedings. We were forced to spend more time on contested elections. Our loss of time from contested elections will not be less than 20 days.

Why Work is Slow.

One other cause of the loss of time will be a surprise, perhaps, to the community at large. No man would regret more than I to be thought wanting in all proper respect for the dead and all proper reverence for departed comrades and for the feelings of surviving friends, yet the method by which the House shows this respect and pays this reverence is very costly to the nation. Since the election of the present House ten members have died and one senator. Among them have been the most famous men in the House, William D. Kelly, the great champion of protection; Samuel J. Randall, heart of oak and will of iron, the strongest face in half a century, and Samuel Sullivan Cox, at once brilliant and laborious. When we have paid due reverence and spoken proper eulogy over these and their companions not less than twenty-one working days will have to be counted. This means almost an entire month of time. When John Bright died the English House thought it could best honor his memory by going on with the business of the country. These losses which I have enumerated could not perhaps be helped without greater reforms than can be hoped for in many years. But what is about to be described could be avoided by either the commonest patriotism or a healthy public sentiment in the House. It ought to be known all over the United States that with 330 members it takes 25 minutes to make a roll-call. Whenever the yeas and nays are ordered it meant a loss of half an hour. Now, the session of the House two years ago lasted one month and a half longer than the present session thus far. During that session of two years ago there were two hundred and twenty-six roll calls, of which eighty-six were recorded during the long filibuster against the direct-tax bill, leaving but one hundred and forty which were seemingly legitimate. I say these one hundred and forty were seemingly legitimate, for I have no doubt that one hundred would have fully complied with the demands of the constitution. One hundred roll-calls would have been more than ample for all proper purposes for the whole of this session. And yet we have had 400. Three hundred of these have been utterly useless, mere wanton waste. A legislative day, exclusive of the reading of the journal, is a scant five hours. Three hundred roll calls then mean 25 legislative days. Think of 25 legislative days wasted in mere useless calling over of names, and all done to waste time with the public business undished.

But in closing what I have had to say, it would not be just to rest the claims of the House upon even the catalogue of its great deeds. What the House has shown the country that any House can do is worth a prince's ransom. Henceforth promise cannot be excused except by performance.

Henceforth great measures can not be lost and nobody know what has become of them. Party responsibility has begun, and with it also the responsibility of the people, for they can no longer elect a Democratic House, and hope that the minority will neutralize their action, or a Republican House without being sure that it will keep its pledges. If we have broken the precedents of a hundred years, we have set the precedence of another hundred years, nobler than the last, wherein responsibility will wait on power, and wherein the people with full knowledge that their servants can act will choose those who will worthily carry out their will.

The Syndicate's Cash Short.

The San Francisco *Call* says that the English syndicate which purchased the Philadelphia brewery for $3,600,000, has failed to make the payments due, and Mrs. Weiland threatens to break the agreement. About $150,000 was paid on deposit to bind the agreement; $500,000 was to have been paid on July 1 last, and the remainder on August 15. Mrs. Weiland stated that the purchasers had asked for thirty days time, which was granted. Unless the money is paid by September 15, $150,000 will be forfeited.

THE CENTRAL STRIKE.

The State Arbitration Board Still Hearing the Case.

Before the board of arbitrators on September 2, Mr. Webb, continuing, said that several of the men knew the cause for which they were discharged. Their relations with the Knights of Labor had nothing to do with their discharge. Mr. Lee's prominence in the order was no reason for his discharge.

Mr. Pryor endeavored to find out if the Knight of Labor question has been discussed by the board of directors, but the board declined to admit the question.

"That shuts us off," remarked Mr. Pryor, turning around to the Knights of Labor Executive committee.

Mr. Webb said he had arranged for the services of Pinkerton's men some time before the strike.

When asked about the details of the arrangement, Mr. Webb declined to answer, by advice of counsel. Mr. Webb did not seek the protection of the police authorities prior to employing Pinkerton's men. This concluded his testimony.

Mr. Webb was followed by members of the Knights of Labor who were dismissed from the New York Central employ. Their testimony went over the ground of the alleged and supposed cause of their dismissal, and incidents connected therewith, already substantially covered in these dispatches.

J. J. Holland and John Devlin, executive committeemen, testified as to their efforts to bring about a settlement of the difficulty by arbitration.

E. J. Lee introduced the correspondence which passed between himself and T. V. Powderly. The latter advised him to move cautiously as he was competing with a corporation that controlled millions of dollars where the labor party controlled cents.

On August 2, Mr. Powderly wrote: "I regret to hear of the condition of affairs. If there is to be trouble it will be when Mr. Depew is away. I advise you to avoid a strike at all hazards, as the order can't support you now. Act on the following suggestions:

"Select from your men such as are good and reliable and secure places for them in the West. Then have them ask for shorter hours and higher wages. This the road will not grant. Then have them quit and take the new places secured for them. Do this secretly, and wait until Mr. Depew returns. He is a presidential candidate, and would not care for a strike on his road."

General Master Workman Powderly was next called. Pending the strike he had had no interview with any of the road's officials. He related his interview with Mr. Webb, and brought out nothing new.

Hamilton Harris, counsel for the railroad company, called, as the first witness on Sept. 3, General Manager Toucey.

Chairman Purcell asked him to give the board such information as he possessed in reference to the discharge of Master Workman E. J. Lee.

Mr. Toucey said he had an interview with Mr. Lee some time ago in the course of which Mr. Lee alluded to the watering of the company's stock; intimated that some one was making a good deal of money and that he and the other men ought to have some of it.

In reply to a question by Gen. Pryor, the witness said he did not discharge Mr. Lee. Before the talk about the stock watering, Mr. Lee made certain demands on behalf of some of the men, and they were refused.

Supt. Voorhes testified that he had nothing to do with the discharge of any of the 78 men. He was out of town for three weeks before the strike.

Master Mechanic Buchanan testified that in discharging Lee, he did so by orders of Vice President Webb, and had no personal knowledge of the causes for his discharge. Of the 78 men discharged, he knew the causes for discharge in the cases of two only, Malloy and Conway. Malloy was discharged for obtaining a pass under false pretenses. Conway was discharged for neglect of duty. He absented himself without leave, and was several times late in the morning, and at noon.

Trainmaster J. W. Stevens, on being called by council for the railroad company, testified that he had never told any employe of the company that he must either leave the Knights of Labor or leave the road.

Then Gen. Pryor called John Seery, who was employed under Stevens. Seery testified that he went to Mr. Stevens to get some supplies and Mr. Stevens asked him if it was true he had joined the Knights of Labor. Seery told him it was. Then Stevens told him he should not have joined without acquainting him, as he had helped him to better his position. Mr. Stevens further said that he had better get out of the Knights or it might cost him his bread and butter. Seery understood him to mean that if he did not leave the Knights he would be discharged. This conversation occurred on August 1.

At the request of Mr. Stevens he was recalled. He said part of Seery's testimony was true and part of it was not. He did ask Seery if he belonged to the Knights of Labor, and he told him he ought not to join them without acquainting him. This was on account of his personal relations to Seery, he having gotten him a better position and more pay than he had been receiving.

He did not tell him his bread and butter depended on his leaving the Knights, but when Seery asked him what he ought to do he told him he must act on his own judgment. If Seery was his brother, however, he would advise him to leave them as in case of a strike he would find himself compelled to go out with them.

Gen. Pryor asked the witness if he had a conversation with conductor Wm. Gibson in reference to his leaving the Knights of Labor.

Mr. Stevens said Gibson came to him with his resignation from the Knights of Labor, and asked him to mail it for him. The witness promised to do so, and told Gibson he was glad to see him taking that step. He never advised any one to leave the Knights of Labor.

At the conclusion of Mr. Stevens's testimony Gen. Pryor announced that he had no more witnesses to call but had a number in Albany. The board adjourned until Friday at 10 a. m., to meet in Albany.

At the State Board of arbitration on Sept. 6, Mr. Powderly did not arrive, and Messrs. Wright and Roger A. Pryor appeared for the Knights and Hamilton Harrison for the road.

Division Superintendent Bissell, of Albany, took the stand, and said that all dismissals on the New York Central were at the order of the third vice president, and he understood that Mr. Lefevre was suspended for lack of attention to duty. He did not know that anybody was dismissed because he was a Knight of Labor.

Mr. Pryor asked for details as to Lefevre's neglect of duty, and witness said that he (Lefevre) often was seen neglecting his legitimate duty.

Witness knew that the discharged man was a Knight of Labor, but did not pay attention to his standing. He admitted that he thought Mr. Lefevre was active in the Knights.

Mr. Lefevre, a discharged employe, testified that he had been in the employ of the company eighteen years. Mr. Bissell discharged him, but gave no reasons, telling him he knew what for. He supposed that it was because he was a Knight. He had never been reprimanded, suspended, accused of drunkenness or incapacity.

The testimony of other discharged employes, of the same general tenor, was taken. The object of the witnesses was to show that they were discharged on account of their connection with the Knights. Officials of the road testified to the discharge of the men for cause, in one instance the cause assigned, for the discharge of three men, being that they were bothering with committees when they should have been at work.

Commissioner Purcell asked for the production of the agreement between the road and the men, as heretofore published, and it was put in evidence. Both sides declared themselves through, and the hearing was declared closed.

Mr. Purcell, in closing, said that the public, he thought, and the newspapers were under the impression that the board could give a decision in favor of one side or the other. That impression was false. He wished it understood that the law allowed the board to give an opinion or a decision only when both parties consented to arbitrate. In this case the board would consider the testimony and would make certain recommendations for the amicable settlement of the difficulty.

The board can not make this announcement, however, but through the legislature, and so January 1 will probably be the date when their views will become public. The only advantage thus far gained is in the bringing of the case in its true light before the public.

The Floods Continue.

The rise of the Elbe river has flooded the royal castle at Pillnitz, and the court has been transferred to Strehlen.

TRADE AND CROPS.

THE TRADE TEVIEW.

The Condition of Business During the Past Seven Days.

R. G. Dun & Co's weekly review of trade, dated New York, Sept. 6, says: Another large failure, that of Sawyer, Wallace & Co., comes at a time when the effects of the Potter-Lovell failure of Boston prove more disturbing than was expected.

The prospect of speedy action on the tariff bill in the Senate, and better sales by clothing dealers, have made the wool manufacture more hopeful, and the purchases of wool are larger, reaching 8,000,000 pounds. But concessions have been made to secure sales on many grades, the money market pressing, and it is noticed there and at Philadelphia that buyers act with great caution.

The accounts of trade from all parts of the country are encouraging this week. At Boston the money market is pretty stiff, which affects some trades; leather is more quiet and hides are firm. At Philadelphia sales of leather are large at better prices, and collections improve. Chicago reports smaller receipts of grain than last year except barley; a decrease in half of dressed beef, because of the stock yards strike, and a large decrease in butter; but an increase of 33 per cent in canned meats, 200 per cent in lard and a heavy increase in cheese and wool, while merchandise, and especially dry goods sales exceed last year's.

St. Louis notes good trade in nearly all lines, with crop prospects somewhat improved. Cincinnati finds business favorable, excellent in boots and shoes, and healthy in other merchandise, with an advance in groceries; the carriage manufacture is active and some decrease from last year in sales of clothing is more than compensated by better prices.

The speculative markets are lower. People who have been bulling wheat observe a loss of 5 cents for the week, in corn 2c; in oats ¾c, in pork 25c per bbl., and in hogs 50c per 100 pounds, while oil is 1½c and cotton ⅛c. The sales have been but moderate, 26,000,000 bushels of wheat, 7,000,000 bushels of corn 500,000 bales of cotton and 100,000 bags of coffee without change in price. Prices generally have been so high that exports were materially diminished, the value sent from New York for the last week being $2,300,000, or 30 per cent below last year. The general average of prices yields less than the price of speculative objects, which have been unnaturally advanced, and of leather goods and some other manufactures are higher, but in the aggregate a fall of 1½ per cent appears.

It is the prevailing belief that the second order of the treasury to purchase bonds insures a fairly easy money market for the fall.

Trade in all business taken together, is certainly more than 10 per cent greater than at this time last year, exclusive of speculative operations, about 5 per cent of the increase being due to the advance in prices since last year, and the rest to the increase in quantities of products transferred.

Though commercial credits appear to be unusually healthy, a few failures arising from speculation may cause some disturbance.

The business failures throughout the country during the past seven days number 203, as compared with a total of 189 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 201.

OHIO CROPS.

Corn and Potatoes are Going to Show Poor Returns.

The Ohio State Board of Agriculture has given out an official report on the condition of the corn and potato crops, September 1, 1890, which shows a remarkable shortage in Ohio. The corn will fall off about 40,000,000 bushels, and a corresponding shrinkage in the potato product is not unexpected. The official report says:

A careful estimate from the returns of township crop correspondents shows the condition or prospect for corn to be 54 per cent of an averge crop, and that of potatoes, 45 per cent of an average crop. To illustrate the immense shortage in the corn prospect, the percentage of the following heavy corn counties is given, counties which in the big crop of 1888 produced about two millions of bushels each and a fair crop last year: Butler, 43; Darke, 38; Fairfield 61; Fayette, 54; Franklin, 59; Greene, 44; Hancock, 41; Licking, 59; Madison, 49; Miami, 47; Montgomery, 54; Pickaway, 56; Putnam, 70; Warren, 43; Wood, 63. Great shortage appears in all the valley counties which usually furnish the shipping surplus.

Owing to the short corn crop and low price of pork, hogs are being hastened to market about half fattened, and a larger per cent of the crop will be disposed of before the packing season.

The rains came too late to benefit the potatoes, and a barely half crop is all that can be expected.

Wheat Has the Call.

The failure of the Kansas corn crop has called the farmers' thoughts to the wheat crop again, and not only last year's wheat fields, but corn fields and oats fields and newly broken prairie in many parts of the state are being prepared for wheat. It is predicted that the acreage will far exceed that of any previous year. In Dickinson county, the best wheat section of the state, the acreage will be at least 100,000 acres against 68,000 last year.

WHEAT THIEVES.

Indiana Farmers Greatly Alarmed at Continued Depredations.

The farmers of St. Joseph county, in the vicinity of South Bend, Indiana, are exercised over the lawless and daring depredations of wheat thieves who have been doing their work for the past few weeks. The boldness of the robbers is surprising. About a week since on one of the avenues of the city, early in the the morning, thirteen sacks of wheat was piled upon the sidewalk. An investigation showed that the wheat belonged to a dairyman living a short distance in the country. No clue to the thieves was found.

Monday the robbers visited the farm of Carpenter and stole a team of large gray horses, a wagon and forty-five bushels of wheat. The sheriff was notified and a search revealed the wheat sacked and nicely piled just out of the city limits. Tracks in the road indicate that the team and wagon had gone toward Michigan. Soon after the wheat was discovered a suspicious looking character was seen hanging around Carpenter's place. He was arrested and wheat being found in his pockets he was put in jail, but nothing definite can be learned from him.

Vermont's Vote.

Verified returns from all of the 243 towns in the state, show a total vote of 33,318 for Page, 19,214 for Brigham, and 1,216 for Allen and others. These returns from 243 towns make Page's plurality 14,104, and his majority 12,888. The same towns in 1888 gave Dillingham 48,077, Shurtleff 18,078, Seely and others 1,602, making Dillingham's majority 27,692, and showing a falling off in the Republican majority of 14,794.

The five towns not heard from gave in 1888 a Republican majority of 292 which will not be materially changed. Addison, Caledonia, Chittenden, Franklin, Grand Isle, Lamoille, Orange, Washington and Windsor counties are complete. Two towns are wanting in Rutland county and in Bennington, Essex and Windham one town in each. The Senate will be made up of 29 Republicans and one Democrat. According to returns received here the House will consist of 177 Republicans, 56 Democrats and two Farmers' League with three towns—Stowe, Roxbury and Troy unrepresented, leaving three towns to be heard from.

One hundred and thirteen towns in the Second Congressional district give Grout 16,098; Shurtleff, 7,437. Grout's majority, 8,661. Ninety-three towns in the First Congressional district give Powers 11,057; Maloney, 5,183; majority for Powers, 4,074. Returns are wanting from 37 towns to complete the Congressional vote in both districts.

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WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE TARIFF.

The Tariff Bill Being Pushed as Rapidly as Possible.

The work of Congress is fast taking shape. Another day has been added by the Senate to the limit fixed for the debate on the tariff bill, and in accordance with this arrangement Monday was devoted to the consideration of the sugar schedule, in connection with the reciprocity question, speeches being limited to 30 minutes. Voting on amendments without debate began Tuesday and will continue until all are disposed of.

When that time will arrive cannot be stated with exactness, for as long as the bill is before the Senate it will be open to amendment. But when no more amendments remain to be offered, and the vote is on the passage of the bill, six hours will be given to general debate. For the Republicans, Senators Ingalls and Aldrich will probably occupy the time; for the Democrats Messrs. McPherson and Carlisle, and possibly Vest. The final vote on the bill will not be taken, it is believed, until near the close of the week.

After the tariff bill is out of the way, the conference report on the land grant forfeiture bill will be taken up in accordance with the announcement made by Senator Plumb, and when disposed of Senator Sawyer will ask consideration of the anti-lottery bill. According to previous notice, by Senator Quay, Saturday will be given to eulogies on the late Representative Randall of Pennsylvania.

When the Senate opened this morning the House bill to set apart a certain tract of land (on which the big trees stand,) in California, as a public park was passed without amendment.

The conference report on the river and harbor appropriation bill was taken up and agreed to without discussion, and without a yea and nay vote.

The tariff bill was taken up; the debate on the bill to be limited to 30 minutes for any senator on any one subject.

Changes or amendments in the bill reported by Mr. Aldrich, from the Finance committee, were made as follows. Adding to paragraph 59 the words, "And white paint containing zinc, but not containing lead." Making the duty on phosphorus (paragraph 671) 30 per cent ad valorem, (instead of ten cents per pound).

Inserting in paragraph 75 (relating to medicinal preparations,) the words "Or in the preparation of which alcohol is used."

Making paragraph 132 read "Boiler plates of iron or steel and other plate iron, not thinner," etc.

Making paragraph 218 read "White pine shingles 20 cents per thousand; all others, 30 cents per thousand.

Making paragraph 221 read "Chair cane or reeds, wrought or manufactured from rattans or reeds; and where round, square, or in any other shape."

Mr. Plumb offered the amendment of which he had given notice on August 30, imposing a tax of $1.25 per gallon on distilled spirits. He said that he offered it because he believed that it would be necessary to have the additional revenue which would be thus provided ($21,508,000) to meet the requirements of the government. He was not unmindful of the fact that the question had been discussed from an entirely different standpoint and that very elaborate efforts had been made to show that there would be no deficiency.

In fact he was bound to presume that when the tariff bill passed the House of Representatives those who fashioned it and who were responsible for it behind that, under it, the necessary revenue would be collected. The reduction of revenue which the bill (as it passed the House) would effect, had been estimated at $71,000,000.

By the restoration of the tobacco tax in the Senate, that reduction had been diminished to sixty million—qualified by the somewhat ambiguous statement from the finance committee that, if importations were kept up on the present scale (notwithstanding the increase of duties), the reduction of revenue would be only about 20,000,000.

Mr. Plumb went on to give a history of the appropriations for the year, and to argue that the appropriations for future years would not fall short of those for this year, and would, in regard to pensions, etc., largely exceed them. He estimated the cost under the new pension bill at fifty millions at least. There would be added to the list of pensioners, widows and dependent parents to the amount of at least 810,000,000.

And there would be added, he believed, at least 400,000 soldiers. In fact, he should be greatly surprised if, in the next three years the payment on account of that law would not amount to $60,000,000 a year.

Mr. Berry asked Mr. Plumb how many applications had already been received under the new pension law.

Mr. Plumb gave the number at over 400,000.

Mr. Berry recalled the fact that Mr. Davis, who had charge of that bill, had said that he was satisfied that not more than 200,000 names would be added to the pension list under it.

Mr. Cockrell—There are between 600,000 and 700,000 in all.

Mr. Plumb said he had no doubt that there would be from 700,000 to 800,000 applications under that law and appropriations under it would amount to at least 60 millions a year within the next three or four years.

Mr. Plumb's amendment to tax whisky $1.25 per gallon, was rejected; yeas 17, nays 39.

The finance committee amendment, making the duty on sugar above No. 16, six-tenths of a cent per pound, instead of four-tenths, was agreed to; yeas 29, nays 23.

On September 9, the tariff bill was taken up—the pending question being on Mr. Gibson's amendment to reduce the sugar test from 80 degrees by the polariscope to 76 degrees. The amendment was rejected.

Mr. Edmunds inquired whether the understanding made as to voting on amendments without debate would prevent a Senator, in offering an amendment, from stating (not to occupy more than two or three minutes) its object, or prohibit the asking or answering of a question.

The presiding officer, Mr. Ingalls—"Unless the chair be otherwise instructed by the Senate he will hold that the understanding is that, beginning with the consideration of the bill this morning, the action of the Senate will be without debate; and that the asking or answering an inquiry would be debate, and is therefore not in order."

Mr. Edmuds—"I do not think that it ought to be that way, but I can bear it as well as the rest."

Mr. Gibson offered two other amendments to the sugar section, which were rejected.

Mr. Carlisle moved to strike out of the sugar section all the paragraphs relating to bounty. Rejected—yeas 23, nays 34—a party vote.

Mr. Gibson moved to strike out the sugar section and to substitute for it the sugar clauses of the Mills bill.

Rejected—Yeas 25; nays 35.

Mr. Edmunds moved to insert a provision in the sugar schedule that the bounty shall apply to all sugar produced in 1890. Rejected.

Mr. Pasco moved to amend the paragraph relating to oranges, by fixing special rates for oranges in December, January, February or March. Rejected.

M. Aldrich moved to insert a proviso that imported merchandise, deposited in any public or private bonded warehouse prior to the 1st of August, 1890, may be withdrawn for consumption at any time prior to 1st of November, 1890, on payment of the duties in force prior to the passage of this act. Agreed to.

Mr. Plumb moved as a substitute for Mr. Aldrich's amendment a proviso that goods in bond at the time of the taking effect of this act may be withdrawn therefrom at any time within one year from that date on payment of the duties existing at the time of their importation. Rejected—Yeas 28, nays 34.

ORDERED ENGROSSED.

The Next Question in the Senate Will Be On its Passage.

At 3 o'clock on Tuesday, the tariff bill was ordered engrossed and to a third reading, closing the discussion.

The next question will be on its passage.

Silver Purchase.

Secretary Windom and the director of the mint have had a consultation in regard to the new silver law, one result of which was a decision that the department will purchase 4,500,000 ounces each month, reckoning from August 13, the date when the new law took effect. It was suggested that the department purchase 54,000,000 ounces a year and merely average the monthly purchases. But this plan was thought to be open to objection, and it was decided to adhere strictly to the letter of the law.

CAUSED A SENSATION.

Gen. Kennedy on the War Path in the House.

In the House on September 3 General Kennedy scored the Senate in general and Sen. Quay in particular for the manner in which the upper House has conducted its business, the action on the federal election bill being severely denounced.

Much indignation exists among Republican Senators over the attack on Sept. 3. Several consultations have been held, but no plan of action has been agreed upon. A prominent Senator, familiar with parliamentary precedents and practices, when asked what would be the proper course to be pursued if it were desired to do anything said that if, after a time the House took no action the Senate should pass a resolution, courteous in tone, calling the attention of the House to the unparliamentary proceedings and then leave it to deal with the question as it saw fit. But this action would depend upon the manner in which the knowledge of the delivery of the speech reached the Senate. Mr. Kennedy's remarks do not appear in to-day's *Congressional Record*, the reporter noting that "they are withheld from the revision." Unless they come before the Senate in the *Record* or some other authoritative way, it may be that nothing will be done.

Senator Quay knew nothing of the delivery of the speech until the 4th, and after his arrival at the Senate he conferred with several of his colleagues, spending considerable time with Senator Ingalls. He said to a reporter that he had not determined what course of action to pursue. He had under considertion the making a statement under the rule governing questions of personal privilege, but he was not fully decided what to do,

FROM CRESSON SPRINGS.

The President Makes Appointments From His Summer Home.

The President started in to work early Monday morning, September 8, and sent a budget to Washington in the first mail. It contained the nomination of Chas. Scoville, of Indiana, as surveyor of Customs for the port of Evansville, Indiana, being the first appointment made by the President since his arrival here.

He also issued an executive order in pursuance of a section of the naval appropriation bill providing for the appointment of a commission to select a suitable site for a dry dock on the Pacific coast north of the northern boundary of California. The members of the commission are: Capt. T. O. Selfridge, U. S. N., president; Col. George H. Mendell, corps of engineers, U. S. A.; Hon. Thomas C. Platt, of New York; Hon. Richard W. Thompson, of Indiana, and Lieut. Andrew B. Wyckoff, U. S. N.

Private Secretary Halford has established an office in the Mountain House, where all executive business will be transacted, and where announcements will be made of all official acts. He said that so far he has not been compelled to call for any clerical assistance from Washington and that he did not think it would be necessary.

The Raum Investigation.

The committee investigating the acts of Commissioner Raum, after a private consultation, decided that it would reserve its decision upon the question until it had had an opportunity to ascertain the extent of its powers to compel the production of private papers.

FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Synopsis of Proceedings of Both Houses the Past Week.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2.—Various plans of reciprocity were discussed in the Senate, and the greater part of the day taken up in discussing the tariff bill.

In the House the Clayton-Breckinridge case was taken up, but no conclusion was reached. The conference report on the River and Harbor bill was discussed.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 3.—In the Senate Mr. Call offered a resolution, which was referred to the committee on Foreign Relations, declaring that the murder of Gen. Barrundia, on the steamer Aculpa, by the authorities of Guatemala, while under the protection of the flag of the United States, was an insult to the people of the United States, and demanded prompt action by the government of the United States for the redress of that injury and for security against the recurrence of such cases. The tariff bill was taken up, the sugar schedule being under consideration.

In the House Mr. Burrows was elected speaker pro tem.

Mr. Mansur, of Missouri, reported a resolution authorizing a sub-committee of the committee on territories to proceed to Arizona and New Mexico to inquire into the social, educational, financial and moral conditions existing in those territories, and to report whether they are prepared for statehood. Also to visit Utah and to inquire into the extent of celestial marriages in that territory.

Mr. Buchanan, of New Jersey, objected to its consideration, and the House then proceeded to the further consideration of the Clayton-Breckinridge case, but no conclusion was reached.

During the debate Mr. Kennedy took occasion to draw the conclusion that a federal election law was needed, and scored the Senate in general, and Mr. Quay in particular, for the present status of the bill.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 4.—In the Senate, the tariff bill was taken up and discussed all day, only giving way to a brief executive session.

In the House, a Senate bill was passed making Sioux City a port of delivery. The Breckinridge case was discussed.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 5.—The tariff bill occupied the attention of the Senate during the day.

In the House, a resolution declaring Mr. Breckinridge's seat vacant was adopted—105 to 62. At the evening session 30 private pension bills were passed.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—The day was spent in discussing the tariff in the Senate.

In the House on motion of Mr. Baker, of New York, a bill was passed granting a pension of $100 a month to Gen. Henry A. Barnum.

The House then proceeded to the consideration of the conference report on the river and harbor bill and agreed to it.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 8.—In the Senate to-day the conference report on the river and harbor bill was agreed to.

The following was the result of the day's work on the tariff bill:

Changes or amendments in the bill reported by Mr. Aldrich from the Finance committee were made as follows:

Adding to paragraph 59 the words: "And white paint containing zinc but not containing lead."

Making the duty on phosphorus (paragraph 671) 30 per cent ad valorem (instead of 10 cents per pound.

Inserting in paragraph 75 (relating to medicinal preparations) the words: "Or in the preparation of which alcohol is used."

Making paragraph 132 read: "Boiler plates of iron or steel, and other plate iron, not thinner," etc.

Making paragraph 218 read: "White pine shingles, 20 cents per 1,000; all others, 30 cents per thousand."

Making paragraph 221 read: "Chair cane, or reeds, wrought or manufactured from rattans or reeds; and where round, square, or in any other shape."

Mr. Plumb offered the amendment of which he had given notice on the 30th of August, imposing a tax of $1.25 per gallon on distilled spirits. The amendment was rejected.

Mr. Vance moved to reduce the duty on card clothing (paragraph 153) from 50 to 25 cents per square foot. Rejected.

The sugar section was then taken up, the immediate subject under consideration being the Finance committee amendment to paragraph 223, imposing duties on all sugars above No. 13 Dutch standard.

Mr. Sherman argued against the amendment in favor of House proposition, which would allow all sugars under No. 16 Dutch standard (including good qualities of brown sugar largely used by the people) to come in free of duty.

The amendment was agreed to—yeas 39, nay 12.

The next vote was on the Senate amendment to the same paragraph, increasing the duty on sugars above No. 16, 6-10 of 1 cent per pound, instead of four-tenths, (as in the House bill.)

The amendment was agreed to—yeas 29, nays 23.

Mr. Quay offered the amendment proposed by him on the first of August, fixing the duties between No. 13 and No. 16, at 3-10 of a cent per pound; between No. 16 and No. 20 at 6-10 and above No. 10 at 1 cent.

Mr. Manderson addressed himself to Mr. Quay's amendment which he moved to amend by putting the proposed duty of 1 cent a pound on all sugars above No. 20 at 8-10 cent a pound instead of 1 cent.

Mr. Quay modified his amendment as suggested by Mr. Manderson.

Mr. Gorman opposed the amendment as in the interest of sugar refiners, giving them an absolute monopoly.

Mr. Vest also opposed it. The refiners now had all they wanted, he said. They had triumphed by the votes taken to-day, which put into their pockets millions and millions of dollars.

Mr. Quay's amendment was rejected without the yeas and nays.

Another question was on the Finance committees amendment to include maple sugar among those for which a bounty is to be paid.

Mr. Edmunds advocated the amendment and claimed that maple sugar fell within the same policy and the same justice as other sugars. It was a business of small farms.

Mr. Blair also advocated it and mentioned the annual product of maple sugar at 50,000,000 pounds.

Mr. Clarke declared himself opposed to all sugar bounties and therefore opposed to the extention to maple sugar.

Mr. Manderson offered an amendment for the admission free of duty of machinery for the manufacture of best sugar and for the refunding of duties collected on such machinery since January 1, 1890.

Mr. Eustis moved to amend the amendment so as to extend it to machinery for beet and sorghum sugar.

Without coming to a vote, Mr. Aldrich said he would try and have all the amendments voted on to-night, so as to have the bill at the stage of third reading to-morrow morning. He also gave notice that he would (for the committee) offer an amendment that the bill shall take effect October 1, 1890.

The amendment was agreed to, yeas 30, nays 25.

All the other amendments referring to maple sugar were agreed to; and the time for filing notices, in connection with claims for bounty, was fixed as prior to July 1, (instead of January) of each year.

Mr. Frye offered an amendment to pay a bounty of 1 cent a pound on sugar from imported molasses. Rejected.

In the House Mr. Cummings, of New York, raised a laugh by the request that the Maine delegation be excused on account of political illness. [Every member of this delegation is absent.]

On motion of Mr. Crain, of Texas, a bill was passed to create a port entry at Eagle Pass, Texas, instead of at Indianola, Texas.

On motion of Mr. Evans, of Tennessee, a joint resolution was passed granting the use of a portion of the United States military reservation at Chattanooga, Tenn., for a public park.

The floor was then accorded to the committee on the District of Columbia.

Land in the Arid Regions.

Land Commissioner Groff has issued to registers and receivers of United States land offices the following circular releasing from reservation the lands of the arid region:

> I am directed by the Honorable secretary of the Interior to call your attention to that portion of the act of congress, approved August 30, 1890, which repeals so much of the act of October 2, 1888, as withdraws the lands in the arid region of the United States from entry, occupation or settlement, with the exception that reservoir sites heretofore located or selected, shall remain segregated and reserved from entry or settlement until otherwise provided by law, and reservoir sites hereafter located or selected on public lands shall in like manner be reserved from the date of the location or selection. The circulars of this office of August 5, 1889, are hereby rescinded.
>
> Entries validated by this act will be acted upon in regular order, and all patents issued on entries made subsequent to this act, and on entries so validated, west of the 100th meridian, will contain a clause reserving the right of way for ditches and and canals constructed by authority of the United States.
>
> Your particular attention is called to that portion of the law which restricts the acquirement of title, under the land laws, to 320 acres in the aggregate.
>
> You will require from all applicants to file or enter under any of the land laws of the United States an affidavit showing that since August 30, 1890, they had not filed upon or entered under such laws a quantity of such land which would make, with the tracts applied for, more than 320 acres, or provided the party should claim by virtue of the exception as to settlers prior to the act of August 30, 1890, you will require an affidavit establishing the fact.
>
> As soon as practicable a blank form of affidavit will be furnished you.

International Arbitration.

The President has transmitted to Congress the recommendations of the International-American conference touching international arbitration, together with a letter transmitted from Secretary Blaine. In this letter the secretary says:

> The act of Congress, approved May 24, 1888, authorized the President to invite the several other governments of America to join the United States in a conference for the purpose of discussing and recommending for adoption some plan of arbitration for the settlement of disagreements and disputes that may hereafter arise between them. In pursuance of this invitation the conference recently in session at this capital adopted three reports:
>
> First—Recommending a definite plan of arbitration for the settlement of differences between the American nations.
>
> Second—Recommending the adoption of a similar plan by the nations of Europe.
>
> Third—Declaring that the right of conquest could not be recognized by the American nations.

The President, in his letter, says:

> The ratification of the treaties contemplated by these reports will constitute one of the happiest and most hopeful incidents in the history of the Western hemisphere.

Census Figures.

The census bureau has announced the population of the following places in Nebraska:

Beatrice, 13,921, increase 11,474; Lincoln, 55,491, increase 42,488; Nebraska City, 11,472, increase 7,289; Omaha, 139,526, increase 109,008; Plattsmouth, 8,408, increase 4,228. The population of Carthage, Mo., is stated to be 7,962, increase 3,795.

The population of the cities and towns of the first supervisor's district of Indiana are given as follows:

Bedford 3,373, increase 1,175; Evansville 50,674, increase 21,384; Mt. Vernon 6,710, increase 980; Princeton 6,494, increase 3,528; Rockport 2,308, decrease 74; Sullivan 2,222, increase 61; Fell City 2,074, decrease 98; Vincennes 8,815, increase 1,135; Washington 6,052, increase 1,729.

Breckinridge's Seat Vacant.

The debate having been closed in the House on Sept. 5, on the Clayton-Breckinridge case, Mr. Crisp of Georgia moved to recommit the case with instructions to the committee on Elections to report which of the gentlemen received a majority of the votes of the Second district of Arkansas. Lost—yeas 81, nays 103.

The vote was then taken on the minority resolution confirming Mr. Breckinridge's right to the seat. Lost—yeas 81, nays 103.

The resolution declaring the seat vacant was agreed to—yeas 105, nays 62.

The Public Debt.

A prominent treasury official said Sept. 4, that while it was true that the statement of the public debt for August showed a net decrease, less cash in the treasury of only $833,073, it was also true that the bonded debt has been reduced $19,847,200 during the same period by the purchase of bonds.

Gen. Barnum's Pension.

On motion of Mr. Baker, of New York, a bill was passed in the House on Sept. 6 granting a pension of $100 a month to Gen. Henry A. Barnum. The House then proceeded to the consideration of the conference report on the river and harbor bill.

Harrison Nominates a Democrat.

The President, on Sept. 8, sent to the Senate the following nominations: John W. Ross, to be commissioner of the District of Columbia. Mr. Ross is at present postmaster of Washington and is a Democrat.

THE REPUBLICAN LEAGUE.

An Address Issued by the National Executive Committee.

The executive committee of the National League of Republican clubs held its semi-annual session at Saratoga, N. Y., on September 5, and adopted an address to the various state leagues. It states that there is much political prosperity throughout the country, to renew courage. Since the Nashville meeting there has been great growth in numbers, and there is promise of larger attendance at Cincinnati than at any previous convention. State leagues are admonished to keep up active work in the off years. Referring to the tariff the address says:

> We will adhere with firmness to the doctrine that a well arranged tariff law is the real protector of our country's prosperity. The theory of free trade is a heresy that calls upon us to lend a helping hand to complete its overthrow. In this direction alone the league of states can accomplish unmeasured good.

Touching reciprocity the address says:

> The doctrine of reciprocity offered as an amendment in the Senate will procure for us valuable concessions and benefits from many countries with which we trade. The present danger to the party is from unfair elections, but the time is at hand when we have gained sufficient courage to declare by law that all citizens shall have their votes fairly counted.

The leagues are urged to uphold their Senators and Congressmen in favoring the elections bill. These words are used:

> It is not for us to say whether the pending federal elections bill shall pass in the manner in which it is drafted, but we do earnestly insist that it shall pass in its present form unless some better one shall be speedily devised.

The paper closes with an appeal for renewed work by each league.

Down to Work.

The Washington legislature met in special session on September 3, for the purpose of making reapportionment of the state based on the late census returns which were telegraphed from Washington that night by Superintendent of Census Porter.

To Aid the Farmer.

President Manvel, of the Santa Fe, road has authorized the announcement to the farmers in Oklahoma, that this road will supply them with $10,000 worth of seed wheat at cost and wait until their crop is harvested for their money.

GENERAL NEWS.

A BAD WRECK.

Was it Caused by Some of the Central Strikers?

On the night of September 4, about 12 o'clock, a successful attempt at train wrecking was made on the New York Central about four miles south of Greenbush. Luckily only one-half of the attempted wrecking was successful and no loss of life or serious injuries resulted.

The second section of the Montreal sleeper out of New York, due here at 11:30, consisting of an engine and eight sleepers filled with men, women and children was derailed, but barring the shaking up of the passengers and the bruising of a half dozen or so, nothing more serious than the wrecking of the cars resulted.

The train was 25 minutes late and running at 30 miles an hour at this point, and when the engine struck the obstruction on the track it was lifted upwards into the air, and the whole train was thrown from the track. The forward part of the engine was suspended in the air, and it looked as though it would topple over into the ditch at any moment. The engineer and fireman both stuck to their posts.

The first sleeper, containing 22 passengers, slid down the embankment, and came to a standstill on its side. None of the passengers in this car were injured, outside of a few bruises. The second coach fared worse than any of the others, turning a complete somersault and landing in the ditch bottom side up.

Superintendent Bissell then made an investigation as to the cause of the wreck, and he was horrified at the results. He found a rail jammed into the cattle guards, and it was wedged with timbers and securely held by fishplates. The whole arrangement was placed in a slanting position so as to lift the train clear off the track. The result showed that the judgment of the fiends who placed the obstruction on the track was unerring, and their purpose was successfully accomplished.

Continuing his investigation, Mr. Bissell found a similar obstruction placed on the southbound track a little way below where the other obstruction had been placed on the north track. This confirmed Mr. Bissell's opinion that the wrecking was the result of deliberate plans laid, by whom, he knows not.

The plans for placing the obstruction on both tracks must have been carefully laid and quickly accomplished. The first section of the Montreal sleeper had passed over the point within the hour before. A bystander at the scene of the wreck said the evident intention in placing the obstructions on the tracks was to accomplish the destruction of the valuable freight trains which pass both ways over the Hudson river division at that time of night, the train wreckers evidently thinking that the second section, which was wrecked, had passed on time.

The three vestibuled cars which were ditched remain intact. They sustained no damage beyond broken windows and scratched paint work. Each car cost $17,000. The mometary loss appears to be small compared with the value of the rolling stock which composed the train. Supt. Bissell said that these cars were the finest in the world in point of strength and durability, and it is undoubtedly owing to this fact that no lives were lost. All trains due south between midnight and 7 a. m. were held in this city and Greenbush. Third Vice President Webb has telegraphed Supt. Bissell that he has offered a reward of $5,000 for the detection and conviction of the person or persons who placed the obstructions on the track.

An Arrest Made.

Detective Tom Bryant, of the Hudson police force, having in custody a man named York Reed, of East Albany, who has served as freight brakeman on the Hudson River division of the Central road, whom he arrested in Hudson on suspicion of being one of the train wreckers, arrived at Albany on Sept. 8. It is said that Reed has confessed his crime and has given the names of four companions, all of whom, it is said, are strikers.

Later Developments.

The mystery attending the apprehension of John Reed, who was detained in Superintendent Bissel's office, all day Sunday, on suspicion of being one of the Central wreckers, was partially explained Monday, by the arrest of John Kiernan, a West Albany freight brakeman, living at 386 Second street, in Albany, and John Cordial, a freight conductor, living at 585 Livingston avenue.

The Associated Press reporter on Sunday night by accident got into the room next to where Reed was confined in the Union depot, and his curiosity being aroused, he listened intently for half an hour to the whispered questioning of Reed by Chief Pinkerton and Detective Humphreys.

From the stray words which reached his ears it is evident that the arrests were made on account of information given by Reed. Suspicion was attached to Reed from the fact that he had been very prominent in East Albany in his hostility to the Pinkerton men here.

He stoned them night and day, and once when caught by three of the Pinkerton's, was severely clubbed, and he made dire threats against the road. These three men at the time reported the occurrence to Chief Pinkerton, and when the wreck occurred, of course Reed's name was one of those on the list which Pinkerton had kept of the men most prominent in their hostility to the operation of the road.

OKLAHOMA WILL GET IT.

The Democrats Victorious in Locating the Government Seat.

The capital question has been sprung in the Oklahoma territorial council, by the introduction of a bill locating the state government at Oklahoma City. It seems to be a conceded fact that the bill will pass and Guthrie's only hope now lies in the veto power of the governor.

Whether or not his excellency will come to the rescue of the town of his choice remains to be seen. Some think he is too much of a politician to say no when a majority of both houses have said yes. It has developed that the combination whereby the Democrats and People's parties gained control of the two houses was obtained at the expense of Guthrie as the permanent capital.

Arkansas's Vote.

Returns from two-thirds of the counties of Arkansas, maintain the large increase in the Democratic majorities over last year. The increase is specially large in the white counties, while opposition majorities in the negro counties, except Jefferson, show a decrease. The majority for Gov. Eagle and the Democratic state ticket will not fall below 30,000, and a still larger figure is claimed, owing to the almost uniform heavy gains. The legislature will be overwhelmingly Democratic, thus insuring the re-election of James K. Jones, as U. S. Senator, he having no Democratic opposition.

Arkansas Justice.

Application was made to the Circuit court at Little Rock, Ark., on Sept. 6, for an injunction restraining the canvassing board from counting the returns from Pulaski county from the precincts wherein the sheriff ejected the legal judges and placed the polls in charge of judges of his own selection. The application was refused.

Shipped Them in Bond.

Thirteen Chinamen passed through Montreal on September 5, in bond, on their way to Yokohama, via Vancouver. They came from New York, and are going home for a holiday, having made considerable money in the tea and laundry business. One of the Chinamen who could speak English said, in forcible language, that China would soon retaliate on Englishmen and Americans by preventing them from entering China except under certain conditions. The Chinamen felt very angry at being conveyed in bond like freight.

Smuggling the Chinamen In.

A small sloop, manned by three white men, and containing thirteen Chinamen, came into the harbor of Seattle, Wash., from Victoria, B. C., on the night of September 5. The white men and the Chinamen went ashore in a small boat in the northern part of the city. The police were notified and succeeded in capturing five Chinamen.

Judge Christiancy Dead.

Hon. Isaac P. Christiancy, formerly U. S. Senator from Michigan, died at Lansing, Mich., Sept. 8, of cancer.

HON. E. F. NOYES DEAD.

One of Ohio's Republican Ex-Governors Passes Away.

The Hon. E. F. Noyes, judge of the Superior court of Cincinnati, fell dead shortly after 11 o'clock on September 4, at the Court-house. He had been on the bench and heard an injunction case, but as he was too unwell to proceed further, he left the bench and was on his way to the street car, when at the corner of the Court-house he suddenly fell backward and died instantly.

The cause is supposed to be apoplexy. Judge Noyes was about 57 years old. He entered the army here in 1861 as a major of the 39th Ohio regiment of infantry, and soon after was its colonel. On July 4, 1864, at Ruffs Mills, Ga., in a charge upon the enemy's earthworks, which he led, he lost a leg. He left the army a brevet-brigadier general.

Since the war he served as city solicitor of Cincinnati, as probate judge of Hamilton county, as governor of Ohio, and was minister to France under appointment of President Hayes. Last year he was elected to the office of judge of the Superior court of Cincinnati for a term of five years.

He had returned ten days ago from a twenty days' vacation spent on the seacoast, and appeared to be in excellent health. He leaves a wife and one son, who is about 24 years old.

Judge Noyes was widely known as a public speaker of more than ordinary power, and in nearly every political campaign since the war, he has been active, not only in Ohio, but in other states as a campaign speaker.

[Gen. Edward F. Noyes was a native of Massachusetts and a graduate of Dartmouth college. When a young man he located at Cincinnati, where he studied law with Nathaniel Wright, and afterwards formed a partnership with R. H. Stephenson. When the war broke out in 1861, Noyes promptly enlisted, and was commissioned major of the 29th Ohio. He was a gallant soldier, and was promoted to be a colonel. He was subsequently commissioned a brigadier general and placed in command of a brigade, of which his old regiment formed a part in the division of Gen. Dodge. When the three years expired, General Noyes made an eloquent speech to his troops, who re-enlisted almost to a man. Under his influence more men re-enlisted than in any other command. He accompanied Gen. Sherman in his famous campaign, and while leading a charge in one of the battles around Atlanta, was seriously wounded, one of his legs being shattered. This shot was received after the rebel works had been carried. He had been the first man to enter. When consciousness had been restored, after the limb had been amputated, he raised himself up, and waving his hand, he cried to Gen. McPherson, who stood with his horse by his side, "Hurrah for the Fourth of July." It was the anniversary. When taken North he noticed in the same car a bier with the remains of a soldier. In reply to his inquiry as to who was lying there he was told that it was the body of Gen. McPherson. This was the first intimation he had of that officer's death. For his bravery on this occasion Gen. Noyes was breveted major general. He was unable to re-enter active service, and at the request of Gov. Brough, Secretary Stanton assigned him to the command of Camp Dennison. At the close of the war Gen. Noyes was elected judge of the Probate court, and in 1871 governor of the state of Ohio. He was defeated for re-election by Wm. Allen on a close vote and returned to the practice of the law. In 1877 he was appointed minister to France, where he became a friend of Gen. MacMahon and won great popularity. On his return from France he found that he had lost his clients, and that it was difficult to get into the swim again. A year ago he was elected judge of the Superior court of Cincinnati by an immense majority, hundreds of Democrats supporting him at the polls. Gen. Noyes was noted as a stump orator of considerable power. While an active Republican, he was not a bitter partisan, and was socially popular.

CAMPBELL WAS IN A RUSH.

Judge Noyes Scarcely Dead Before His Successor is Named.

Governor Campbell, who is looking after private business in the East, has acted with undue haste in the matter of selecting a successor for the late Judge Edward F. Noyes, whose death occurred at Cincinnati on Sept. 4. In a telegram to Private Secretary Meeker on the 5th, the governor announces that he will appoint Hon. J. R. Saylor, of Cincinnati, to succeed Judge Noyes on the Superior court bench.

POWDERLY A JONAH.

The Federation Will Not Assist the Knights of Labor.

The Federation of Labor, at Baltimore, Sept. 5, laid on the table a letter from B G. Schonfarber, master workman of District No. 41, K. of L., asking for contributions from the unions represented in the federation for the New York Central strikers. In tabling the request for aid the members of the federation who spoke said they had every confidence in the local organization through which the money would be transmitted, but they had no confidence in the general executive board of the Knights. They did not believe the money would would ever reach the strikers.

A delegate to the Painters' union said Mr. Powderly is the jonah of the organization of Knights of Labor, of which he is the head. He hoped that the general convention of knights when it meets in Denver will throw Powderly overboard, and that no whale will cast him up.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

CANADIAN RECIPROCITY.

The Heart of the Montreal Citizen is Made Glad With Rejoicing.

There is gladness in Montreal, as each day brings further verification of the increased and growing sentiment in favor of reciprocity with the United States. It found abundant and official utterance on Sept. 4 in an address which Acting-Mayor Cunningham delivered to the visiting American Odd Fellows on behalf of the city of Montreal.

The most striking passage was: "I hope that the people of the two countries may each remain side by side in perfect friendship, each sending to the other the products which they require in unrestricted reciprocity."

The sentiment was received with loud cheering by the visitors and the citizens who attended the demonstration.

WITH SHOUTS OF VICTORY,

The Salvadorian Army Enter the Capital City.

Amid the clangor of church bells, salvos of artillery and strains of band music the 70,000 men of the Salvadorian army made their triumphal entry into the capital on September 5, under the command of General-in-Chief Antonio Exeta and Generals Bolonos, Delgado, Lopez, Monedro, Gutierrez, Salazar and others. They had come from the frontier via Sonsonate and Santa Tecla.

The whole city was profusely decorated, and the streets were packed with enthusiastic multitudes, a general holiday having been proclaimed. The president, Gen. Ezeta, and his wife, accompanied by Gen. Zapeda and Ruise Paster, and a number of ladies and gentlemen, witnessed the evolutions of the troops from the balconies of the municipal palace The crowds below cheered the presidential party with the greatest enthusiasm. The officers and soldiers of the army will be remunerated and thanked for their services.

From the Sandwich Islands.

The steamship Australia arrived at San Francisco from Honolulu on September 6, bringing advices to August 29. Since last advices the legislature had been principally occupied with consideration of the Oahu railway bill. The House passed an amendment giving the company a subsidy of $700 per mile.

King Kalakaua visited the leper settlement August 27, and addressed the people. An order has been issued by the minister of foreign affairs honorably disbanding the First battalion of Hawaiia volunteers known as the Honolulu Rifles.

Canada's Debt.

The total debt of the Dominion of Canada on August 31, 1890, was $236,559,930. At the close of the fiscal year, June 30, last, it was $238,048,638, being a decrease during July and August of $1,488,708. The total expenditure on account of consolidated fund for these two months was $4,274,434. The revenue for the same period was $6,525,691, showing a net surplus of revenue over expenditure of $2,251,157.

Bulgarian Elections.

Elections were held throughout Bulgaria on Sunday, resulting in a great triumph for the government. Prime Minister Stambuloff and other ministers were elected in three different districts, and many seats were gained.

KANSAS REPUBLICANS.

The Platform Adopted and the Ticket Nominated.

The Republican state convention met at Topeka, Kan., on September 3, to put a full state ticket in the field. The convention was a remarkable one in that was composed of the largest number of delegates ever before assembled at a political convention in the state. Robert F. Moore, of Butler county, was elected permanent chairman. Miss Minerva Walker, of Harper, was chosen assistant secretary. Mr. Moore is a farmer. L. U. Humphrey was renominated for governor by acclamation.

The following is a synopsis of the Republican platform adopted at Topeka, Kan., on Sept. 5:

> We are in favor of the principle of protection as expounded by the great leader of Republican thought and policy, Hon. James G. Blaine, and its enforcement to the extent of giving the American citizen an advantage over the foreign producer, thus enabling him to maintain his industry and to make such a fair profit as will induce others to embark in the same business, believing such a policy increases the wages of labor, creates a good home market and results to the benefit of all classes. We want the same degree of protection to be given agricultural products that is extended to all other interests.
>
> We demand a service pension and deep water on the Gulf of Mexico. We endorse the administration of President Harrison, and the official act of Senators Ingalls and Plumb. We endorse prohibition, and recommend the passage of such additional acts as will make the prohibitory law more effective. We recommend the election of railroad commissioners by vote of the people, and the enactment of laws giving the commissioners the power to regulate freight and passenger rates, and compelling all railroads to keep their general offices and all books and records within the state.
>
> We declare against the system of railroad passes now prevailing in this state, and declare against alien ownership of lands.

The platform demands the free coinage of silver, and also the passage of a law protecting the freedom and the purity of the ballot box and securing congressional representation based upon the actual vote cast.

The prohibition plank is as follows:

> Ten years' exemption from the evil effects of the traffic of intoxicating liquors, secured by a faithful observance of the constitutional amendment and the statutes supplemental thereto, by which vice has been lessened and crime decreased, leads us to express a determined opposition to any changes in the prohibitory legislation of our state, except such as will make the laws stronger and more efficient, and increase the good order, sobriety and welfare of the people.

Concerning organized labor, the platform declares:

> The orgrnization of trades into distinct bodies, binding them together in ties so loose as to leave each trade entirely independent in the management of its own affairs, yet holding them all together closely enough to insure concerted action and mutual assistance, is a powerful factor for the protection of the laboring masses of the country. The labor organizations have adopted the first day of September in each year as devoted to labor as an entity and an economic force, and as a cause in which hundreds of thousands are enlisted, and we demand that at the coming session of the legislature this day be declared a legal holiday.

The remainder of the platform deals with state issues, and concludes with an endorsement of the state administration.

S. S. Glover was nominated for state treasurer.

Nevada Republicans.

The Nevada Republican state convention was organized on September 4 and adopted a platform in favor of the development of the resources of Nevada for free coinage, the restriction of immigration through the revision of naturalization laws, and the Australian ballot bill.

Endorsed the Lodge Bill.

The Executive committee of the National League of Republican clubs, in session at Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 3, decided to endorse the Federal election bill and fight the next Congressional campaign on the lines of the last campaign.

White Mountain Democrats.

At the New Hampshire Democratic convention Charles H. Amsden, of Panacook, was nominated for governor on the first ballot.

THE CHINESE.

The Dominion Labor Congress Considers the American Evil.

At the session of the Dominion Labor Congress, on September 3, a letter from the Victoria (British Columbia) Trades Assembly calling the attention of the congress to the increase of Chinese immigration during the last year was read. It protested particularly against this immigration because of the immorality and the congestion of the labor market that resulted therefrom.

It stated that the opium habit was becoming so common in the West among young white men that it was no longer a cause of horror, even of wonder. "Surely," the letter goes on to say, "the Dominion government is not so dead to the future of Canada as to allow these things to continue. Legislation as exclusive as that of the Australian colonies would have the desired effect."

The feeling among the organized laboring men in Victoria is strongly in favor of restricted immigration. This, they believe, would be only a just recognition of the rights of Canadian workingmen.

ENTOMBED IN A MINE.

Eight Men Live in Despair in the Lake Angeline Mine.

Eight miners were buried in the Lake Angeline mine, at Ishpeming Mich., by a cave-in on the sixth level, on September 5. Every effort is being made to rescue them. The men are alive and are communicated with by means of a pipe used to convey compressed air for a power drill.

Cruelties to Exiles.

The barkentine Catherine Sudden has arrived at Port Townsend from Siberia. Her commander, Capt. John Thomas, has sent to San Francisco a description of the Russian exile system as witnessed by him. He describes the brutal scene which he witnessed on Saghalien Island, a famous Russian exile prison.

A large party of exiles of all ages, heavily manacled, were being taken to the island. A few old men, whose strength gave out, fell from exhaustion. The brutal driver, acting under the orders from his superior, shot the unfortunate men and removed their chains. No mercy or discrimination was shown. Wives saw their husbands killed before their eyes; mothers saw their daughters outraged and insulted. The exiles were driven like cattle, a heavy whip being used to urge them on. The prison cells were filthy and the treatment barbarous.

Ordered to Aspinwall.

Orders have been issued by the Navy department for the United States steamer Kearsarge, now at New York, to proceed at once to Aspinwall. It is supposed that this action is based upon rumors of a threatened railroad strike at that place. Information to that effect has been received at the State department from Consul-General Adamson at Panama. The letter said that he heard the rumor through the consul at Aspinwall, and that he had requested Columbian authorities to protect American interests in case of trouble, and had been assured that it would be done.

Foreign Trade.

The returns issued by the London Board of Trade show that during the month of August the imports decreased £610,000 and the exports increased £1,420,000, as compared with the corresponding month last year.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.*

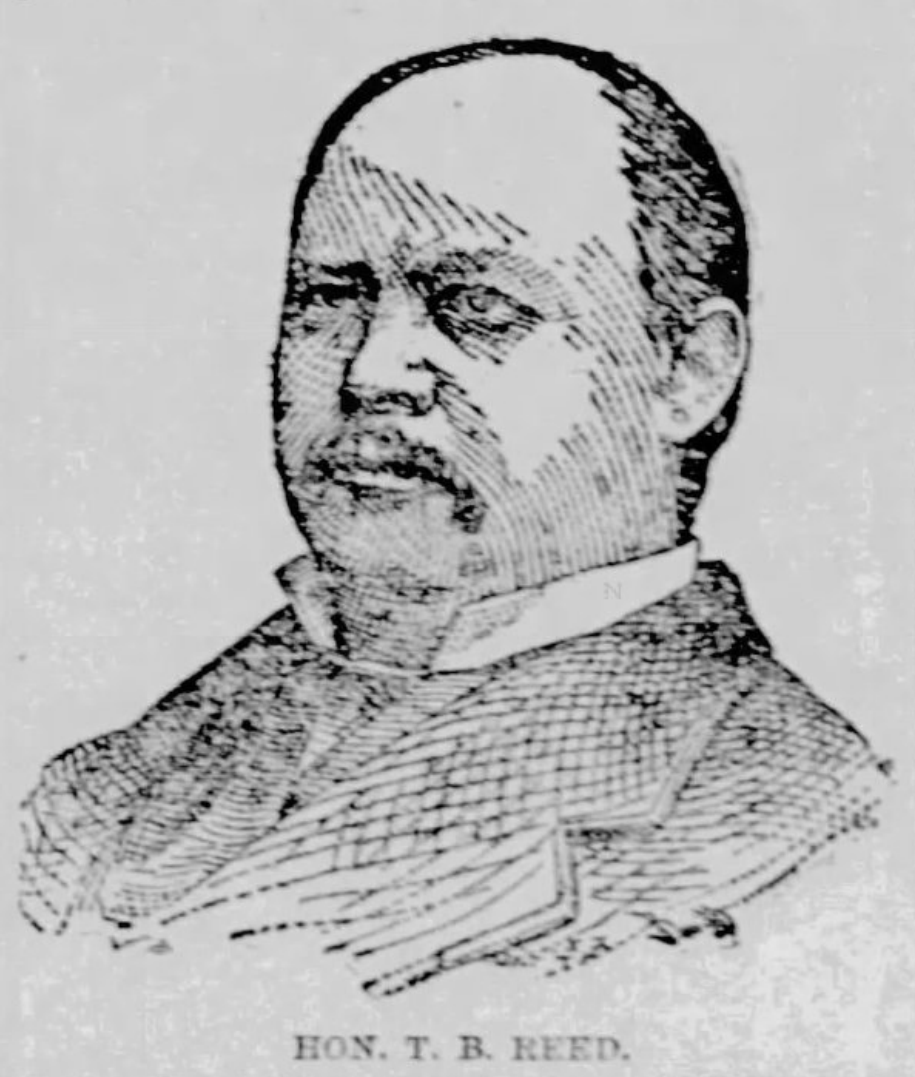
GOOD NEWS FROM MAINE.

Reed and the Entire Congressional Delegation are Returned by Larger Majorities—Harrison to Reed.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 9.—The following telegram was received here this morning:

> CRESSON, Pa., Sept. 9.—Hon. T. B. Reed, speaker of the House of Representatives, Washington:
>
> I very heartily congratulate you and your colleagues in Congress from Maine upon the generous, popular endorsement you have received. BENJAMIN HARRISON.

As Told by the Vote.


HON. T. B. REED.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 9.—Two hundred and ten towns give Burleigh 40,385, Thompson, 27,427; Clark, 861; scattering, 958. The same towns in 1883 gave a Republican vote of 50,351, Democratic of 37,244, Prohibition 1,276, scattering 1,089 Republican plurality 13,508, against 13,007; Republican gain 501. If the towns to hear from fall off in the same proportion the final vote should stand: Republican about 64,500; Democratic, 45,500; scattering, 3,000; total, 113,000. In 1886, the last off year, the vote stood: Republican 68,991, Democratic 55,289, Prohibition 3,868, scattering 23, Republican plurality 13,702. This year the plurality will be about 19,000, a gain of 5,300, and 1,000 ahead of the presidential year. The Prohibition vote comes united with the scattering or omitted, so it is classed as scattering, and may be considerably larger. The members of congress are all re-elected by large majorities, Mr. Reed's being doubled. The county officers are mostly Republicans; the senators are all probably Republicans, as the last legislature, and the representatives must stand fully as strong Republican, namely, 125 Republican to 26 Democratic.

The Legislature.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 9.—The *Advertiser* estimates that the legislature will stand: Senate—Republicans 28, Democrats 3. House—Republicans 117; Democrats 34.

The Lewiston *Journal* has returns from 285 towns for governor, which gave Burleigh 52,150; Thompson, 35,388; Clark (Pro.), 1,844; Scattering, 268. Republican plurality 16,763. Same towns in 1886, the last "off year," gave a Republican plurality of 12,721.

The Czarowitch's Trip.

The Czarowitch, who is making a tour of Turkey and India, besides visiting the principal ports of China and Japan, will arrive at Constantinople at the beginning of October.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Sept. 10, 1890.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—The weekly bank statement shows the following changes:

Reserve, decrease	$ 864,450
Loans, increase	2,431,700
Specie, increase	621,100
Legal tenders, decrease	673,100
Deposits, increase	3,249,800
Circulation, increase	41,000

The banks now hold $1,401,125 less than the requirements of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week.

	Sept. 9.	Sept. 2.
4's coupons	125	125¼
4's registered	124¼	124¼
Pac. 6's of '95	114	113¾

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Noon.—Money is easy at 5@6 per cent. The stock market was dull again this morning and developed no feature except in the few stocks to which the bears have paid special attention during the past few days, fluctuations in the remainder of the list being confined to the slightest fractions. First prices, as a rule, were either unchanged or but slightly different from those of last evening, and the movements in the general list during the first hour were entirely unworthy of notice. The selling of Chicago gas, however, was resumed on a large scale and that stock retired to 49¼, 1¾ per cent below its final figure of last evening. Rock Island was quiet, but Burlington and St. Paul were active, and the former, after coming up ½ per cent at 96¼, lost the improvement. Toward the end of the hour, however, a general buying movement set in and everything improved, Burlington and Rock Island especially showing marked strength, each rising about 1 per cent from the lowest point. The market presented a much stronger front after 11 o'clock, although Chicago Gas was driven down to 49¼, ⅝ per cent below its lowest price of the first hour, and Burlington and Rock Island failed to get much above their previous best prices. Illinois Central rose from 107½ to 108¼, and with the last figure bid, none was offered below 112. At noon the market was firm generally at the best prices and fractionally higher than those of the opening.

Range of New York stocks to-day, as received by Cronenberg, Chapman & King, Law building:

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Atch.	41¾	43	41¾	42⅞
Am. Cot. Oil	26¼	26¼	26	26
Can. Sou.	54¼	54⅞	54¼	54⅞
C. C. C. & I.	68⅞	69⅝	68¾	69⅜
C. B. & Q.	96⅞	97¼	96	97¼
C. Gas T.	51⅛	51⅛	49¼	50¼
Del. Hud.	....	....	....	....
Del. Lack.	144⅞	145¼	143⅞	144⅞
Erie	....	....	....	....
Hock. Val.	30⅛	30⅜	....	30½
Lack. Val.	120	120	120	120
Lead Tr.	21⅛	21⅜	21⅛	21⅜
Lake Shore	107	107⅛	107	107⅛
Lou. & Nash.	87¼	87⅝	87¼	87½
Mo. Pac.	70⅜	69⅝	71	69⅞
New Eng.	46¾	47⅛	46⅜	46⅞
Nor. Pac. pfd.	81⅛	81⅛	81¼	81⅛
Northwest	108⅞	109⅛	108⅞	109⅛
Or. Trans.	....	....	....	....
Pac. Mail	44⅝	46	44⅝	45⅞
Rich. Ter.	20¼	20⅜	20⅛	20¼
Rock Island	83	84⅛	83	84⅛
Reading	42¼	42⅞	42¼	42⅝
Sugar	80⅛	82⅝	82⅛	82⅛
St. Paul	70	71	69⅞	70⅞
Tenn. C. & I.	44⅛	45	44⅛	45
Texas Pac.	20⅛	20¼	20⅛	20¼
Union Pac.	59⅞	60⅛	59⅞	60⅜
Wabash pfd.	25	25⅛	25	25⅛
M. C.	....	....	....	....
West Union	83¼	83⅛	83¼	83¼
W. & L. E. pfd	....	....	....	....

Trade.

The general trade of the country during the past week was fairly active, and fully up to anticipations of merchants.

THE MARKETS.

To-day's Markets.

The markets for wheat to-day were active for deferred months. Prices closed firm. At Toledo No. 2 soft red wheat sold at 96¾c, Lake Shore wheat sold at 97¼c; No. 3 soft red 93c; No. 2 white, 95c; No. 3 white, 87c. September wheat about 97c; December, 100⅜@101c, latter to close, ¾c up; May wheat, 105⅜@106c, no change as compared with yesterday.

Corn—Dull; No. 2 cash and September, 49c.

Oats—No. 2, nominally 38c.

Clover Seed—Active; prime cash, $4.37½; October, $4.37½; December, $4.50.

Prices of September and December wheat, today:

Sept.	Opened.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close.
Toledo	....	....	....	96¾
Chicago	97¼	98¼	97¼	98⅛
New York	100⅜	100⅞	100⅜	100⅞
St. Louis	95⅛	96	95⅞	96
Dec.				
Toledo	100¾	101	99¾	101
Chicago	100⅞	101⅜	100	101⅛
New York	103⅝	103⅞	103⅛	103⅝
St. Louis	101	101⅛	100	101⅛

The Produce Market.

Butter—Very best, 18@20c; choice, 15@16c.

Eggs—Steady at 16c.

Fresh Meats—Beef, 4½@6½c; veal, 5c; mutton, 8@10c; dressed hogs, $5 00@5 50.

Hides—Cured steers', 6@7¼c; cured light, 4½@5½c; heavy steers', green, 5c; light, 5¼c; No. 2, 2½@3c; grubby, 3c; calf, cured, 5½c; green, 7c; kip, green, 6c; market firm.

Poultry—Chickens, live, 10c, dressed, 14c; turkeys, 12@13c.

Beans—$1 75@2 25 per bushel.

Potatoes—New, 80@85c per bushel.

Provisions—Heavy mess pork, $12 50; short mess, $13 50; clear mess, $13 00; short clear mess, $13 50. Hams—Sugar cured, 15 lbs. and over, 10½c; 15 lbs. average, 11c; 12 lbs. and under, 11½c; shoulders, 7c; breakfast bacon, clear, 9c; breakfast bacon, 8½c; smoked beef, 10c. Lard—Kettle rendered, tierces, 7c; barrels, 7c; half barrels, 7c; 50 lb. tins, 7c; refined lard, tierce, 6¾c; 50 lb. tins, 7c; clear bacon sides, 8c; bologna sausages, 6c.

General Produce.

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 9.—Hogs—Market strong; fair to best heavy, $4 60@4 65; fair to best light, $4 60@4 65; pigs, $3 50@3 70; stags and roughs, $2 50@3 50; veal calves, $4 75@5 25.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Cure SICK HEADACHE.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 9.—Flour weak. Wheat dull at 98@99c. Corn quiet at 48c. Oats easy at 37@37½c. Rye firm at 67c. Provisions are quiet. Whisky active, firm; sales, 1,398 bbls.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 9.—Wheat firmer; No. 2 spring on track, cash, 94@96c. December, 98¾c; No. 1 northern, 98. Corn, steady; No. 3 on track, 46½c. Oats quiet; No. 2 white on track, 36½c.

BUFFALO, Sept. 9.—Wheat—No. 1 hard dull at 111½c; No. 1 northern, 109; No. 2 red, 101c. Corn—No. 2, 50c. Receipts—Wheat, 200,000; corn, 120,000. Shipments—Wheat, 50,000; corn, 90,000.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 9.—Wheat—Lower; cash 96c; options higher; December, 101⅛c. Corn, lower; cash, 43@44c; October, 43¾c; May, 45⅝c. Oats, firm; cash, 33½c; May, 38⅛c. Pork, firm at $10 00@10 50. Lard firm at $6 05 for butchers' grades. Whisky steady at $1 21.

DETROIT, Mich., Sept. 9.—Wheat—No. 1 white cash, 94½c; No. 2 red cash, and September, 96⅜c; December, 100¾c; May, 105¾c. Corn—No. 2 cash, 48c; December, 46c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 37½; No. 2 white, 38c. Receipts—Wheat, 20,500 bu; corn, 2,000 bu; oats, 2,400 bu.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—1:15 p. m.—The closing prices on the board of Trade to day, as quoted by the Daily Trade Bulletin, are as follows: Wheat firm; cash, 98⅜c; December, $1 01¾; May, $1 05. Corn steady; cash, 45½c bid; October, 45½@45⅝c; May, 47¾ bid. Oats, steady; cash, 35½c; October, 35½c; May, 38½@38⅝c. Mess pork steady; cash, $9 90; October, $10 65; January, $11 70. Lard, steady; cash, $6 25; October, $6 30; January, $6 65@6 67½. Short ribs, steady; cash, $5 85; October, $5 40@5 42½; January, $5 75@5 77½. Rye dull at 58½c. Barley firmat 75@76c. Flaxd seed steady at $1 42. Timothy easy at $1 27@1 28. Butter and eggs steady. Whiskey $1 13.

NEW YORK, Sept. 6.—Wheat—Market weak; ⅝@1c lower; October, 100⅝@101c; December, 102⅜@103⅜c; May, 107¾@108c. Corn—Receipts, 242,500 bu.; sales, 512,000 bu.; market dull, ¾c lower and weak; fine crop weather; No. 2, 53⅜@54½c; steamer mixed, 53⅜@53⅝c. Oats—Market dull and ½c lower; western, 38@51c. Beef—Market steady and dull; plate, $7 00@7 50; extra mess, $6 25@7 00. Pork—Market firm and dull; mess, $11 25@12 00; extra prime, $10 50@11 00. Lard—Market quiet and firm; steam rendered, $6 47½. Butter—Receipts, 16,997 packages; market quiet and steady; western dairy, 9½@14c; western creamery, 12@24c; imitation creamery, 10@17c. Eggs—Receipts, 8,211 packages; market dull and steady; western, 19@20c. Coffee—Rio, contracts were easier, some months 5@10 points lower. Rio, on the spot, quiet and steady; No. 7, flat bean 19c.

Live Stock.

ST. LOUIS, Sept. 9.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000 head; market active and strong. Hogs—Receipts, 3,000 head; market active and strong; fair to choice heavy, $4 40@4 50; mixed grades, $4 10@4 35; Yorkers, $4 30@4 45. Sheep—Receipts, 2,000 head; market steady.

KANSAS CITY, Sept. 9.—Cattle—Receipts, 4,000 head; shipments, 4,580 head; market steady; steers, $3 25@4 70. Hogs—Receipts, 11,300 head; shipments, 570 head; market 2½@5c higher; all grades, $4 00@4 37½. Sheep—Receipts, 870 head; shipments, 940 head; market steady; muttons, $3 70@4 30.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—Cattle—Receipts 10,000 head; of which 3,500 were Texans and rangers; all classes steady; first class natives, $5 00@5 37½; second class, $4 55@4 95; third $3 00@4 50; common, $1 50@2 50. Hogs—Receipts, 19,000; the best 5c higher; packers, 5@10c; selling at $4 00@4 35; prime heavy and butcher weights, $4 50@4 70; light, $4 50@4 75. Sheep—Receipts, 5,000 head; all sold at strong prices; natives, $4 00@4 85; westerns and Texans, $4 10@4 40.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Sept. 9.—Cattle; dull, irregular; receipts, 43 loads through, 12 sale. Good cattle firm, shade stronger; common, dull and irregular; export steers, good to extra, $4 20@4 85; chaice heavy butchers', $3 65@4 35. Sheep and lambs steady—Receipts, 9 loads through, 12 sale. Hogs—Strong. Receipts, 11 loads through; 18 sale; good hogs firm; common, slow; mediums and heavy, $4 80@4 85.

Oil City Oil Market.

Opened at 82¼c, highest, 82¾c; lowest, 79⅝c; close, 80½c.

New York Cotton Market.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Cotton easy; middling uplands, 10⅝c; middling Orleans, 100 13-16c; sales to-day, 157 bales; last evening, 202. Futures opened barely steady; sales 8,800 bales; September, 10.43; October, 10.25; November, 10.21; December, 10.21; January, 10.22; February, 10.23; March, 10.28; April, 10.13; May, 10.37.

New York Wool Market.

The demand shows a slight improvement, and prices, though no higher, are steady. XX and above Ohio at 33½@35½c; unwashed western, 23@c; unwashed combing, 25@c; Texas, 18½@20c; Southern, 26@27c.

Louisville Tobacco Market.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 9.—The market has been irregular during the past week. Quotations for the 1889 crop: Burley, dark trash, $2 75@3 75; colory trash, $7 50@9 50; common lugs, $4 50@5 50; medium lugs, $6 00@7 00; good lugs, $10 00@12 00; colory lugs, $11 50@15 00; common leaf, $6 50@8 50; medium leaf, $9 50@17 50; good leaf, $15 50@18 00; fine leaf and selections, $18 50@33 00; dark trash, $1 00@1 50; common lugs, $1 50@2 53; medium lugs, $2 50@2 25; good lugs, $3 25@3 75; common to medium leaf, $4 50@6 00; medium to good leaf, $6 50@8 00; good to fine leaf, $9 50@12 50. Crop 1888 tobacco, both Burley and dark, when in condition, sell at about the same figure as that of last year.

British Grain Trade.

LONDON, Sept. 8.—The *Mark Lane Express*, in its weekly review of the British grain trade, says:

> The weather has been finer and warmer in Western Europe, and farmers being engaged in completing the harvest, have neglected the market. New English wheat is fairly fixed at 32@36s for red and 35@40s for white. Higher prices are paid without demur for dry grain. Foreign wheat fell a shilling and flour 6d. The failure of Sawyer, Wallace & Co. increased the tendency to unload. The European wheat yield is from 154,000,000 to 162,000,000 quarters, making necessary the importation from 11,000,000 to 20,000,000. It is not certain that the quantity needed can be secured. Spring corn has been very firm. Oats were steady; imports have lessened; the new crops in Russia and Sweden are considered good. Yellow maize was quoted at over 20s; flat is held at 23s. Foreign barley was weak. At to-day's market new English wheat was 1s lower; also Russian and Danubian; others were 6d lower. Flour was quiet. Foreign grinding barley was 3d lower; new English was quoted at 30@38s. New English oats were held at 18@21s; Russia at 15s 6d@21s 6d; old American at 18s; mixed American maize was quoted at 22@22s 3d. Beans were weaker. Peas and rye were neglected. Maize, foreign oats and flour closed with a better tone.

SPECIAL CROP REPORT.

Issued By C. A. King & Co., of Toledo, Ohio.

On Saturday of last week, the following special crop report was issued by the old established grain firm, of C. A. King & Co., of this city. It says:

During the past four days we have received the reports from the leading grain dealers and millers, covering every important wheat county in the states named, which raise over half of the winter wheat crop of the United States and a large part of the clover seed crop. The report includes 3,030 replies, covering 458 counties.

Wheat	Ohio	Indiana	Illinois	Mich	Missouri	Kansas	Total
Number counties reporting	77	98	84	48	73	78	458
What per cent of wheat crop remains in farmers' hands in your section?							
Three-quarters or over	362	98	56	332	34	108	988
Two-thirds	28	86	48	64	28	52	303
About half	242	286	200	64	88	94	974
Third	42	84	72	4	20	20	242
Quarter	42	62	108	6	26	18	262
Eighth or less	22	26	172	24	12	2	258
Are your local mills and warehouses well filled?							
Well filled	146	46	20	40	8	16	271
Two-thirds full	28	12	20	22	9	44	145
About half full	104	294	168	165	116	142	989
Third full	60	238	116	56	56	46	572
Very little	384	76	304	166	14	36	980
Is there any surplus over what your local mills will require before next crop?							
Considerable	174	14	4	32	8	16	248
Not much	90	175	76	118	64	155	677
Very little	152	268	80	56	96	62	724
None	286	184	476	246	34	52	1278
Will farmers sell freely after seeding?							
Yes	102	120	80	168	28	50	638
No, want more	380	300	280	198	154	204	1496
None to sell	102	214	288	66	44	16	730

The six states raised about one hundred and thirty million bushels of wheat this year. Nearly one-third of the replies say three-quarters of the crop is still in farmers' hands, but two-thirds of these come from Michigan and Ohio. Over half of the Illinois crop has left farmers' hands, and almost half the crop in Indiana and Missouri and nearly as much in Kansas. Ohio has two-thirds of their crop, and Michigan, which harvested last, has three-quarters still unmarketed.

Local mills and warehouses in these states average less than half full have less than usual at this season.

More than a third of the replies say there is no surplus over what their local mills will require before another harvest. Illinois raised less than enough to supply their own wants. Kansas, Ohio and Michigan seem to have the most surplus in the order named.

Nearly a quarter say farmers seem disposed to sell after seeding; a quarter say will have none to sell, while over half say they will hold for higher prices. Most of those who are disposed to hold say they will not sell below a dollar at their homes.